

1863

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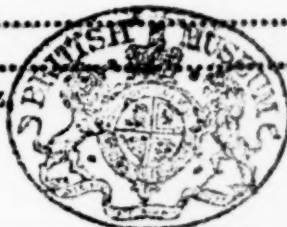
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MARCH 1, 1863.

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TALBOT OF EARN'S CLIFFE.

A ROMANCE OF THE '45.

By J. C. AYRTON.

CHAPTER VI.

A DISGUISE PENETRATED.

"Another thinks you are an agent from the Pretender."—SMOLLETT.

JOHN BEARD, a short clay-pipe, blackened by hard usage, in his mouth, had strolled down the cliffs to the shore, to take a farewell look, before going to bed, at the barque *Mary Anne*, safe at anchor in the bay, a cabin-boy on board her only crew.

The scene, wild and dreary to a remarkable degree, appeared to have a fascination for the eyes of the smuggler which the most smiling and verdant landscape would have failed to possess for him. The tide was far out; over the wet sand—its extent broken by rugged breakwaters necessary to moderate the force of the Channel waves—streamed the pale and uncertain light of a crescent moon. Sea, sky, and sand were all of one uniform and leaden hue; no ripple stirred the face of the still waters, save where small waves fretted against the side of a chain of brown bare rocks, the "Whitehaven breakers."

A hand laid upon his shoulder startled John Beard, who had heard no sound of any approach. He dropped his pipe with a muttered curse; but, turning, his face brightened. It was his half-brother, Stephen Talbot, dressed in a sort of rough disguise—a sailor's jacket and coarse clothing. John Beard wrung heartily the hand Stephen stretched out.

Stephen Talbot's mother, a smuggler's daughter from Whitehaven, had married after her first husband's death a fisherman of the bay; and by him she had one son, the man we have already met as Geoffrey Arthington's host of the King's Head—a bold, rough fisherman, a daring and practised smuggler, suspected, for reasons good, of more than one act of violence committed on land, as well as for many certainly done at sea; but to Stephen Talbot a devoted follower, a faithful friend, an humble brother, paying him the mingled love and homage rendered in former years by an Irish or Scotch foster-brother to the child his own mother has nursed with maternal care. Stephen's power and authority over John Beard were unbounded and unquestioned; whether directed to good or evil, his lightest or most weighty

behest would be alike unhesitatingly obeyed, at any risk either to body or soul.

In unscrupulous daring, in a certain fierce strength of purpose and character, in an almost Oriental power of hatred and revenge, the brothers were alike; but Stephen's in all things was the master spirit. In face and form, as in disposition, a strong resemblance united them: Stephen, a true Talbot, partook no less truly the blood and outline of his peasant mother.

Welcoming him warmly, John Beard hurried him off the sands and up the cliff to the King's Head; and leading him into the sanded parlour, in which Geoffrey Arthington had supped an hour before, laid upon the rude table the choicest viands his stores afforded, flanking them with clay pipes, and choice Hollands which had come to Whitehaven duty free.

Alice was absent, but the air of order and cleanliness shed over the few and coarse adjuncts of the sole living room bore tokens of her quiet presence and handiwork.

As Stephen ate, his half-brother smoked vigorously; adding fresh clouds to the fumes of tobacco which had before pervaded the small room, bearing testimony to its master's constant use of the weed. A jorum of punch, smoking hot, stood at his elbow, and paid frequent toll. His meal finished, Stephen took a pipe, but he smoked in an indolent and fitful manner; evidently he only accepted it to keep his host company. But he steadily resisted John's endeavour to force upon him a glass of spirits: he hated drinking. It was a Talbot vice, and he loathed even the name of Talbot—to him a sound empty save of the remembrance of years of neglect and injury. Besides, he knew that a man who wishes to make himself master of his fellows must beware how he "puts an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains." A rude instinct of hospitality had hitherto barred his brother's questions. Stephen first broke the silence.

"Where is Alice?"

"Out along the sands somewhere, mooning, I expect. The fit generally takes her stronger about this time of night, at this season of the year. It was then she lost them."

He spoke of her children.

"Poor girl!" says Stephen Talbot, involuntarily. He remembers the quiet, pale woman a pretty peasant coquette.

"Ay, it's all very well saying 'Poor girl!' Mr. Stephen"—the inhabitants of Whitehaven Bay all gave him this title of respect, his brother among their number—"you don't know the women as I do. It's all the sweetheart, and then the husband, at first; but when the brats come, it's fier'd little they think of the husband afterwards."

Stephen laughed: a sarcastic bitterness lurked under the lightness of the tone, so different, yet so like both his half-brother's and old Sir Anthony's.

"There's other conversation in store for us to-night, John, than talking over woman's fickleness; every man who knows the world must have had experience enough of it himself. But Alice is better than the common run. However, I did not come here to sing her praises, either."

"I thought, Master Stephen, we were never going to see 'ee again. Where have ye been sin' the day of the old master's funeral, and what did he leave ye?"

"Nothing!" thundered Stephen. "And how do you expect he would? Would he not have burnt Earn's Cliffe to the ground and himself in it on his dying bed, to keep me out of the old place? There was no will, John; and every stick and stone went to his eldest son's child, Gwendolyn."

John Beard brought his fist heavily down on the table with a loud oath, making the glasses ring and the frail furniture quiver.

Be it mentioned in passing, and once for all, that I modernize both the strong affirmatives and the rough country accent of the day; both used then almost universally, but now displeasing to polite ears.

"This room is stifling, John," said Stephen, rising impatiently. "Come out, and walk along the sands to Earn's Cliffe."

His brother complied. The two men for some time pursued their way in silence. John Beard broke it.

"Why not run off with the lady, Mr. Stephen, and so end all difficulties? There's the *Mary Anne* at your service. Get a priest on board, and the rest is easy managed. Miss Talbot walks the cliffs alone at all hours of the day, and almost of night."

The Talbot frown, proverbially stern and black, darkened Stephen's swarthy face, and lowered in his heavy eyebrows.

"An enterprise worthy the brain of the first smuggler in Sussex, John, but hardly in my line. Besides, at no price would I marry her. I hate her too deeply."

"Curse the women's caprices!" said John Beard.

He guessed, perhaps, all the causes of his brother's deep-seated enmity to Gwendolyn.

"Pity, Master Stephen, you are not independent of them all!"

"Bah! what's the use of talking?" he said, testily. "You do not wish me to poison or poniard my cousin, John? And how else can we get possession of Earn's Cliffe?"

Stephen's tone was viciously satirical. I don't think he wished to murder Gwendolyn. Unless, perhaps, she is about to marry Geoffrey Arthington. Then, I won't say what the cross of smuggler and Talbot blood may not incite him to do. Be it noticed that he knew nothing of the terms on which his cousins stood to each other. Save on the night of Sir Anthony's death, when he had asserted his right to enter the Red Room, Stephen Talbot had not been face to face with his grandfather or his cousins since Gwendolyn Talbot was sixteen.

"It might be dangerous now," said John, "but a baby's easy choked; and if your mother and mine, Mr. Stephen, had known what child that outlandish foreign woman was bringing to Sir Anthony that winter evening twenty years ago, maybe my lady would never have kept Grace Beard's boy out of his rights."

"We won't jump too hastily to conclusions, John," said Stephen Talbot.

"Here she sat," pursued his half-brother, "in the big chair, aside of the fire, as I've often heard my mother tell, a-nursing of the child, and asking questions about Sir Anthony and Earn's Cliffe. My mother took her for the wife of one of them Papisher servants up at the castle——"

Stephen Talbot interrupted the oft-told tale.

"Never mind that old story now, John," he said. "I came down to tell you grand news. You remember our fruitless searches at Whitehaven church for the register of my mother's marriage?"

"Surely, Mr. Stephen."

"You remember, too, that my mother dying while I was a boy and abroad at school, I never knew more of her marriage than the fact of its being performed by the vicar of Whitehaven, and that our

search for the certificate was as bootless as that for the register?"

"Surely," again said his brother, looking at him earnestly, uncertain as to what all this was to lead.

"It struck me by the merest chance one day," pursued Stephen Talbot, "that my mother had never mentioned the place of her marriage, only the name of the officiating minister. Another chance, as slight, brought me acquainted with the fact that Mr. Osborn had for a year held a London curacy, between the time of his leaving Oxford and obtaining the living of Whitehaven."

"Ay, ay."

"Among the registers of this church—in the heart of the city—I found the register, and here is an exact copy."

Drawing a slip of paper from a pocket at his breast, he unfolded it and showed it to John Beard; both knew enough of the customary form to see that it was correct. The date was 1714, just a year before Stephen Talbot's birth.

"That's good news indeed, Mr. Stephen; and will it make any difference about Earn's Cliffe?"

"None," he said, his brow darkening; "but I am, nevertheless, Sir Stephen Talbot, the male head of the family. That birthright it is in no power, human or divine, to deprive me of. I have already taken means to obtain the public acknowledgment of my rank; and I purpose sending a copy of the register, duly attested, to Earn's Cliffe."

"And then?" asked the smuggler, eagerly, looking in his half-brother's face.

"At present, John, this discovery produces no result save the confirmation of my legitimacy, and that is much; the title, too, will help me well forwards, if I decide to push my fortune at the court."

"But your religion?"

"Bah! a fig for religion and for politics, too, John. Have I much reason to love either the faith or the political creed of my grandfather—of my supplanting cousin? But I must shape my course according to events."

"If any one should be troublesome to you, sir, or stand in your way, there's better than any of these gentry been stowed under hatches, and taken off to the West Indies for change of air."

"Beware, friend John."

"We're safe enough, sir—not a soul in sight. Change of air for a couple of

years, or longer if you like, and then home again, if agreeable to all parties, and no harm done. Remember, Mr. Stephen, in me you've a brother and a friend at all times. Aren't we one mother's sons?"

The two men pressed each other's hands warmly. Stephen felt for his brother a solitary regard. From his cradle John Beard had blindly adored and followed him. For many years, and again now—when he was deprived of children, and wearied of his broken-spirited, patient, dejected wife—John Beard had felt for Stephen a monopoly of affection; never encroached upon save for a few months, when his blooming sweetheart and pretty young wife and her babies had shared it, but always, perhaps, in an inferior degree. In any design of Stephen Talbot's John Beard will be now, as ever, his blind partisan; a bitter and dangerous enemy to any man or woman even suspected of standing in his brother's way.

Looking up suddenly, Talbot perceived that they were directly under the Earn's Cliffe, which rose white and sheer above their heads, the castle perched like an eyrie high on its topmost crag. The sight of its ancient towers, weather-stained and hoary with age, brought a dark flush to Stephen's cheek, a lurid gleam into his deep eyes. To be master of Earn's Cliffe, what toil, what danger, what crime even, seemed to him too great? The devil entering in found the house ready swept and garnished, a fitting habitation for the doing of his handiwork.

John Beard, looking out seaward, saw that the tide had long since turned, and was rolling in heavily. In a short time the sands would be covered, and their homeward road would lie over the rough shingle. He proposed to climb the cliff, and take their course back to Whitehaven along its summit. Stephen readily agreed.

Rounding the point at Earn's Cliffe, they came to a place where the height to ascend would be less formidable; and a gap cut in the chalk gave a tolerably easy access to the top. Both were bold and skilful cragsmen; they rapidly mounted, and turned their faces homeward. As they passed the gateway at Earn's Cliffe, they came suddenly upon Father Adrian, parting with a man whom John Beard directly recognised as his guest of the afternoon. Drawing back into the shadow of the wall, Stephen Talbot grasped his

brother's arm, motioning him to silence. The priest was speaking French, low and rapidly. In the voice which responded to his farewell, Stephen detected the tones of his cousin.

"Geoffrey Arthington!" he whispered, eagerly, "and in disguise! What does this mean? There's something of moment hidden under this."

"Hush!" cried John Beard.

Geoffrey, passing them, took the path in the opposite direction to the one leading to Whitehaven Bay, and went quickly on his road, whistling lightly a French chanson to beguile the way.

"Mr. Stephen," said his half-brother, eagerly, "I took him on shore at Brest."

"Brest!" cried Stephen Talbot, his eyes flashing with a sudden light. "The Pretender's son is in hiding on the French coast opposite England."

John Beard caught rapidly the chain of reasoning.

"You've hit it, for a thousand pounds, Master Stephen," he cried. "There's treasonable work going on among them Papishers."

"You forget, my brother, I too was bred a Papisher," said Stephen, with a sarcastic curve of his lips. "But I forgive you your bluntness, John. You are an acute fellow, and a good and faithful one, too. Watch Earn's Cliffe narrowly, and send me constant word of whatever takes place there, and of the messengers or letters you may hear of as arriving for my lady. I hold a clue in my hand now which may lead on to fortune and Earn's Cliffe."

CHAPTER VII.

THE LEGEND OF THE PORTRAIT.

"He was among the prime in worth;
An object beauteous to behold;
Well born, well bred: I sent him forth
Ingenuous, innocent, and bold."

WORDSWORTH.

GEOFFREY ARTHINGTON was a Yorkshire squire of property and influence, of an ancient and Catholic family; as I have said before, the only child of the marriage of Sir Anthony's daughter, Sybilla.

Deprived by his religion of the usual advantages of education enjoyed by the gentlemen of his day as by those of ours, Geoffrey Arthington had received his rudiments from the chaplain of his father's household at Arthington Hall. At fifteen he had left England to make the grand

tour, then thought necessary to the finishing of a gentleman of fortune; had learnt dancing from Marcel, and fencing, riding, and the use of arms from teachers as celebrated in their day. His father, though no Chesterfield, but a plain country squire, had sufficient knowledge of what an education should be to enjoin upon his son a sojourn of at least five years in France, Germany, and Italy, broken by occasional visits to his Yorkshire home. At eighteen Geoffrey had permission to dismiss his tutor, and begin the world on his own account. A sense of religion and a purity of mind, uncommon at that day, led him to resist the various temptations of a coarser kind which he encountered when thus thrown, his own master, into the vortex of foreign capitals; and a love, even then master of his soul, preserved him heartwhole for his little cousin Gwendolyn.

During the last year of his absence his father died. Geoffrey was then at Rome; the Pretender—James III., as the young Englishman considered him—held in that city the shadow of a court. Old Mr. Arthington had never been a zealous Jacobite; Geoffrey's devotion to the Stuarts was imbibed from his mother, a thorough Talbot, whose dearest wish was to see the exiled family again upon the English throne. She desired her son to wait upon his sovereign, and tender to him his duty and allegiance, before returning to his native land. Geoffrey obeyed her wish; kindness of heart, as well as a due sense of their own interest, made both James Stuart and his son peculiarly courteous and condescending to their visitor. The family charm and grace fascinated the young man; he would at once have devoted himself to their service, and openly espoused their cause, had not James explained to him that a landed gentleman of England could do him more service in his native land than a penniless follower at Rome. From that time Geoffrey had been a zealous worker for the Stuart cause; from January, 1744, the constant attendant and companion of the young Pretender in his French wanderings.

A longer acquaintance with the character of his leaders, and more intimate knowledge of the resources at their command, made Geoffrey Arthington a less confident, but not a less zealous partisan. A religious faith, as strong though not so enthusiastic as that of Gwendolyn, bound him to the Stuart cause; and neither the

half-despairing indolence of James, or the impetuous and variable nature of Charles Edward, had power to shake the fidelity of this good soldier, fighting loyally in a cause in which there was nothing save perhaps an empty title for him to gain, and in which there was everything to lose.

His journeys, like those of the prince his master, were accomplished in strict incognito. At intervals he was seen both at his Yorkshire and Sussex homes; and up to this time he had thus averted the danger of any suspicion being caused by his frequent absences from either residence.

So uncommon an experience of the world, and of the characters of men, had given to a naturally impetuous and ardent youth the power effectually to curb, and even to suppress, much of the demonstration of this temperament. Yet underneath the fire of his disposition burnt still the keener, breaking out occasionally in such outbursts of kindling love or loyalty as that which we have seen blaze forth in his interview with Gwendolyn; the cousin loved for years with all the enthusiasm yet reverence which might have distinguished the affection of a *preux chevalier* of old. "*Sans peur et sans reproche*," gallant Geoffrey Arthington certainly was. It might be wished that he had found a lady more susceptible to such worship than Gwendolyn. Yet the love of such a heart will never change. May kind fates watch over the destiny of my hero, and this first and only love!

In form and face young Arthington was well fitted to play the part of a knight and paladin of romance: even Gwendolyn herself did not possess greater advantages of nature. Like her, Geoffrey bore no resemblance to the Talbot countenance: he was a true Saxon, taking after his father, the jolly squire of Arthington Hall, and sharing none of the swarthy hue, raven hair, or dark temperament of his mother's family.

He was tall, of a well-made and powerful frame, gifted by nature with uncommon strength, master of all the dexterity and polish capable of being imparted to it by art, a daring rider, a first-rate shot, a skilful and practised swordsman.

His eyes were blue, dark, and deep; his hair a tawny chestnut; his features good and regular, marked with the expression of a high-bred gentleman, tinged by the manly cordiality of nature indigenous to a gallant Yorkshireman. He was brave, frank, high-spirited, with a romance

of faith and loyalty still bubbling up freshly from some deep well-spring of the heart, as yet undimmed by the experience of a youth passed amid scenes and with companions worldly and sophisticated enough to have corrupted any man less true, pure, and single-hearted.

Geoffrey Arthington had but one personal enemy, and that was his cousin Stephen Talbot, who hated the young Yorkshire squire even more than he hated his supplanter Gwendolyn. Her he had never forgiven, and never would forgive, for her having ousted him from the fair inheritance which for the first ten years of his life he had learned to consider with an unchildish triumph as his own indisputable right and property. Once, in the first budding of Gwendolyn's early womanhood, seeing her suddenly after a separation of several years, her lofty beauty had kindled him to a hasty love, turned to more bitter jealousy and hatred by a careless but decided rejection. The love and its fate had never transpired; Gwendolyn was not a woman to publish such secrets, and its betrayal would have irrecoverably ruined the slight chance which existed to Stephen Talbot of receiving any benefit from his grandfather, who would have bitterly revenged a clandestine attempt to engage the affections of his youthful heiress.

This passage in their lives—almost forgotten by Gwendolyn, but stinging her cousin with pangs of almost ungovernable fury against both her and himself—had been the only occasion on which she had ever injured him by word or deed: but Geoffrey Arthington had been for years a perpetual thorn in Stephen Talbot's side. The constant residence of the Arthingtons in Sussex had brought the two young men, as boys, into frequent and inevitable contact; and the comparison of his own position and future with those of the cousin whom, nevertheless, Stephen had always despised, was a continual torture to his proud and jealous nature. He, the elder in years, superior in talent and education, a Talbot, of senior claim to Earn's Cliffe by birth and age, but treated as if illegitimate, poor, neglected, and despised! The heir of Arthington, handsome, high-spirited, happy, and rich; his successful rival in the future possession of Earn's Cliffe as in Gwendolyn's heart! The master-passion of Stephen Talbot's life was to supplant and humble—if possible to ruin past recovery—these cousins, whom fate had placed in circumstances so diffe-

rent from his own. Now, accident and observation had supplied a clue to more than one secret, of incalculable value to the successful working out of his designs.

Ignorant of the imminent peril thus menacing themselves and their cause, sufficient reason for deep anxiety occupied the minds of Father Adrian and of Gwendolyn, as they sat together, absorbed in grave colloquy, in the library of Earn's Cliffe.

The long, low, dark room, lit only by a single bay and mullioned window, diamond-paned and half-mantled in thick ivy, bore in its plain old furniture and in the scholastic titles of the books which lined its walls, little token of its being a lady's bower. Yet the evidence of constant habitation was testified by the careless grouping and familiar shape of the objects on and surrounding a small table placed in the window, covered with books, papers, letters, and the daily paraphernalia of a sedentary and studious life. The priest, wrapped in thought, his brows knit uneasily, is leaning back against the straight high cushion of a massive oaken chair, his dark countenance in picturesque contrast with the fair face of Gwendolyn, as she sits, her cheek resting on her hand, her elbow on the table, an open letter lying before her, petty cares and grave anxieties troubling the repose of an existence hitherto singularly free from even the shadow of a cloud.

The letter, which, after perusing carefully, she reads aloud to Father Adrian, was addressed to Miss Talbot, and written in a hand which she knew well. Its pith was short, but it was couched in many complimentary phrases, expressed in a French idiom though in English. The writer, the Marquis de Dorillar, had the honour to inform Miss Talbot that he proposed to visit England shortly, and would do himself the high grace of presenting himself at Earn's Cliffe, in order that the old family friendship subsisting between his house and that of Talbot might be renewed in the person of the existing representatives of both races, naming an early day as the one on which the intended visit would probably take place. Further, condoling with her upon the lamentable loss she had sustained in the person of her late grandfather, Sir Anthony, the writer went on, with many complimentary and high-flown expressions, to advert to the hope he entertained that the ancient connexion between his family and Miss Talbot's might be drawn

closer from an intercourse of which he trusted his approaching visit might be only the harbinger.

Father Adrian, extending his hand, received the letter from Gwendolyn as she finished its perusal.

"It is Geoffrey Arthington's hand, and intended doubtless to inform us in a manner calculated to give no suspicion, even should the letter be opened and read, that our suggestion is accepted, and that the Prince sends an envoy to treat with the guests whose coming you expect next week."

"You are right, Father, without doubt," said Gwendolyn. "God grant that all go right."

"Amen," said the priest.

"But I fear not," continued Gwendolyn.

"We will trust there is no cause for fear," said Father Adrian. "I acknowledge that your own private interests at present occupy more my thoughts."

Taking up a paper on the table, the priest read over for the hundredth time the register attesting Sir Stephen Talbot's legitimacy, received a week ago.

"It is in form, and doubtless correct, daughter; this may affect you much."

Gwendolyn, raising her eyes, met the priest's anxious and troubled gaze; but she failed to appreciate its significance. "Doubtless," she thought, "the good Father grieves to see the family discords of centuries still in full tide."

The priest relapsed into a reverie: Gwendolyn, unwilling to disturb the chain of his thought, sat, her head still supported on her hand, her eyes perusing the well-known and oft-regarded lineaments of a portrait on the wall before her.

It was the sole picture in the room: a small oil painting, of a circular form, set in an antique oval wooden frame, and evidently of the greatest possible antiquity; the work perhaps of Holbein or one of his contemporaries of the art. The portrait was that of the bust of a woman, drawn with the cold severity of the pre-Raphaelite school, draped in pure white, more startling from the intense gloom of the background.

The face of this picture bore a remarkable and striking resemblance to the countenance of Gwendolyn herself; perhaps for that reason it had always possessed an inexplicable but singular fascination for her. In the straight, severe lineaments, the pure paleness of the complexion, the deep eyes gleaming with a marvellous

power of expression, seeming to hold your vision riveted to their mournful orbs, the long streaming fair hair, in which no thread of golden mingled to light its lint-white masses, lay an unique resemblance to the present lady of Earn's Cliffe, who in no single trait of countenance shared the family physiognomy, singularly identical from generation to generation for ages past.

Gwendolyn knew well the story attached to the fair but unfortunate woman whose miserable fate had seemed to draw down upon the Talbots a retribution fraught with misfortune and crime: she had first heard it in her earliest childhood from the lips of Marland, the major-domo of the household—the old confidential servant of Sir Anthony—whose first breath had been drawn at Earn's Cliffe, and whose head had grown grey years ago in the service of the family. I will tell it as it was told to her.

"A certain lord of the castle, Marland knew not whom, left behind him three grandchildren, cousins to each other, as your grandfather, my master the late Sir Stephen, Miss Talbot, has done. The two elder cousins, like yourselves, were gentlemen, the third a lady, the original of the picture you now see. She was very beautiful, and both her cousins fell in love with her. They say that she had liked the younger one best at first. I do not know how that may have been, but she married the elder one, the master of Earn's Cliffe, soon after her grandfather died; and the younger determined to seek revenge.

"His cousin's husband, the then Talbot of Earn's Cliffe, was of a noble and generous nature, but credulous, and he believed the lies his false kinsman told him about his lady, and imprisoned her in the Warden's Tower. They say that she was innocent, and that if she could have seen her lord she would have proved it, and brought to light the wickedness of her enemy; but he cunningly prevented their ever meeting again; and the lady soon died in her prison of a broken heart. They say, too, she loved her husband dearly; and that once, when he came to Earn's Cliffe, which he did very rarely after her imprisonment, she broke from her confinement, and ran along the cloisters to the Red Room, the chamber of her lord. But her false cousin met her, and carried her by force back into her prison, fearful lest she should prove her innocence and his guilt. They still tell, my lady, concluded Marland, his voice sinking almost to a

whisper, that at night, at the time of year she died, her spirit walks the cloisters leading from the Warden's Tower to the Red Room, wringing its hands and shrieking, dressed in long white garments, and with light floating hair.

"Her lord died childless, went on Marland, after a well-remembered pause, and the children of the wicked cousin inherited Earn's Cliffe; but they say, Miss Gwenda, that the curse of the friendless and forsaken lady has pursued them, and that there has always been bitter family strife among them, in punishment for the misery their master wrought between man and wife."

Father Adrian's voice roused Gwendolyn, as she recalled in memory the far-off day when she had first heard the legend, told to her for the lesson it conveyed.

"Daughter, you received the register a week ago?"

"I did," interjected Gwendolyn.

"Since that day I have caused inquiries to be made fraught with the most weighty consequence to yourself and to the holy Catholic faith and the Stuart cause, which alike require that a loyal member of our Church should be owner of Earn's Cliffe. I have reason to believe that the facts set forth in the paper there before you are correct, and that your cousin is the oldest scion of the family."

Gwendolyn coloured slightly, a rare token of emotion in her self-contained and impassive nature: the priest watched her with an expression of intense scrutiny and deep anxiety; she appeared regardless of his eager observation, unconscious of any further meaning lurking in his words than the mere syllables conveyed.

"I am already aware of these things, Father. You were also apprised of my writing a friendly letter to Sir Stephen, congratulating him upon the clearing up of a point so satisfactory to his honour."

"And further you said——" queried the priest.

"I reminded him that we were near relatives, and that, though every inch of land attached to Earn's Cliffe is unfortunately unalienably mine, as present head of the family, he ought not to be too proud to receive from me what, I am certain, he would be the first to bestow upon me were our positions reversed; the means to maintain an appearance fitting for a Talbot of Earn's Cliffe. You know, Father," pursued Gwendolyn, "how

churlishly my cousinly friendship was repulsed, and my intention scorned."

"An enmity evidently so deep betokens, methinks, some cause seemingly adequate to produce so strong a result. Gwendolyn," inquired Father Adrian, suddenly, turning abruptly to her, his eyes searching narrowly her face; "has anything of which I am ignorant ever passed between your cousin and yourself. I make no apology for the inquiry: interests of great moment demand an answer equally frank and complete."

"Five years ago, in my grandfather's time," said Gwendolyn, flushing to her hair, "Stephen Talbot tried to engage my affections, and to bind me to him by a secret promise of marriage."

"And you?"

"I did not return his love; I despised him for the clandestine overture," said Gwendolyn, her eyes gleaming with a steady light, her proud head erect. "Since that time we have never exchanged a word."

"Daughter," said the priest, earnestly, "would to Heaven I had known of this before! I could almost say, would that you could have accepted Stephen Talbot's suit!"

Inclining his head to Gwendolyn's, looking around warily and narrowly as if to see that no eavesdropper lurked in the dark corners of the long and deeply shadowed room, Father Adrian whispered a few words to Gwendolyn.

Starting from her chair, she looked at him as if she could read his very soul; then, sinking into her seat, she covered her eyes with her hand.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE RECTOR.

"Her cousin, indeed! A Papist, no doubt, like his father, and disaffected to the Protestant succession."

"There are very good men Catholics."—*Rob Roy.*

SUNDAY morning: fair, fresh, and tranquil as only could be an English country Sunday, and that perhaps a century ago. The landscape round Earn's Cliffe, which, under a threatening sky, a raging sea, a howling wind, could combine so wild a desolation, and so tempestuous a fury, lay smiling, soft and green, under the influence of a June sun. The sky, azure, flaked with feathery white, stretched undimmed by a single cloud until it dipped

to the purple downs in the horizon. A slight breeze stirred the tops of the long grass, and wafted the freshness of the sea to cool and temper the summer heat and radiance. Small, rippling waves washed gently against the Earn's Cliffe, white, gleaming with treacherous beauty.

No sound breaks the Sabbath stillness: as far as eye can reach no object meets the view save a solitary windmill, its sails revolving slowly, and the figures of a few country people wending their quiet way to Whitehaven church.

Something of the influence of the scene is upon Winifred Osborn, as she issues from out the heavy porch at Earn's Cliffe, and her small form advances forth into the sunshine, which seldom penetrates within those gloomy precincts. An unwonted softness and quiet sits in the dark eyes and upon the rosy lips as the little feet carry her along the white path which leads over the downs to Whitehaven.

Deep in a hollow of sheltering hills lies this town, consisting of one long steep street, at the top of which stands the church—ivy-grown, sheltered by large oak trees: an edifice dear to Sussex archaeologists, for it is one of the oldest in the country, dating from the commencement of the twelfth century, built of flints and chalk, with a shingled steeple; consisting of a nave and chancel, lit with five windows of the period.

The bells of Whitehaven church are ringing their last peal as Winifred enters the churchyard, and passes under the porch and through the heavy door. She traverses the length of the nave, many a head turned to regard her in her holiday attire; and enters a large pew, in the chancel and facing the reading-desk, in which she has sat since she first remembers Whitehaven church. It is the rectory pew, formerly her father's, now occupied by Mrs. Evelyn, the mother of the present rector, the Reverend Robert Evelyn. The interior of the church is small, from the immense thickness of the outer walls, and furnished with old-fashioned high square pews, too high for Winifred to look over them. Therefore, in the intervals of wandering which will seize her mind and her eyes, she can only glance off her prayer-book to the monuments high above her head, and thence to the face of the rector opposite to her, and then to the countenances of the other occupants of the pew, a staid old servant woman, and an old lady, fair, little, and fresh-coloured, though grey-haired, dressed in widow's

weeds. The latter is the rector's mother, Mrs. Evelyn.

The rector, as he enters his desk, gives one glance over the old clerk's head into his mother's pew, and flushes momentarily as his eyes meet Winifred's. Hers sparkle at the encounter with a light half-demure half-mischievous, but her face is still.

The Reverend Robert Evelyn is fair and fresh-coloured, like his mother; unlike her, he is tall, broad-shouldered, and athletic; his features are cast in the aquiline mould; hers are straight, small, and Grecian, even at sixty perfectly well formed. The rector wears a clerical peruke: over his vestments falls the Cambridge scarf: he is a Fellow of John's, great in mathematics. Whitehaven, worth four hundred pounds per annum, is a College living, bestowed upon him after five years of tutorship at John's.

The voice in which Mr. Evelyn reads the service is one fitted to his muscular and deep-chested frame: his sermon is clear, sensible, and manly, full of thought, expressed in language original enough; of a degree of excellence of purpose, doctrine, and delivery uncommon at that date—the period of most torpid inaction and neglected talents that the Church of England has ever known—couched in a form of expression simple enough to meet the intelligence of Mr. Evelyn's humblest hearer.

Winifred, listening demurely, has sense and education enough for her flighty little brain to appreciate it: but its brevity is for her its most effectual charm.

Service over, the congregation streams out into the sunshine. Mrs. Evelyn and Winifred, waiting in the porch, are joined there by the rector, who in gown and shovel hat escorts them down the churchyard and across the road to the rectory, Winifred's birthplace, an old house in the High-street, gabled, and roofed with Horsham tiles.

Dear old house, how well I remember thee! Outside, faced with Elizabethan tiles; above, a projecting mullioned window; to the left the door, opening which—if it be summer weather, and the garden door opposite be standing open—you catch sight of the sweetest, neatest, most luxuriant old-fashioned garden, rich in trees, in flowers, in soft velvety turf, short and spangled with daisies. Downstairs, a window at the side of the hall-door lights the second parlour, the rector's sanctum; and behind this is the kitchen, brick-floored, its shelves shining with bright pewter, its wide fireplace bordered with

Dutch tiles. By a well staircase, built of oak, polished, and almost black with age, we reach the parlour *par excellence*, Mrs. Evelyn's sitting-room, the gem and glory of the rectory-house—a low room, panelled three-quarters high with dark, fluted oak; above the panelling an antique papering; a white ceiling, traversed by two broad oak rafters, from which hangs a square lamp of rich smoked glass. The chimney-piece, of carved oak, reaches from floor to ceiling; the window, mullioned and diamond-paned, has a deep window-seat; Winifred's old and favourite post of observation, whence she watches the world of Whitehaven pass up and down its long High-street. A few choice portraits, oval, in carved oak frames, hang above the panelling; among them the rector's ancestor, John Evelyn of Sayes Court, and two or three ladies of Charles the Second's time, fair and full blown, with brilliant complexions, rich hair, and fine, well-displayed busts. At one side of the fireplace is a cupboard, the repository of Mrs. Evelyn's choice china and glass, washed and guarded by her own little delicate white hands. Corresponding to its door was another, leading from the parlour to the best bedroom, according to the fashion of the day. This chamber is sacred to Mrs. Evelyn. We just glance around, and see that its walls are panelled, that the furniture, still of dark oak, is massive; the same window and broad window-seat as in the parlour meet our eyes. The casement is open; odours of sweetness are wafted into the chamber from the garden underneath.

Every detail of furniture, viands, and service, were in harmony with the order and old-fashioned beauty of this house. If you had dined, my friend, with the rector, Mrs. Evelyn, and Winifred, that Sunday afternoon, you, like myself, would want words to praise the flowers, the productiveness, the fruitfulness of that charming old garden, the chief attraction even of this delightful old rectory. The flowers which deck the table and room, the peas, the early potatoes, the currant and raspberry tart, the preserves, the dessert! Oh, for the days of old-fashioned gardens, and housekeepers like Mrs. Evelyn! Then, too, old Sarah's arrangements and dexterous, soft-footed attendance! Winifred, with a smile at Mrs. Evelyn, quotes to the rector—as, sitting in the window-seat, he standing at her side, they watch the maid's quick and perfect preparations—

"Il vit le nappe mise,
Admire le bel ordre, et reconnaît l'église."

Afternoon service began early, and that dinner passed off without unnecessary delay. After it, for half-an-hour, the ladies sat with their cowslip wine before them, while the rector quaffed his customary Burgundy. The talk, before of Whitehaven and its inhabitants, turned first to Winifred herself and then to Earn's Cliffe.

Mrs. Evelyn, putting on her spectacles to select her visitor the finest and ripest fruit, scans Miss Osborn's little figure for a moment, struck for the first time with a change in her array which the black velvet hood and grey cloak trimmed with silver had prevented her noticing in church.

"Why, child, you have cast your mourning, I perceive. Stand up, and let me look at you."

Taking her hand, the old lady drew her, smiling and colouring a little, to the proper focus for her spectacles. Then, nodding her head, told her to sit down.

"I like the change; mourning does not suit you, Winny," said the rector, his eyes, like his mother's, scanning the little figure for a moment as Winifred, half blushing, half laughing, submitted to the inspection.

She wore a dress and bodice of grey silk, ornamented with knots of cherry-coloured ribbon; a coquettish little head-dress of white lace, trimmed with the same ribbon, surmounted her dark hair, combed back, and fastened behind by a gilt arrow of an antique fashion, given her by Gwendolyn. A white worked neckerchief covered her neck; her apron, of lawn, was embroidered with a design to match; high-heeled shoes of red satin, with gilt buckles, set off her little feet. Gold ear-rings were suspended from the pink-tipped ears; ruffles of lace to correspond with her head-dress adorned her sleeves.

"You are right, my son," said Mrs. Evelyn, as she released Winifred's hand; "gay little butterflies should be decked in bright colours. Nay, my child, I mean to be complimentary; your clothes are in excellent taste, and their details harmonize well the one with the other, the principal requisite in a lady's dress. But how comes it that you are allowed to leave off your mourning? It is but seven months since Sir Anthony died, and Miss Talbot, I understood, wished the entire family to wear it for a year."

"She is twenty-one next week; and there are, you know, to be grand guests and gay doings at Earn's Cliffe. Father Adrian thought it highly necessary, I believe, for my lady to leave for a time her life of seclusion; and she has complied with his request."

"So I hear; and it is well advised for you to cast your mourning: garments of sorrow do not suit the house of feasting. I have declined Miss Talbot's kind and condescending invitations on that account."

"Dear Mrs. Evelyn, I wish you would alter your resolution," said Winifred.

"No, my child. Robert shall supply my place; a fitter and more generally welcome addition to a party of pleasure than an old woman like myself. I hear the church bell, Winny. I feel weary, and shall remain at home this afternoon."

Donning her velvet hood and grey cloak, Mistress Osborn again crossed the street to afternoon service. There was no sermon, but the children of all ranks were catechised from the reading-desk after the second lesson. (It is "much to be wished, methinks, that the said discipline were again restored.") Four struck as Winifred and the rector again quitted the church; but she steadily declined Mr. Evelyn's pressing invitation that she should return with him to the rectory to tea: Mrs. Western or Miss Talbot might want her, she said. She bade adieu to Mrs. Evelyn while the rector changed his surplice for his ordinary dress, and then took her way, escorted by Mr. Evelyn, across the downs to Earn's Cliffe.

The afternoon was still and sultry; the sun shone brightly, but long shadows chequered the sunny surface of the downs. Beyond Earn's Cliffe, visible directly they left the High-street of Whitehaven, the sea lay gleaming with a silver shimmer, quivering in the light. Far in the hazy distance stretched purple the barren downs. The quiet of an oppressive heat was upon all nature; its influence seemed to have fallen upon the rector; he walked silent and abstracted by Winifred's side, while she prattled to him of the coming gaieties at Earn's Cliffe.

At last he returned some answer more than ordinarily mal-à-propos to a remark she made.

"You are an entertaining companion, Mr. Evelyn," she cried.

"I beg your pardon, Winifred," he replied, starting; "my thoughts would fain run on other subjects than Miss Talbot's

coming of age, or merry-makings at Earn's Cliffe, were it not that I fear I cannot consistently with my profession and politics visit the castle at present, and with the guests whom I hear it has been Miss Talbot's pleasure to invite."

Winifred opened her large eyes to their widest extent, then turned her head; bantering him, as she often did successfully, when she wished to gain a point.

"Hoighty-toity, Mr. Evelyn. May not my lady invite her own visitors? And may I ask to whom you refer as the questionable guests? To Mr. Arthington or the Marquis de Sorillai?"

"I know your partiality of old for Mr. Arthington, Winifred," said the rector, looking at her with a glance which sent the rebellious colour to her face, sorely against her will. "I do not allude to him, knowing so little of the gentleman; and as to the marquis you mention, I have never even heard his name. I speak rather of Lord Ravenghas and his family, and Sir Wilfred Marlinton, whose principles are well known."

"They are Jacobites; and forsooth Mr. Evelyn fears contamination—or infection, perhaps," said Winifred. "Nay, Mr. Evelyn, I should have fancied you deemed your cause stronger than to dread conversion. Now I think you would not find it very easy to convert me, were I sent for a twelvemonth to the Elector's very court."

"Faith!" said Mr. Evelyn, "I'll be honest enough, Winny, to say that it is at the English Court only I should be likely to turn Jacobite. But then, if we reflect, the Stuart Court was even worse. However, we turn from our subject. There will be no disrespect intended either to Miss Talbot or to yourself, Winifred, if I decide to absent myself from Earn's Cliffe. I cannot explain my motives to her without usurping too great a freedom: but you I would not willingly leave in ignorance of my reason for the seeming slight."

"Pray, Mr. Evelyn, do not think it necessary to afford me any explanation."

Her tone was piqued: the little thing was intensely vain; it galled her to think her lover could of his own free will forego a week of her society. Besides—and if the rector had known both reasons for her anger, the second would have fully atoned for the coquetry of the first—besides, if Mr. Evelyn thus slighted the hospitality of Earn's Cliffe, how was it likely that she would be permitted to continue

her weekly visits to Whitehaven Rectory, already regarded by Father Adrian and Mrs. Western with some distaste.

"Winifred," said the rector, "let us argue this subject for a moment dispassionately, and hear me in silence, though you have on your side the romance of a fascinating cause. Now England is peaceful, prosperous, and happy; any revolution, however tranquil, were to be deplored. But when a prince, born in a foreign land, educated abroad in a religion hated by nine-tenths of our population, tries to ascend the throne by the aid of French bayonets, how can any Protestant, any Englishman, wish him success?"

"It is the right," said Winifred. "Your argument is merely one of expediency, Mr. Evelyn."

"Nevertheless its strong point concerns the preservation and defence of the faith we both adore, in common with thousands of our fellow-Englishmen—a faith which sad experience has taught us no Catholic and Stuart prince can endure, far less tolerate. Consider, Winifred, the absurdity, to say no less, of placing at the head of a Church a sovereign who regards its principal tenets as pestilent and damnable heresy."

"But full guarantees for the integrity of the Protestant religion must be secured," said Winifred.

"You elude my argument, but nevertheless I will answer your objection. Have such pledges been observed before? Do you not remember the first words of James II. in his kingly capacity—his speech to the Privy Council assembled at his brother's death—in which he professed his resolution to maintain the established government both in Church and State; saying, that he knew the laws of England were sufficient to make him as great a man as he wished to be, and he was determined not to depart from them; that as he had heretofore ventured his life in defence of this nation, he would still go as far as any man in maintaining all its just rights and privileges? I have seen a manuscript, Winny, in the possession of Lord Lonsdale, written by his ancestor, that John Lord Lonsdale who was First Lord of the Treasury in the time of William III., in which this statesman, an eyewitness of the events he describes, says expressly, that when James succeeded his brother, the current of public favour ran so strong for the Court that if the King had only desired to make himself

absolute he would not have met with much opposition; but with true Stuart folly and perfidy James oppressed and persecuted the religion which is dearer to every true Englishman than even his liberty, but which is nevertheless the fountain and stronghold of this liberty. You know the consequences which ensued, and the like conduct will again be followed by the same results."

"You puzzle me, Mr. Evelyn," said Winifred, pettishly. "Your reading is doubtless far deeper than mine, but you forget the clemency of the character of the present King and Prince, and that adversity has probably taught them a wisdom which their ancestors did not possess."

"Surely the fate of their father and their long wanderings in foreign lands might have taught both Charles II. and his brother sufficient knowledge of the temper of the English nation; but I fear the Stuart race hate the truth too deeply to open their eyes or ears to its intelligence. Besides, Winifred, after all, we shirk the principal ground of argument. Are the Jacobites chiefly among the Catholics or Protestants?—is there even among the most zealous any question of which religion is to be that of the conquered land? Answer me honestly, Winny, with what views does Father Adrian, does Miss Talbot, or Mr. Arthington, desire the elevation of the Stuarts to our throne? Do they not look to the co-establishment of their Church with that of our State?"

This home-thrust staggered Winifred: she knew the entire truth of its suggestion as far, at any rate, as the priest and Miss Talbot were concerned, and she was sure that those of the Catholic Jacobites—the only portion of the party in which a real and thorough confidence was to be placed—pointed to the restoration of their Church as well as of their king. James Stuart, too, was well known to be a bigoted Romanist. She answered truly, but with a reservation in her words, colouring deeply as she spoke, "I am forbidden to revert to any subjects discussed at Earn's Cliffe."

"Ah, Winifred," said the rector, "your silence here gives consent. But enough of argument. You are now eighteen; I am thirty-two. At eighteen I was as warm a Jacobite as yourself. The romance of the cause fascinates you, and the Stuarts, absent and exiled, strive to charm the hearts of the English with a

Siren song of happiness and peace to be enjoyed with them. But they have been tried before. You are eighteen, Winny; wait fourteen years; leave the invidious and constant companionship of aliens in faith, and then tell me your creed. In politics, as in religion, it will be that of nine-tenths of the most enlightened and reasonable of your fellow countrymen."

She was silent. Never before had she heard the Hanoverian cause fairly advocated: she was unprepared with argument, perhaps staggered by facts. A silence fell, preserved until they reached Earn's Cliffe; then the rector broke it.

"Winifred, how often am I to escort you over these downs to the castle? When will Whitehaven Rectory be your home?"

She started and coloured deeply: his appeal touched her, but the little flighty thing was angry to think he should seem to take her consent for certain. "When? How often? Houghty toity, Mr. Evelyn! Why should I leave Earn's Cliffe? You are confident, methinks. When? Perhaps never. How often? I am sorry, Mr. Evelyn, you ever gave yourself the trouble to escort me. Pray do not let me detain you any longer on the present occasion—I am very well able to take care of myself."

He coloured in his turn, but not entirely with anger. He knew some phases of Winny's temperament well, and the little thing's indignation was piquant and amusing; besides, it was more than half affected, he thought.

"Winifred——"

"Miss Osborn, Mr. Evelyn, if you please," said Winny, with dignity. She felt rather cross: her politics had sustained a signal defeat; perhaps she did not wish just then to have to confess herself vanquished also in love. Mr. Evelyn was piqued now: her tone was formal and cold. Alas! the rector knew less of women than he did of politics, and plunged yet deeper into the difficulty.

"Winifred, you must surely have ere now understood me," he said. "My love has been plain enough to others, if not to yourself. My mother has long seen it, and approved."

The little penniless damsel was far prouder in her *affaire de cœur* than the heiress of Earn's Cliffe. Mr. Evelyn should have sued for her love as Geoffrey Arthington did for Gwendolyn's—as the most precious boon each had to bestow.

Then Winny would have been melted; now she fired again.

"Mrs. Evelyn is very good," she said, in a freezing tone. "You have made your self-confidence plain enough to me, at any rate, Mr. Evelyn. But while I thank you for your condescension, I must beg leave to decline your love."

He was very indignant. Winifred's former coqueties, many and various in their number and character, a dormant jealousy of Geoffrey Arthington—between whom and the little lady there was an old and firm friendship and alliance—rose up in judgment against her. He thought, anger blinding him to the remembrance of many timid little signs of favour accorded to him alone, that Winny had meant to treat him as I am sorry to say she had treated some others whom she had encouraged, half carelessly, half mischievously, and then rejected, half in penitence, half in alarm.

They had reached the gateway at Earn's Cliffe. Winifred long remembered the scene: the dark portals of the archway, flanked by the massive ivy-mantled towers, grim and gray in their feudal strength; the wide expanse of billowy downs to the left; to the right the silvery gleaming sheet of Channel waters; the figure of Mr. Evelyn towering above her little person, as he lingered for half a moment, perhaps for a word of relenting or of penitence. But none came; Winifred felt as if the utterance of a single syllable would choke her. Dropping him a curtsey as sweeping as a maid of honour's on a birthday night, she turned and disappeared beneath the archway; without a word, but making an inclination low enough for Lovelace, he left her.

But then—their dignity properly sustained—came solitude and recollection: the rector's lonely walk homewards, chafing violently against Winifred, the world in general, especially against himself! The dull hours of that long, quiet evening, spent by her in reading the *Life of St. Catherine of Siena* to Mrs. Western in the duenna's private room at Earn's Cliffe!

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE FOREST.

"Wad ye bring Popery in on us, and arbitrary power, and a foist and a warming-pan, and the set forms, and the curates, and the auld enormities o' surplices and vestments?"—*Rob Roy*.

BETWEEN the Surrey Hills and that portion of the South Downs which extends

along the Sussex coast, lies the Weald of Sussex. This tract of land, formerly a forest, is still wild and wooded, extending for a length of fifty miles, containing many thousand acres of unclaimed and uncultivated ground.

The character of this country was diversified; in some parts gorse-grown common land prevailed; in others, the ash, the hazel, and the oak grew in forest-like grouping and luxuriance, their stems clothed with a clustering brushwood. The soil is principally a heavy clay; the valleys are watered by little streams, chiefly discharging their waters in the winding Arun, which pours itself into the sea at Littlehampton, four miles below the lordly towers of Arundel. The sultry sun of a July morn was pouring down upon the heads of two horsemen journeying together through a wild district of the Weald. The road, a mere bridle-path, rugged and full of ruts, lay across an open and barren common, its extent diversified only by occasional patches of furze, or by scattered groups of pollard oaks, round the stems of which sprung a thick growth of underwood, relics of the ancient forest from which this district derives its name.

The travellers rode side by side, although the plainer dress of one of them and the saddle-bags borne by his inferior horse seemed to indicate a superiority of rank on the part of his companion. In figure, complexion, even somewhat in feature, the two men were not unlike, and their ages seemed identical, both being four or five and twenty years. Both were tall, well proportioned, sitting their horses with the assured and graceful seat of accomplished riders; both were fair-complexioned, and blue-eyed, with regular and good features; but the one on the superior horse wore his own chestnut hair, unpowdered, and curling in short, crisp rings round his handsome head; while the long locks of a black peruke fell over the shoulders of the other.

Few words were exchanged as they rode along, except when the horse of the dark-peruked traveller occasionally stumbled over a deeper rut than ordinary, and its rider gave vent to his feelings in *juron* after *juron*, couched in the choicest French. At last Geoffrey Arthington—for he it was of the crisp, short-curved chestnut hair—turned to his companion, and said, with a smile—

"If you are so lavish of '*mille diables*,' and '*mort de ma vie*' now, what have

you in reserve for the forest into which we are just entering? Before night, too, we shall have heavy rain, and then we shall remember this present road as child's play."

"Diable!" said the dark peruke. "But before night, mon ami, we shall be safe at Earn's Cliffe, shall we not?"

His English was good, though a slight foreign accent gave additional interest to a good voice, and languid, somewhat petted, but graceful utterance.

"Perhaps, in the ordinary course of events we should be, but I foresee a storm."

"Then let us remain at some inn, and go on to-morrow to Earn's Cliffe."

"Nay; my cousin would be alarmed," said Geoffrey; "they look for us to-night. Besides, there is no inn between us and Earn's Cliffe, save a miserable hole—the resort of smugglers and owlers, and such like gentry—in the forest here. There we must needs stop to change horses; but I fear you would hardly find it either safe or agreeable to pass the night there, even if they would give us shelter."

"Mort de diable. Quel miserable, villain pays!" exclaimed the black peruke. "But what are owlers, Geoffrey?"

"Illegal exporters of sheep and wool; it is a profession much in favour with the gentry of the Weald here, who breed them, and transport them by means of the smugglers on the coast."

"And why does not the Elector make laws to prevent this?"

"There are laws, inflicting a penalty of loss of the right hand for the first offence, and even death for a second; but how enforce these laws? Effectually to prevent either smuggling or owling would require an army to garrison this thinly-peopled country."

"And what army they have may soon be required for other service," said the dark peruke, with a smile.

Geoffrey sighed.

They had entered the forest now, and were passing along a track more uneven and more rugged than that which they had left behind in the open country. The day was more oppressively sultry than ever; not a single leaf stirred amid the thick masses of the surrounding foliage, as they wound slowly under the shade of spreading trees, along a narrow track cut through a seemingly impervious growth of shrubs and underwood. A hare starting occasionally from her form, and flee-

ing from their path to a refuge in untrodden glades, was the only sign of life they encountered; the cooing of a wood-pigeon the only sound they heard, save the tramp of their wearied horses' feet.

Languidly they plodded on, both riders dreamily leaning forward on their saddle-bows; Geoffrey Arthington, as possessing more knowledge of the country, led the way; but for long neither spoke, riding on, half drowsily, half wrapped in now idle reverie.

Suddenly, at a sharp turn of the path, a figure, strange and eerie, caught the bridle of the foreign rider, arresting his horse's steps.

It was that of a woman, wild and weird of aspect, dress, and feature; small, and shrivelled by great age; clad in a costume strange to the eyes of the riders, unkempt and forlorn of fashion, but with something of an Oriental character in its singularity; surmounted by a yellow handkerchief wound turban-wise around grey and matted locks, and making the hollow eyes more black and piercing, the wrinkled face more dark and eerie.

Leaving the bridle, she seized the stranger's arm, forcing him to pay attention to her address, accredited by her challenging him in a name he had borne in foreign lands. But he attempted, with a haughty gesture, to shake her off; she, grasping more tightly his arm and the bridle of his horse, made escape impossible, unless he had stricken her under his horse's hoofs.

"Unhand me, woman," he then cried. "If you desire charity, seek it rather of my master yonder than of me."

Geoffrey had turned; his hand sought his purse, but the strange assailant disdained to notice the movement.

"It is not with Geoffrey Arthington I have to do; nor is it charity I require; and least of all, man, from your hands. It is to warn you—you," she repeated, with emphasis, her eyes kindling with a yet stronger fire, her warning forefinger uplifted, sibyl-like—"you, of the blood that will be shed; of lost battle-fields, of the unavailing sorrow and suffering of the innocent; of your own life—perhaps held dearer—hunted as a partridge among the mountains."

"But after—victory?"

His eyes gleamed with a momentary light; his voice rang clear and triumphant, untouched by a tone of languor.

"The end is hid. But I see an old man dying in a foreign land, deserted by

wife and kin; homeless, friendless, childless—despised of all.”

Her eyes, wide open, had a far-distant, searching look; her hand dropped from his arm.

“You rave, good woman,” he said, haughtily.

“Ride on, my lord,” said Geoffrey; “she is doubtless mad, and raves.”

“Geoffrey Arthington, I am not, but speak the words of an awful warning, given to me to deliver for the saving of many souls; not in remembrance of wrongs inflicted and misery undergone. Consider, ere it be too late, if the price be worth the paying, even for victory. But it will be paid,” she said, mournfully, her hands falling, her eyes, their

fire quenched, searching still with a far distant, melancholy gaze. “It will be paid, and that for defeat—shameless, utter defeat—and the race of the spoiler and the tyrant shall die out in a drunken dotard and an effeminate priest.”

Turning aside, she forced her way through the underwood, and vanished from their view. The two rode on; the brow of the foreign traveller knitted in anger; the countenance of Geoffrey Arthington grave and sad. Heavy drops splashing through the sheltering branches roused both from their reverie. Quickening their paces, they rode on as rapidly as the weary pace of their tired horses would permit.

(To be continued.)

THE WORKER TO THE DREAMER.

FLING away thy idle fancies,
They but weaken heart and brain—
Break the pleasant dreamy fetters
Of romance's shining chain.
Come out from the misty kingdom—
Thou hast lingered there too long.
Come out girded as for battle,
Armour true, and spirit strong.
Sit no longer by the waters—
Harkening to their murmurs sweet—
Up! while yet the morning shineth—
Then go forth with earnest feet!
Cast away thy idle dreamings;
Work with ardour, willing, brave,
For, oh dreamer! life is action;
And to act—a duty brave.

Steep and rugged is the mountain,
Yet the faithful toilers say,
When they gain its hallow'd summit,
“Blessed was our weary way.”
So to thee, when thou hast battled
Bravely, nobly, for the right—
Will thy labour, though a burden,
Seem, with sweet content, but light.

Truth and error wage a warfare,
Constant in this world of ours;
We have need of champions fearless—
Come from dreamland's rosy bowers!
Cast away thy idle fancies;
They will cumber thee in life,
Be henceforth a warrior mighty—
Earnest in a glorious strife!

TIME-MEASURERS.

TIME being, as Young justly observes, the staff that life is made of, it is not surprising that man has, from a very early period, devoted much ingenuity towards indicating, by some machine, the gradual lapse of it into the "sweep of eternity."

One of the first important instruments invented for counting time was the dial. This was effected by means of the sun's shadow. It is, we are inclined to think, the most apposite and striking, if not the most convenient or comprehensive, mode of performing the task. It does not obtrude its observations, though it

"Morals on the time;"

and, by its stationary character, forms a contrast to the most fleeting of all essences. The first sun-dial mentioned in history is that of Ahaz, who began his reign twelve years after the building of Rome. "Behold, I will bring again the shadow of the degrees, which is gone down in the sun-dial of Ahaz, ten degrees backwards" (Isaiah xxxviii. 8). The dial in use among the ancient Jews appears to have differed from that in use amongst us. Theirs was a kind of stairs: the time of the day was distinguished, not by lines, but by steps or degrees; the shade of the sun every hour moved forward to a new degree. Several of the Grecian astronomers and mathematicians constructed dials. Thales is said to have made one; as also Aristarchus and Anaximenes, or Anaximander of Miletus. Herodotus informs us that the Greeks borrowed the invention from the Babylonians. The first sun-dial used at Rome was set up by L. Papirius Cursor, about three hundred years before Christ; but this being found to be inaccurate, was subsequently replaced by a more correct one. Before the use of these instruments in the "Eternal City," there was no division of the day into hours; nor does that word occur in the Twelve Tables. They only mention sun-rising and sun-setting, *before* and *after* mid-day. According to Pliny, mid-day was not added till some years after, an *accensus* of the consuls being appointed to call out that time when he saw the sun from the Senate-house, between the Rostra and the place called Græcostasis, where the ambassadors from Greece and other foreign countries used to stand.

"I count only the hours that are serene," is the motto of an old sun-dial near Venice. There is a softness and a harmony in the words and in the thought almost unparalleled. How the shadows seem to fade on the dial-plate as the sky darkens; and time presents only a blank, unless as its progress is marked by what is joyous, and all that is not happy sinks into oblivion! What a lesson is conveyed to the mind—to take no note of time but by its benefits—to watch only for the smile, and neglect the frowns of fate—to compose our lives of bright and gentle moments, turning always to the sunny side of things, and letting the rest slip from our imaginations, unheeded or forgotten! "Begone about your business," says the dial in the Temple—a good admonition in its way to a loiterer on the pavement below. There is a certain local colouring in the motto, which makes it "come home" in a more friendly manner than its imperious tone would at first seem to warrant.

"This shadow on the dial's face,
That steals, from day to day,
With slow, unseen, unceasing pace,
Moments, and months, and years away;
This shadow, which in every clime,
Since light and motion first began,
Hath held its course sublime;
What is it? Mortal man!
It is the scythe of Time.
A shadow only to the eye,
It levels all beneath the sky."

Hear how the Rev. W. L. Bowles moralizes on a sun-dial—

"Hoary chronicler of ages past,"
in a churchyard:—

"Since thou hast stood, and thus thy vigil kept,
Noting each hour, o'er mouldering stones beneath;
The pastor and his flock alike have slept,
And 'dust to dust' proclaimed the stride of death.

"Another race succeeds, and counts the hour,
Careless alike; the hour still seems to smile,
As hope, and youth, and life, were in our power;
So smiling, and so perishing the while."

In course of time, the ancients invented machines by which, through the help of water, they were enabled to measure time. Sextus Empiricus tells us that the Chaldeans divided the Zodiac into twelve equal parts, as they supposed, by allowing water

to run out of a small orifice during the whole revolution of a star, and dividing the fluid into twelve equal parts—the time answering to each part being taken for that of the passage of a sign over the horizon. The invention of water-clocks, or clepsydræ, has been ascribed to Ctesibius of Alexandria, who lived about the year 250 before the Christian era. But some mode of measuring time by the reflux of water, however rude it might be, was used at Athens before this time, as we ascertain from various passages in the orations of Demosthenes. Water-clocks were introduced at Rome by P. Cornelius Scipio Nasica, in the year 157 B. C. In these clocks the water issued drop by drop through a hole of the vessel, and fell into another, in which a light body that floated marked the height of the water as it rose—and, by these means, the time that had elapsed. They all had this failing—that the water at first flowed out rapidly, and afterwards more slowly, so that they required much care and regulation.

For a long time the Roman people had nothing in their houses to announce the hours when night had thrown

“Its dusky mantle o’er the earth.”

During the day they could know the hours after water-clocks had been constructed at the public expense, and placed in open buildings erected in various parts of the city. The case seems to have been the same in Greece; and rich families kept particular servants, whose duty it was to announce to their masters and mistresses certain periods of the day, as pointed out by the city clepsydræ. By and by water-clocks were kept in the palaces of the great. Petronius mentions a potentate who had one in his dining-room, and a servant stationed near it to proclaim the progress of the hours, that his voluptuous master might know how much of his lifetime was spent; for he did not wish to lose one single moment without enjoying pleasure. As water-clocks were both scarce and expensive, they could not of course be procured by labouring people, to whom it was of most importance to be acquainted with the progress of time. That the servants in many houses, however, were awakened by the ringing of a bell, appears from what Lucian says in one of his Treatises. Some persons suppose that it was a regulation that the night-watch in the streets should proclaim the hours—which they could have known from the public water-clocks—by blowing

a horn, by calling out, or by some other simple means. For they assert that the periods of mounting guard were determined by water-clocks: at each watch a horn was blown, and every one could by this signal know the hour of the night; and that Cæsar had such clocks, because he makes, in his *Commentaries*, some observations on the length of the day in the islands near Ireland. But we are induced to think that ancient Rome was entirely destitute of a night-watch. The bells borne by the patrols, we are expressly told, were used to give signals only upon extraordinary occasions—such as that of a fire, or when any violence had been committed. Cicero, comparing the life of a civil with that of a military officer, says—“The former is awaked by the crowing of the cock, and the latter by the sound of the trumpet.” The former, therefore, seems to have had no other means of discovering the hours of the night but by attending to the noise made by “bright chanticleer.” An ancient poet says that the cock is the trumpeter which awakens people in the time of peace. The ancients, indeed, understood very well how to determine the periods of the night by observing the stars; but here we are speaking of large cities—and in these people are not very fond of quitting their beds to look at the heavens, even though “spangled with stars.” In the ancient customs of the monastery of St. Viton, at Werden, written, as is reported, in the tenth century, the monks regulated their prayers by the crowing of the cock. We may from this conclude that water-clocks continued still to be very scarce.

In the Grecian courts of justice, lest the length of the speeches of the advocates should weary the patience of the judges, and prevent them from proceeding to other business, they were limited to a certain time, which was measured by an hour-glass used with water; and that no fraud might be practised, a person was appointed to distribute the water equally to both parties. When the water had run out of the glass, they were to conclude their speeches. But whilst the laws quoted by them were read, or if any other important business intervened, the glass was stopped. “Let him speak till my water be run out,” was said by an orator, who having ended his speech before the time allowed him was expired, gave to his adversary the remaining part of it. At Rome it was ordained by

the Pompeian law, in imitation of the Greeks, that advocates should speak by an hour-glass. How many hours were to be allowed to each advocate was left to the judges to determine.

For a long period, in England and several countries on the Continent, the great body of the people do not appear to have had any instrument to guide them with regard to the "time of day," save the curfew-bell, which was tolled every night at eight o'clock, when every peasant's lamp and fire were to be extinguished. This was done as a precaution against fires, which were frequent and fatal when so many houses were built of wood. The practice gradually arose in many towns of ringing one of the church bells at stated times, to call people to work in the morning, to indicate the time for dinner, and to leave work in the evening. At Dorchester, for instance, they used to ring a bell at six in the morning in the summer, and seven in the winter; at one at noon; and at eight in the evening.

In the year 807, the King of Persia sent as a present to Charlemagne a water-clock, furnished with some ingenious mechanism. A slight description of it is to be found in *Annales Francorum*, ascribed to Eginhard. The author says:—"Likewise a timepiece wonderfully constructed of brass with mechanical art, in which the course of the twelve hours was turned towards a clepsydra, with as many brass balls, which fall down at the completion of the hour, and by their fall sounded a bell under them." If we refer to the *Chronicon Turonense*, we find some farther particulars respecting it:—"The King of the Persians sent a timepiece in which the twelve hours were marked by the performance of a cymbal and of certain horsemen, who at each hour went out through the windows, and on their return in the last hour of the day shut the windows as they marched back." Even in the eleventh century water-clocks were still scarce. In a little work, Peter Damiani says:—"He could not find time for idle fables, nor hold long conversations, nor finally could he trouble himself about what was done by the laity; but, always intent on the duties of his office, always provident, always anxious, he felt a desire to construct a revolving sphere that should never stop, should show the passage of the stars, and the flight of time. He also had a custom of singing to himself whenever he wished to have a notion as to the quantity

of time; that, whenever the brightness of the sun or the position of the stars was obscured by the weather, he might form a certain time-measurer by the quantity of psalmody he had accomplished."

The establishment of single watchmen, one of whose duties it was to call out the hours, took its rise in Germany. Montaigne, during his travels in 1580, thought the calling-out of the night-watch in the German cities a very singular custom. "The watchman," says he, "went about the houses in the night-time, not so much on account of thieves as on account of fires and other alarms. When the clocks struck, the one was obliged to call out aloud to the other, and to ask what it was o'clock, and then to wish him a good night." Previously to these watchmen who patrolled the streets, men were stationed on steeples by day as well as by night, who, every time the clock struck, were obliged to give a proof of their vigilance by blowing a horn. The Chinese are said to have been accustomed, so early as the ninth century, to have men posted on towers, who announced the hours of the day and night by striking upon a suspended board. In St. Petersburg men were formerly stationed, in various parts of the city, to tell the hours by beating on a suspended plate of iron.

In the seventeenth century much attention was given to the improvement of water-clocks. The best of these was invented about 1690, by an Italian Jesuit, who resided at Bologna; but were brought almost to perfection by Taliasson, professor of law at Toulouse, and a young clergyman named De L'Isle. It consisted of a cylinder divided into several small cells, and suspended by a thread fixed to its axis in a frame, on which the hour-distances, found by trial, were marked out. As the water flowed from the one cell into the other, it changed very slowly the centre of gravity of the cylinder, and put it in motion. A very ingenious application of the principle of the water-clock, for the purpose of measuring accurately very small intervals of time, is due to the late Captain H. Kater. Instead of water, mercury was used.

How early the custom of using hour-glasses in the pulpit was practised we cannot determine; but the following is the first instance of it we have met with. In the "Order of the Maunday, made at Greenwich, on the 19th March, 1572," four-pence are allowed for an "hour-glass

for the pulpit." A stand for an hour-glass still remains in some pulpits in out-of-the-way country districts. A rector of Bibury, in Gloucestershire, used to preach two hours, regularly turning the glass. After the text, the squire of the parish withdrew, smoked his pipe, and returned to the blessing. The hour-glasses used in England were constructed generally to contain sand, not water. The creeping sands were not an unapt emblem of the minute, countless portions of our existence; and the manner in which they gradually glided through the hollow glass and diminished in number till not a single one was left, illustrated the way in which the years of man's life slipped from him by stealth; but as a mechanical invention it was rather a hindrance than a help, for it required to have the time, of which it pretended to count the precious moments, taken up in attention to itself, and in seeing that when one end of the glass was empty, it was turned round, in order that it might go on again, or else all its owner's labour was lost, and he must wait for some other mode of ascertaining the time before he could recover his reckoning and proceed as before. The philosopher in his study, the cottager at her spinning-wheel, must, however, have found a great acquisition in this

"companion of the lonely hour,"

because it served not only to tell how time went, but to fill up its vacancies. What a treasure must not the little box have appeared to hold, as if it had been a sacred deposit of the very grains and fleeting sands of life! What a strong sense must have been brought home to the mind of the value and irrecoverable nature of the time that had fled; what a thrilling, incessant consciousness of the slippery tenure by which they held what remained of it! "Dust to dust, and ashes to ashes," is a text that might fairly have been inscribed on an hour-glass. "Coming hastily," says Fuller, "into a chamber, I had almost thrown down a crystal hour-glass; fear, lest I had, made me grieve as if I had broken it; but, alas! how much precious time have I cast away without any regret? The hour-glass was but crystal—each hour, a pearl; that, but like to be broken—this, lost outright; that, but casually—this, done wilfully. A better hour-glass might be bought; but time, lost once, lost ever. Thus we grieve more for toys than for treasure. Lord, give

me an hour-glass, not to be by me, but to be in me. Teach me to number my days, an hour-glass to turn me, that I may turn my heart to wisdom."

We learn that the great Alfred was a severe economist of his time. Eight hours of each day he gave to sleep, to his meals, and to exercise; eight were absorbed by the affairs of government; and eight were devoted to study and devotion. Now, how could he thus accurately parcel out his time, inasmuch as the instruments for measuring time at his era were very imperfect, and only serviceable in the day-time, and not even then at times, on account of the foggy, sunless days that sometimes occurred? Why, he set his acute mind to work, and invented a new one! He marked his time by the constant burning of wax torches or candles, which were made precisely of the same weight and size, and notched in the stem at regular distances. These torches were twelve inches long; six of them, or seventy-two inches of wax, were consumed in twenty-four hours, or one thousand four hundred and forty minutes; and thus, supposing the notches at intervals of an inch, one inch would mark the lapse of twenty minutes. It appears that these time-candles were placed under the special charge of his mass-priests. But it was soon discovered that sometimes the wind, rushing in through the windows and doors, and the numerous chinks in the rude walls of the palace, consumed the wax in a rapid and irregular manner. Hence Alfred became the inventor of horn-lanterns. The king went skilfully to work; and having found out that white horn could be rendered transparent almost like glass, he, with that material and with pieces of wood, made a case for his candle—or clock—which kept it from wasting or flaring. There is a curious anecdote connected with one of these candles. When Ethelred heard of the murder of his half-brother, by his mother, Elfrida, and expressed his grief for the inhuman act, the virago beat the young boy severely with a wax-taper, or, in other words, the castle clock, being the only weapon at hand. The mode of measuring time by burning substances was long in vogue in the East. Matches, or links, to which alarums were sometime added, were formerly employed in many districts of China to point out the hours. Thunberg says:—"Time is measured here not by clocks or hour-glasses, but by burning matches, which are plaited like

ropes, and have knots on them. When the match burns to a knot, which marks a particular lapse of time, the hour is announced, during the day, by a certain number of strokes on the bells of the temples; and in the night by watchmen, who go round and give a like signal with two pieces of board, which they knock against each other." Robinson Crusoe lost his reckoning in the monotony of his life and that bewildering dream of solitude, and was fain to have recourse to the notches in a piece of wood.

Many of the methods for measuring the lapse of time have been, as we shall show, the contrivance of monks and religious recluses, who, finding time hang heavy on their hands, were at considerable pains to see how they got rid of it. William, Abbot of Hirsham, who lived in the eleventh century, constructed a time-measurer somewhat similar to our clocks; at least, the machine was different from the sundial and the water-clock. It not only pointed out the hours, and exhibited the motion of the earth and other planets, but emitted also a sound, to give an alarm, for the purpose of awakening the sacristan to morning prayers. Some interesting information on such clocks is quoted by Calmet from a book on the usages of the Cistercians. "We read," he says, "in chap. 21 of the first part of their Customs, compiled about the year 1120, that the bells will not be sounded for any service, not even for the clock, from the mass of Holy Thursday to that of Holy Saturday; and in chap. 114 the sacristan is ordered to regulate the clock, that it may strike and wake him during winter, before matins, or before the nocturns; and in chaps. 68 and 114, that when the brethren have risen too early, the sacristan give notice to him who reads the last lesson to continue it until the clock strikes, or till signal be made to the reader to leave off." The use of these pieces of mechanism must have been continued from that period, for we find them mentioned in the thirteenth century, in the *Commentary of Bernard of Casino*:—"But the eighth hour being already come, there was sufficient interval—from the middle of the night, when he who had the care of the clock rose to strike it, and to light the lamps of the church, which might have gone out on account of the length of the night, and to ring the bells in order to wake the sleeping brothers—that he was able to get through half the eighth hour before the brothers had risen." From what has been

said, I think it is tolerably apparent that clocks moved by wheels and weights began to be used in the monasteries in Europe about the eleventh century.

In 1232 a curious clock was sent by the Sultan of Egypt to the Emperor Frederic II.:—"In the same year," writes an old author, "the Saladin of Egypt sent by his ambassadors, as a gift, a valuable machine, of wonderful construction, worth more than five thousand ducats. For it appeared to resemble internally a celestial globe, in which figures of the sun, moon, and other planets, formed with the greatest skill, moved, being impelled by weights and wheels, so that, performing their course in certain and fixed intervals, they pointed out the hour, night and day, with infallible certainty; also the twelve signs of the zodiac, with certain appropriate characters, moved with the firmament, contained within themselves the course of the planets."

The first time that we read of clocks in England occurs in 1288. We had at that time an artist who furnished the famous clock-house near Westminster Hall with a clock, to be heard by the courts of law, out of a fine imposed on the Chief Justice of the King's Bench.* I find that this clock was considered during the reign of Henry VI. to be of such consequence, that the king gave the keeping of it, with the appurtenances, to William Warby, dean of St. Stephen's, together with the pay of sixpence *per diem*, to be received at the Exchequer. Judge Southcote, in the early part of Elizabeth's reign, mentions that the clock still continued there. In 1523 the clock of St. Mary's, Oxford, was furnished out of fines imposed on the students of the university.

In the fourteenth century mention is made of the machine of Richard de Wallingford, abbot of St. Alban's. The description of it is thus given by Leland:—"He, with great labour, with greater expense, and with the utmost art, constructed such a clock as, in my opinion, exists nowhere else in Europe; whether we observe the course of the sun and moon, or the fixed stars, or whether we consider the ebb and flow of the tide, or the lines together with the figures and demonstrations, various almost to infinity; and when he had brought to perfection this work, so worthy of eternity, he drew up rules for it,

* Four years later—in 1292—a clock was placed in the Cathedral at Canterbury; it was purchased at a price equivalent to four hundred pounds of our money.

as he was the first man of his age in mathematical learning, which he published in this book, lest so excellent a machine should fall into disrepute through the mistakes of the monks, or should become silent from the law of its structure being unknown." Leland speaks of a tradition that this famous piece of mechanism was called "Albion" by the inventor.

The annals of Dunstable Priory state:—"In 1483 made a clock over the pulpit."

Clocks hitherto had been to a considerable extent shut up, as it were, in monasteries; but they now began to be employed for the common use and convenience of cities. Hubert, Prince of Carrara, caused the first clock ever publicly erected to be put up at Padua, as we are told by Vergerius:—"He caused to be built at the top of the tower a clock, in which, during day and night, the four-and-twenty hours pointed themselves out." It is said to have been made by James Dondi, whose family afterwards got the name of "Horo-logio." That clocks were in use in the houses of the English nobility and gentry by the middle of the fifteenth century, the following extract from one of the Paston letters fully proves:—"Item, I pray you speak with Harcourt, of the abbey, for a little clock, which I sent him by James Gresham to mend, and that ye would get it of him, and (if) it be ready, and send it to me; and as for money for his labour, he hath another clock of mine, which Sir Thomas Lyndes, God have his soul! gave me; he may keep that till I pay him; this clock is my Lord Archbishop's." In the inventory of the furniture of Henry VIII., at St. James's Palace, taken in the thirty-third year of his reign, and preserved in the Public Record Office, only one clock is mentioned for the whole extensive establishment.

Fully aware, as everybody now is, from his own experience, of the extreme utility of this time-measurer, it may be necessary to assign a few reasons why they were not more generally used during earlier periods. In the infancy of this new piece of mechanism they were probably of a very imperfect construction, perhaps never went tolerably, and were soon deranged, whilst there were few artisans skilful enough to put them in order. We find, therefore, that Henry VIII. of England and Charles V. of France appointed clockmakers, with a stipend, to keep the Westminster and Paris clocks in proper repair and order. It need scarcely be observed, also, that as the workmen were so few, their labours must

have been charged accordingly, and that kings only could be the purchaser of what was rather an expensive toy than of any considerable use. Add to this, that in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries there was so little commerce, intercourse, or society, that an hour-glass, or even the sun, was amply sufficient for all common purposes. Dials and hour-glasses, likewise, required no mending. "Until the time of Huyghens," says the Rev. Baden Powell, "there was no precisely or even tolerably accurate means of measuring time. Clocks had been constructed, but they wanted that essential principle, an exact regulating power. This was the grand desideratum which Huyghens supplied by adapting the *pendulum* to them; they were thus rendered available to the astronomer; and the clock, increased in its accuracy by the labour and ingenuity of a long succession of eminent artists, is now an essential part of the furniture of the observatory."

King Edward III. granted protection to three Dutch artisans for the encouragement of clock-making in England; and in 1631 Charles I. incorporated the clockmakers. The charter prohibits clocks, watches, and alarums from being imported; so that they must now have been more commonly used, and the artists here must have been expert in their business.

The oldest clock we have in England, that is supposed to go tolerably, is of the date 1540; the initial letters of the maker's name are N. O. It is in the Palace at Hampton Court.

A few years back a clock was invented by Mr. Dawes for dividing the day *decimally*. This curious time-measurer made a hundred thousand beats in the day; and the hands on the dial were so contrived as to divide the whole day of twenty-four hours into ten, a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand, and one hundred thousand parts.

One of the best clocks now in London is that of the Royal Exchange. It was made by Mr. Dent, under the immediate direction of Professor Airy; and the first stroke of each hour is said to be true to a second of time. The clock in the Clock Tower of the New Houses of Parliament is an eight-day one, and strikes the hours on a bell weighing nearly ten tons; it chimes the quarter upon eight bells, and shows the time upon four dials, about thirty feet in diameter. The length of the minute-hand of the clock of St.

Paul's Cathedral is 8 feet, and its weight 75 lbs.; the length of the hour hand is 5 feet 5 inches, and its weight 44 lbs. The diameter of the dial is 18 feet. The diameter of the bell is 10 feet, and its weight four tons and a quarter. It is inscribed, "Richard Phelps made me, 1716," and is never used except for the striking of the hour, and for tolling at the deaths and funerals of any of the royal family, the Bishops of London, the Deans of St. Paul's, and the Lord Mayor, should he die in his mayoralty. The clock of old St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet-street, projected over the street, like that of Bow Church. On the side of the church, in a handsome frame of architecture, were set up, October the 28th, 1671, in a standing posture, two savages, or giants, with clubs erect, which quarterly struck the two bells hanging there:—

"When labour and when dulness, club in hand,
Like the two figures at St. Dunstan's, stand;
Beating alternately, in measur'd time,
The clock-work tintinabulum of rhyme,
Exact and regular the sounds will be,
But such mere quarter-strokes are not for me."

So sang Cowper, in his "Table-Talk." When the old church was taken down, the two figures were bought by the Marquis of Hertford, and removed to his lordship's villa in the Regent's Park, where they still do duty every quarter of an hour.

The *chimes* which are attached to many of our public clocks seem to give a fillip to the lazy, creeping hours, and relieve the lassitude of country places. At noon their desultory, trivial song is diffused through the hamlet with the odour of rashers of bacon; at the close of the day they send the toil-worn sleepers to their beds. Wordsworth has painted their effect on the mind, when he makes his friend Matthew, in a fit of inspired dotage:—

"Sing those witty rhymes
About the crazy old church-clock,
And the bewilder'd chimes."

The people of the Swiss town of Basle seem to take "time by the forelock" with a vengeance. "I arrived," says Coxe, "at Basle, as I supposed, about twelve o'clock at noon, but was much surprised to find that all the clocks in the town struck *one*; and, on inquiry, I was informed that they constantly go an hour faster than the real time." The origin and reason for this whimsical practice seem involved in obscurity; the most popular story is, that about four hundred

years ago the town was threatened with an assault by surprise. The enemy was to commence the attack when the large clock of the tower, at one end of the bridge, should strike one after midnight. The artisan who had the charge of the clock, being told that this was the expected signal, caused the clock to be altered, and it struck *two* instead of *one*; so the enemy, thinking they were an hour too late, gave up the attempt. In commemoration of this deliverance the clocks in Basle have ever since struck two at one o'clock, and so on.

Willy Walker's reason why his clock did not keep correct time is capital, although not founded on scientific principles. Some thirty years ago there were two clocks in Durham, which, if we may so express ourselves, were both official ones; namely, the cathedral clock, and the gaol or county clock. The admirers of each were about equal; some of the inhabitants regulating their movements by one, and some by the other. It happened, during the middle of the winter, that the two clocks varied considerably; there was at least three-quarters of an hour's difference between them. The citizens cared very little about this *slight* discrepancy, but it was not at all relished by the guard of the London and Edinburgh mail, who spoke on the subject to Bolton, the regulator of the county clock. Bolton immediately posted off to the cathedral, where he met Willy Walker, and the following dialogue passed between them:—

Bolton.—Willy, why doan't ye keep t'abba clock reet? There's a bit difference between it and mine.

Willy.—Why doan't you keep yours so? It never gans reet.

B.—Mine's set by the sun, Willy! (Bolton was a bit of an astronomer.)

W.—By the sun! Whew! whew! whew! Why, are ye turned fule? Nobody would think ye less, indeed! and ye pretend to be an astronomer, and set clocks by t' sun in this windy weather!—there's no depending on it: the winds, man, blaw sa, *they whisk the sun about like a whirligig!*

Many ingenious contrivances have, within the last few years, been effected in the application of the electric fluid as a source of motive power to clocks, and they offer peculiar advantages in the great simplicity of the apparatus, in which wheels are dispensed with; hence, friction is reduced to a minimum. To Professor

Wheatstone and Mr. Alexander Bain we are chiefly indebted for these valuable machines. In 1847 the latter gentleman patented an electric clock. The clock was placed in Glasgow, and the pendulum in Edinburgh, the two being forty-six miles apart. They were joined by means of the wire of the electric telegraph along the railway in such a manner as that, by a current of electricity, the machinery in the clock at Glasgow was made to move correctly, according to the vibrations of the electrical pendulum in Edinburgh.

We believe it was in 1846 that Mr. Fairer designed an ingenious improvement in clocks and time-pieces to be used on railways, at their stations, and in towns and taverns on their route. This was done to remedy the errors, inconveniences, and disappointments which were constantly arising, inasmuch as a line running from London east or west, keeping its own time throughout, in order to agree with London time, differed from the local time very considerably at its extreme end, and more or less so at every intermediate station. Improvements in the machinery employed by Mr. Fairer were subsequently made by Mr. Wheatley and others.

About the end of the fourteenth century mention is made of watches—those “portable remembrancers,” as they have been called, “of our daily engagements.” A famous maker of these machines was Peter Hele, at Nuremberg, in the sixteenth century. They were shaped like an egg, and thence called *Nuremberg animated eggs*. “This young man,” states a writer, “makes small watches of steel with numerous wheels, which, as they move without any weight, both point out and strike forty hours, even though they are contained in the bosom or in the pocket.” The Emperor Charles V. was so delighted with these time-measurers that he used to sit after his dinner with several of them on the table, his bottle being in the centre. When he retired to the monastery of St. Just, he continued still to amuse himself with keeping them in order, which is said to have produced a reflection from him on the absurdity of his attempt to regulate the motions of the different powers of Europe. Some of the watches used at this time seem to have been strikers; at least we find in the *Memoirs of Literature* that such watches having been stolen from Charles V. and Louis XI., whilst they were in a crowd, the thief was detected by their

striking the hour. In this anecdote we find the mouthpieces of time have a decided advantage over the dumb reckoners; they lent time “both an understanding and a tongue.”

In most of the ancient watches catgut supplied the place of a chain. Sir Richard Burton, of Sacket's Hill, Isle of Thanet, has now in his possession an early silver watch, presumed to be of the time of Elizabeth, in which this is the case. A similar watch* was also in the possession of the late Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, which formerly belonged to Mary Queen of Scots, and descended to him from the Seton family. It is made of silver, in the form of a death's head, with open work for the escape of sound, the other parts covered with emblematical engravings. Queen Mary bequeathed it to Mary Seton, February the 7th, 1587. A watch was found upon Guy Fawkes, which he and Percy had bought the day before the intended blow-up, “to try conclusions for the long and short burning of the touchwood with which he had prepared to give fire to the train of powder.” In a volume of original accounts and vouchers relative to George Heriot's transactions with the English Court, there is the following charge:—“A little watch, set all over with diamonds, 170l.”

In the time of Elizabeth a watch was a very different kind of instrument to one of the present day. As regards size, it closely resembled one of our common dessert-plates; and before Dr. Hook's improvement of a spiral spring applied to the arbor of the balance, their performance was so very irregular, that they were considered as serving only to give the time for a few hours, and this in rather a random kind of way. By the year 1698, however, the reputation of the English work was such that an act was passed, obliging the makers to put their names on watches, lest discreditable ones might be sold abroad for English.

Repeating watches were introduced into England in the time of Charles II., who was very curious with regard to them. A maker, named East, used to attend whilst he was amusing himself at the Mall—a watch being often the stake. In James II.'s time, Barlow had procured a patent, in concert with the Lord Chief Justice Allebone, for repeaters; but Quare making one at the same time upon ideas he had entertained before the patent was

* Instead of the catgut it has now a chain.

granted, the king tried both, and giving the preference to Quare's, it was notified in the *Gazette*.

Previously to 1790, two kinds of watches were made—the vertical and the horizontal. The former was first used in clocks, then in watches. The horizontal was invented in 1724, by George Graham, an apprentice of the renowned Tompion. Harrison made important changes in the manufacture of clocks and watches—by his gridiron pendulum, and his fusee, his compensation curb, and his remontoir escapement. In 1736 he completed his *longitude watch*, and received from the Royal Society their gold medal; he ultimately received the government reward of twenty thousand pounds, together with other sums from the Board of Longitude and the Hon. East India Company.

Hunting watches, as those were called whose faces were concealed by a silver case, did not continue for many years in fashion. They seem to have been considered as “footpads with their faces muffled,” because they did not present their clear open aspects like friends.

Arnold manufactured the smallest repeating watch ever known; it was made for George III., to whom it was presented on his birth-day, the 4th of June, 1764. Although less than six-tenths of an inch in diameter, it was perfect in all its parts, repeated the hours, quarters, and half-quarters, and contained the first ruby cylinder ever made. Indeed, so novel was the construction of this little specimen of mechanical skill, that he was forced not only to form the design, and execute the work himself, but also to manufacture the greater part of the tools employed in its construction. It was of the size of a silver twopence, and its weight that of a sixpence. The king was so much pleased with it, that he presented Arnold with five hundred guineas; and the Emperor of Russia afterwards offered the ingenious maker a thousand guineas for a duplicate of it, which he declined. There is at least one pleasing association with repeaters. Rousseau gives an account of some French

lady, who sat up reading the *New Heloise*, when it first came out, and ordering her maid to sound the repeater, found it was too late to go to bed, and continued reading on till morning.

Arnold was the first who introduced jewellery into watches and clocks, and in 1771 he applied ruby pallets to the two clocks of the Royal Society by Graham and Smeaton, and likewise to the transit clock by Graham at the Royal Observatory. In 1776 he achieved the invention of the cylindrical spring and compensation-balance, and their application in the *chronometer*, which is the name that Arnold then first employed to designate his timekeepers. This discovery introduced a new era in chronometry. The accuracy with which chronometers keep time is truly astonishing. In 1830, two chronometers, constructed by Mr. Charles Frodsham, successor to Arnold, were submitted for public trial at the Royal Observatory for twelve months, and were observed daily. One of them made an extreme variation of eighty-six-hundredth parts of a second, and the other fifty-seven-hundredth parts only; but even this degree of accuracy is surpassed by the performance of his best *astronomical clocks*.

In the autumn of 1833 was set up on the eastern turret of the central building of Greenwich Observatory, a ball, five feet in diameter, which is contrived to slide up and down a perpendicular mast, and by the aid of some machinery is let fall from the top of the mast at the moment of one o'clock every day. This being done with the greatest exactness, communicates to all lookers-on the correct time, and so instantaneously, that captains of ships within sight of the Observatory may, previous to their sailing, by daily observation, determine with great accuracy the error and rate of their chronometers. A somewhat similar apparatus, in connexion with that of Greenwich Observatory, has been placed at the top of the house in the possession of the Electric Telegraph Company, at Charing Cross.

ERIC'S WEDDING-DAY:

A TALE OF THE GREAT COPPER MOUNTAIN.*

DOWN far below the sunshine and the green grass, in the black, steep abysses of the largest copper mine of Fahlun, sat Eric Sture, with his fellow-miners. Black jacks and wooden bowls, filled with brandy and nut-brown ale, were in every hand. A bright log-fire blazed and crackled in the midst of them—for, though it was summer above, it was chill and dark in the heart of the copper mines. The laugh and the jest passed merrily from lip to lip, and the miners told tales of Jons Lundsbracka, of Gustavus Vasa and his Dalecarlians, and of the Ferry of Brunbek and the Defeat of the Danes. Healths were drunk, good wishes uttered, and each rough hand in turn was stretched forth to grasp that of Eric Sture, for it was the eve of his wedding-day, and on the morrow he would be married—married to Ebba, the fair-haired darling of Oluf, the wood-cutter in the beech forest above; Ebba, whose step was as light on the mountain-side as the foot of the mountain deer; whose eyes were as blue as the deep bright lake; and whose voice was sweet and joyous as the songs of the birds high up in the leafy branches of her native forest.

Eric Sture was that night glad at heart, as he sat with his comrades by the red light of the wood fire, and listened to the wild north legends; for he loved Ebba deeply and tenderly, and he had loved her long.

It was a wild scene. All around, the rough-hewn walls and huge jutting crags were glistening with a dull copper hue, and streaked with deadly verdigris. Dark avenues and narrow passages cut in the solid rock, and looking like the burrowing places of the gnome people, branched off on every side, stretching and winding far away into steep and dangerous excavations, rich with the precious ore, and known only to the fearless foot of the miner. High up, frail wooden bridges, consisting frequently of a single plank, were thrown from height to height, above clefts fathomless to the eye. Over these the hardy workman crossed with his heavy burthen, never heeding the creaking board that dips and trembles with his weight, or the black chasm below, which, if his foot

slipped, must be his grave. Here and there small wooden huts were erected; and along the smooth perpendicular walls of the shaft, narrow pathways, like shelves, were cut in places that would otherwise have been inaccessible. In the distance, little glimmering lights were waving to and fro, crossing each other, now advancing, now retreating, now fading away and becoming absorbed in the gloom. These were torches carried by the miners in remote parts of the excavations; the men were not visible, and the little dancing tongues of flame looked like wills-o'-the-wisp, or the disembodied spirits in Dante's "Inferno," who were transformed into living fires. At long intervals a distant gathering sound was heard, reverberating in deep echoes through the mine like thunder, or an earthquake; sometimes the noise was followed by a faint shout far away, or by a thick, rolling, sulphureous smoke. This was from where they were blasting the rock, and rending asunder the hidden veins of mineral. All around the fire lay the party of happy workmen. Fantastic lights and shadows flitted and waved on the crags beneath which it was kindled. High above their heads was impenetrable blackness; and higher still (so high that it seemed miles away), a spot of blue sky looked down upon them like a protecting face, clear and calm, with the pale stars shining through.

To this point Eric's eyes were constantly directed. His thoughts were with the upper life of the world; with Ebba and Oluf in the beech forest.

The *Skals*, or health-drinkings, grew by degrees less frequent. One by one the noisy revellers were silenced; their heads sank to the ground, the cups dropped from their hands; an inarticulate murmur succeeded to the legend and the song. They slept. At length Eric Sture remained the only watcher by the fire. Seated on a coil of rope, his chin resting on his hand, his eye fixed on the glowing ashes, he sat and thought of his past life and his future; of his childhood and his youth; of his love, his long season of doubt and hope, and of his present happiness. His earliest recollections were

* The abundance of copper-ore, and the number of mines, has given the name of the "Great Copper Mountain" to this entire district of Sweden.

of the mine. Its dark cavernous recesses, and its rugged declivities, had been his first home, his playground, his native place. The bright world above was for many years as a terrestrial paradise, a region of holiday enchantment to the child of the mines—a land too beautiful to be dwelt in always. On Sundays, he remembered, his father would love to take him regularly to that upper earth. How he used to look forward during the whole week to that glorious holiday! To the village church, standing in its little garden of roses and linden trees; to the white-haired pastor and his mild words of loving peacefulness; to the wondrous altarpiece above the communion table, wherein Jacob was depicted with his holy dream, the ladder of moon-beams, and the bright-winged angels descending to earth and ascending to the uppermost heaven! And afterwards, when the service was concluded, the joy it was to him to wander with his kind father in the beech forest and the flowering meadows; to pluck the sun-berries and black-berries, and to gather the sweet-scented field-blossoms in his cap; to listen to the silver singing of the birds, and to float his tiny paper vessels on the lily-surface of the lake. Not the least delight of the Sabbath holiday was his meeting with little Ebba, the darling playfellow of his childish sports. How delicious was the evening meal which they partook regularly at the homestead in the beech forest on those happy occasions; how rich the white curdled milk, fresh from the pan; how sweet the hard black bread, flavoured with aniseed and coriander, and the oaten cakes which crowned the entertainment! Then, when the feast was over, and Eric's father and Oluf, the wood-cutter, went out into the pretty garden to smoke their pipes and drink their foaming ale, he remembered how he had loved to chase the fleet little fairy through the mossy boles of the trees, beside the still lake, and along the green lawny slopes and glades of the forest; how they had often stood then, as they stood frequently even now, watching the red sunset on the mountains and tree-tops, and sadly awaiting the moment of its disappearance, for that was the signal of their separation, and of Eric's return to his underground home. How gloomy and comfortless it seemed there! how dreary the descent in the swinging tub! how harsh the clanking chains that lowered them into the mine!

"And yet," murmured Eric, as he

looked around him, and at his sleeping friends—"and yet I love the place, and the kind hearts in it! 'Tis an old familiar friend to me now. God bless it!"

The smouldering embers of the hollow-burnt fire fell in, crashing; a few sparks flew giddily upwards; then the pale red embers waxed fainter and fainter, and the last dying gleam faded and expired.

Eric looked up once more to the far sky, and saw that it was morning.

Other eyes—sacred, gentle, pure blue eyes, full of love and trustful as his own—were looking forth upon that morning sunrise, in the upper world, from the windows of Oluf's forest home. Ebba was leaning forth, bathing her bright hair and her white hands in the fresh sunbeams, and gathering from the rose-bushes that clustered round the casement some dewy leaves and buds for her bridal coronal.

The simple dwelling had been erected on the skirts of the wide forest. At the back it stretched away for miles—dark, close, silent, and almost impenetrable, to the distant mountains; a sea of waving leaves, of massy shades, and tangled underwood. All around the cottage, Oluf had cleared a broad space and planted it as a garden, with flowers, and fruits, and trees—not the lordly beeches of the forest, but graceful drooping willows, beautiful pines, tapering firs with scarlet cones, fragrant birches, blossoming apple and cherry trees, and exquisite laburnums golden with long-dropping bunches of yellow flowers. Rose bushes, violets, and king-cups looked charming in the little beds of brown mould that dotted the green turf; and long strawberry beds, silvered all over with white blossoms, stretched along each side of the garden path. Farther off was the rustic gate, and beyond that a wide lawn sloped gently down to the margin of the rippling lake. When Oluf had first come to dwell in the forest, bringing with him his little orphan babe, the rude hut had been built by his own hands in a close dark glen, surrounded by tall trees. Slowly his loving care had made the rude hut into a pleasant homestead, had cleared away the beeches, had planted the flowers and fruit trees, had opened the prospect to the shining waters, and all for the sake of his little Ebba, his only treasure.

And this was her wedding morning. She looked earnestly and fondly over the lake and its green islets; for, from the opposite shore, where Fahlun rose with its spires and pinnacles, and where yon

dark cloud of hanging smoke looked dull in the clear air, marking the locality of the copper mines—thence Eric Sture, with his friends and comrades, with music and flowers, and branches of evergreens, would come over the waters to make her his bride.

At last the distant boats appeared far away, and Ebba hastened to deck herself in the white kirtle and scarlet bodice of a bride. The young girls—her friends and neighbours—came to bring her nose-gays and good wishes, and to help to clasp the gilded belt around her waist, to hang the necklaces of beads upon her neck, and to crown her fair locks with the silver-gilt coronet which had served for two centuries to adorn the maidens of the district on their bridal mornings. On this crown a wreath of wild roses and cypress was laid; and, clustering in thick curls, her bright locks fell over her shoulders.

Now the boats draw near, impelled by the arms of the laughing rowers; violins and loud voices, chanting a bridal song, come merrily on the breeze. The boats are moored to the stems of the weeping willows, and the bridegroom and his fellow-miners leap on shore.

Eric comes first, handsome and happy, with flowers in the red band of his high black hat, flowers in the breast of his black jacket, flowers in his hand. Green boughs are carried by all around him. On they come with their embroidered coats, their long blue cloaks, their light locks and blooming faces, shouting, laughing, singing, and hurrahing!

Now advance four of the party, Eric remaining behind with the rest. These heralds proceed towards Oluf, who stands at the gate of his cottage to receive them.

"Honest father," says the spokesman, "a noble knight and his followers have lost their road in the adjoining forest, and we come to pray for shelter and hospitality."

"How many are you, friends?"

"Three hundred at the least."

"Were your number ten times three hundred," says Oluf, "you should be welcome; and in pledge thereof, drink of this cup."

So saying, he hands a bowl of ale to each herald.

Then Eric and his comrades advance joyously towards him with cordial greetings. The bridegroom seeks the bride; the young men each appropriate the

hand of a maiden; the father and the musicians lead the way, and the procession starts by the green pathway on the margin of the lake for the neighbouring church.

It was a beautiful little temple, standing on an eminence in the midst of a hamlet of red painted cottages—a moss-grown building with a square belfry, full of swallows' nests. It was the same church which Eric and Ebba had frequented from their childhood. The graveyard was like a garden with flowers and trees. The poor-box was nailed to a tree beside the gate, and the graves were planted round with currant bushes.

"Swept and clean was the churchyard. Adorned like a leaf-woven arbour
Stood its old-fashioned gate; and within, upon each cross of iron,
Hung was a sweet-scented garland, new-twined by the hands of affection."

Here, at the gate, they were met by the old priest in his white robes, who led them to the altar, before which, as children, they had knelt, and received at his hands their first communion; before which, one summer evening they had solemnly betrothed themselves to each other; before which, years ago, the little Eric, on his weekly holiday, had knelt in breathless awe, gazing on the painted glories of Jacob and his heavenly vision.

"The benediction of Heaven be upon you, my children," said the good pastor, at the conclusion of the ceremony. "The blessing of Heaven be upon thee, Eric Sture; for I give thee in marriage this damsel, to be thy wedded wife in all honour, and to share the half of thy bed, thy lock and key, and every third penny which you two may possess, or may inherit, and all the rights which Upland's laws provide, and the holy King Erik gave."

It is over now. Eric and Ebba, united for ever, return at the head of the procession; the bridesmaids strew wild-flowers and birch twigs in the path; the violins "discourse" gay music; the miners resume their bridal song, and thus they return to the homestead in the forest. And there, on the grassy lawn before the house, a rustic banquet is prepared, as if by magic! Cakes and cheeses, loaves of black bread, dishes of strawberries and cherries, cream and curdled milk, rosy apples, golden pears, all kinds of mountain berries, dried fish, ptarmigan and wild fowl, brandy, nut-brown ale, and

sweet white beer* in wooden cans—all spread on snowy cloths, with no other table than the green turf, and no canopy but the blue sky and the leafy branches overhead.

The married women, with their husbands, have arrived during the absence of the young men and maidens in church; and it is they who have arranged the wedding-feast.

All hearts were glad, and gladdest were those of the bride and bridegroom. The healths went merrily round, the priest spoke a blessing on the repast, pipes were smoked, tales were told, the women gossiped of their neighbours, and the day was far spent when the dinner was over, and the space cleared for the dance. The priest and Ebba trod together the first measure, a kind of solemn minuet. Then the young men chose their partners, the musicians played a wild and stirring melody, and the lawn was soon covered with dancers, speeding along in twirling couples in the inspiriting figures of their national polkas. Eric and Ebba sat apart with Oluf under the linden trees, listening to the music, and observing the revellers. Now, one by one, the young girls brought gifts to the bride, and the youths to the bridegroom.

"Has Eric alone no present for Ebba?" said a pretty Swede, tossing her fair locks, and curling her red lips; "not even a rune-book or a pair of silver ear-rings?"

"Indeed, I have seen none," replied her partner, a sturdy peasant, flushed with dancing and laughter. "If it were me now, and Nina were my little bride——" He stooped down, and the rest of the sentence was whispered in the ear, and lost amid the curls of the blushing maiden. Now the polka starts off afresh, and they are once more lost in its mazes. But the conversation, short as it was, had been heard by one of the parties to whom it alluded. Eric, confused and abashed, hastily ransacks the pockets of his jacket, as if for some forgotten article. First one is turned out, then another, but in vain; the gift, the wedding-gift is not to be found in either.

"Alas!" he mutters to himself, "I have left it in the pocket of my mining jacket." He casts a wistful look at Ebba, and another at the dancers. A deep sigh and an impatient tapping of his foot betray his unwillingness to go, and his

desire to partake in the pleasures of the *fête*. He thinks of the gloomy mine, and contrasts it with the joyous polka. He compares the dark night of the shaft with the rich glories of the red sunset, and is half inclined to remain where he is, and defer his gift till the morrow. But the sneer and the laugh—to be deemed a miserly bridegroom! Bah! a boat lay close under the willows; he could scull himself over the lake and back again, before any one would observe his absence! He rose, as if to seek some friend among the dancers, stole softly away through the trees, threw back one loving glance at the unconscious Ebba, leapt into the light canoe, sped noiselessly and unnoticed along the margin of the lake, and was gone.

Time flew on; the sun went down behind the mountains, and the glorious summer night of Sweden, clear, cloudless and bright, a long soft twilight, "which, like a silver clasp, unites to-day with yesterday," reigned over the festival. Still the dancing went on with unabated, nay, with increasing ardour. The dancers thought of no one but themselves and their partners; but Ebba and Oluf missed Eric, and wondered at his absence. Anxious not to disturb the enjoyment of the evening, they for some time refrained from speaking to the rest, and communicated their surprise only to each other; but at length the uneasiness of the bride could no longer be checked, and she went eagerly among the dancers inquiring for her lover. No one had seen him leave; no one could give any reply. Dismay and a vague terror spread rapidly through the company: the young men dispersed themselves through the wood, and along the banks of the lake, shouting and calling upon his name; the maidens gathered round the weeping Ebba, and proffered vague consolations and encouragement.

All that night he came not, nor the next day, nor the next again. The great beech forest was traversed through and through by parties of his comrades; the boat was missed, and the lake dragged, but no body was discovered in its depths. Neither in the beech forest, nor the blue lake, nor the dark mine, was Eric Sture to be found, living or dead; and Ebba, in one day bride and widow, was left to grief, to hope, to disappointment, to despair.

When weeks of search had been in vain, the efforts of the peasantry were given

* A light Swedish beer, somewhat resembling our Indian pale ale.

over, and the lost bridegroom was by all, save one, in time forgotten.

He never returned again.

* * * * *

Fifty years had well nigh passed away, and the tale of Eric Sture and his fatal wedding-day had become a fireside story told on winter nights by fathers to their children.

Ebba still lived, a bent and wrinkled crone of three score and ten long bitter years. She dwelt in a ruinous hut beside the lake—a wretched tenement, doorless and windowless, set in a wilderness of weeds and bushes. The miners, pitying her desolation and her traditionary sorrows, supplied her regularly with the means of subsistence, and, accordingly, she was rarely seen beyond the narrow confines of her drear domain.

When she did go forth, however, to the world beyond, which sometimes was the case, it was to wander round the brink of the great copper mine, to gaze into its yawning chasm, and to cry, in a voice querulous with age and grief, upon the name of her bridegroom.

Fifty years work strange alterations in the page of human life. In fifty years what new generations spring up to tread out the footsteps of those which have gone before! Young men have grown old and died. Infants, whose lips had not yet learned to shape their mother's name, are grave and careworn men, and nurse their children's children on their knees. Beauty has become weird and

foul. Strength has turned to dotage. The rich man's estate has dwindled to six feet of earth, "and, behold, the twig to which they laid his head, is now become a tree!"

One day, in exploring the depths of a murky chasm, cleft at least a century before, and yet unworked, they discovered the body of a young man. He was fair and handsome; dressed in holiday attire, and looked as though he had but just fallen asleep. Some withered stalks and leaves were yet fastened to the breast of his jacket, and clinging in the band of his cap. The money about his person was coated with verdigris, but it bore the date of a coinage and the head of a king of fifty years before. No one knew him. He looked as if he had fallen there yesterday; and yet his face was strange to the miners.

Then an old woman came by, who burst into tears when she beheld him, kissing his dead lips and his cold hands, and calling upon "Eric! Eric! her bridegroom and her love!"

And it was so. He lay there in his youth and beauty: fair as when she had last seen him, and felt the warm pressure of his hand. *He* was unchanged; but she stood there withered and old; broken in body and weak in mind; a living type of that slow and wasting sorrow, that "hope deferred which maketh the heart sick."

When the morrow came they buried them together in one grave.

MOUNTAIN FLOWERS.

Meek dwellers 'mid yon terror-stricken cliffs!
With brows so pure, and incense-breathing lips,
Whence are ye? Did some white-winged mes-
senger

On Mercy's missions trust your timid germ
To the cold cradle of eternal snows?
Or breathing on the callous icicles,
Bid them with tear-drops nurse ye?

—Tree nor shrub

Dare that drear atmosphere; no polar pine
Uprears a veteran front; yet there ye stand,
Leaning your cheeks against the thick-ribbed
ice,

And looking up with brilliant eyes to Him
Who bids you bloom unblanched amid the waste
Of desolation. Man, who panting toils
O'er slippery steeps, or trembling treads the
verge

Of yawning gulfs, o'er which the headlong
plunge

Is to eternity, looks shuddering up,
And marks ye in your placid loveliness—
Fearless, yet frail, and clasping his chill hands,
Blesses your pencilled beauty. 'Mid the pomp
Of mountain summits rushing on the sky
And chaining the rapt soul in breathless awe,
He bows to bind you drooping to his breast,
Inhales your spirit from the frost-winged gale,
And freer dreams of heaven.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

THE hills, the mountains! What wild magic
there is in these words! What images they
present of beauty, sublimity, grandeur, and
power! Grey beetling crags bright with
clustering moss and starry saxifrage; lofty
summits crowned with rosy heather, or bare
and scalped by the fury of a thousand storms;
wild streams dashing down o'er splintered
rocks, or through fresh and flowery banks
to the far-off plains; lonely, waveless tarns
oppressing the imagination with a sense
of mystery and indefinite dread, or sunny
lakes, lovely in themselves, and gathering
around them a world of loveliness; and
the grand, wide, free arch of heaven, in
its starry, or sunny, or cloudy, or golden
glories, over all! What delightful remi-
niscences and associations they recal, even
to the dullest mind that ever held converse
with nature! We love them—and who
does not?—for we have spent some of the
happiest days of our life in wandering amid
their wild solitudes, following our fancies
fearlessly wherever they led us. We are
familiar with them as we are with the faces
of our dearest friends; we have seen them
in all seasons, and in all their varied as-
pects; in the dim dawning, when, with
the dark mists that lay heavy and cold
around them, they seemed like "awful
countenances veiled," yet speaking in the

tongues of a hundred waterfalls, heard,
but unseen; in the still noonday, when
illuminated by the sunbeams with characters
of flame, their mighty forms shone out dis-
tinctly and prominently against the pure
clear sky, and you would think you could
walk over their summits and down into
the regions beyond in an hour; at sunset,
when amid the masses of burnished gold
that lay piled up in the west—the glow
of fire that burns without consuming—
they seemed like the embers of a world;
in the holy twilight, when they appeared
to melt into the shadowy beauty of a
dream, and the golden summer moon, and
that soft burning star which looks down
on the lonely wanderer like a thing that
loves, rose solemnly over their brows,
lighting them up with a singularly beau-
tiful effect, and the wild voices of the
streams that foamed down their sides; and
the bleat of sheep, and the hoarse croak
of the raven, became audible in the deep
stillness with which they were invested as
with a garment; and in the wild, dark
waste of midnight, when from lake and
river the long trailing mists rose up their
sides, without hiding their far-off sum-
mits, on which twinkled, like earth-lighted
watch-fires, a few uncertain stars; in the
beauty of summer, when the heather was
in full bloom, and for miles and miles they
glowed one mass of the loveliest purple;
and in the dreary depth of winter, when
storms during the whole black day shrieked
and howled like condemned spirits around
them, or when robed from foot to crown
in a garment of the purest snow, they
seemed hushed in a mysterious, breathless
silence, as though listening to some awful
revelation from the near throne of God.
In all aspects they were beautiful, in all
sublime, and in all stirring up emotions
and feelings which mere interjections
could not express, which rejected as
commonplace the strains of even our
most admired poets, and had recourse at
once to the simple grandeur of Scripture
language!

Ideas of barrenness and sterility are
generally associated with the mountains;
but to the true worshipper of Nature, who
delights to escape from the din of cities
and the crush of crowds, and to roam
through trackless solitudes where mortal
foot hath rarely been, and to bathe his
weary spirit in the free wild breezes that

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play around their bases, or kiss their crested tops, they present numberless attractions; while to the simple, pure-hearted lover of those frail and exquisitely-fashioned wild flowers that lend their loveliness to adorn the rough rocky steeps, and hide themselves in lonely, mossy nooks, in warm shelter from the storm's savage blast, they afford a rich and welcome banquet which never wearies and never satiates. It is true that the mountain flowers are not, like their gay and flaunting sisters of the wood or the cultivated field, adorned with hues that mock the glories of the rainbow or the sunset; it is true that they are meek and lowly plants that "among their leaves of light have no need of flowers," wisely fashioned to harmonize with their bleak habitats—the lichened rock, the rugged alpine moss-bank, and the desolate snow-capped mountain-top, over which all the storms of heaven rage with unrestricted fury and violence. But by their own comparative rarity—by the magnificent and almost unbounded prospects obtainable from their elevated haunts—and by the exhilarating nature of the breezes that sport among their leaves and blossoms—there is a halo of interest shed around them "far exceeding that connected with lowland productions;" there is a wild, glowing enthusiasm felt in their collection which we do not and cannot feel while twining our wreaths and gathering our gay nosegays from the rich flora that adorns the waving meadow, the verdant bank of the river, or the dim bowers of the wood.

Autumn is the season, when the gloom of the mountains brightens into glory, when their craggy tops shake off their encircling clouds of mist, deck themselves with their flowery mantles of purple heather, and shine forth garlanded like brides with love and beauty. While the flowers of the plain, the full-blown, the richly-hued, the scented beauties of summer have passed away like the innocent joys of childhood, or are daily withering around our paths like the chastened pleasures of riper years, the mountain flowers are decked in their brightest and loveliest hues, and offer themselves, without stint and without measure, to the eager hand of the adventurous student of nature who seeks their elevated homes. Up, then, dear Reader! and away with us o'er ferny brae and rocky steep, through quaking bog and heathy moor—up, up the lofty hills that tower so nobly and so calmly, as though conscious of their own majesty,

into the deep, blue, cloudless sky, and enjoy with us the beauty of the meek and lowly plants which adorn their rugged sides and tops, and which speak with a still small voice of the goodness of the Great Designer, "whose tender mercies are over all His works."

The naturalist who ascends the lofty highland hills often finds the plants peculiar to the valleys and the plains at very considerable elevations. The dog-violet, the eye-bright, the ladies' bed-straw, the golden saxifrage, and many others of our commonest wayside plants, meet him in a diminutive form, long after he has left behind him the region of the heather and the bracken, and when the small procumbent willows, the saxifrages, the spongy mosses and hoary lichens which might afford scanty food to the reindeer, recal to his mind the treeless and primal flora of the less favoured arctic regions. Of these *ambitious* plants we do not intend to treat; we shall not even notice the plants, which are infinitely superior to all others in giving an aspect of beauty to the mountains, the common heather or ling, and the lovely ericas, but shall confine ourselves entirely to those plants which have a true claim to the name of alpine, and which are specifically the same as those which adorn the rude ice-bound hills and deserts of Spitzbergen, Lapland, and Greenland.

The higher mountains of England, Wales, and Scotland are generally adorned with a profusion of *saxifrages*, of which the *London Pride*, originally a native of the southern Irish hills, though now so common in almost every garden, may be regarded as a very good type; and these are almost the first plants with which the young botanist becomes acquainted during his first ramble among the mountains. Although protean in their character, and sometimes differing widely from each other in colour, form, and habitat, they have yet so many points in common, that the merest tyro can recognise at a glance the various members of the tribe. The *purple mountain saxifrage* (*saxifraga oppositifolia*), a great favourite in our greenhouses and gardens, covers, in early spring, the grassy bank or the top of the overhanging cliff on the highland mountains; and on Ingleborough and Snowdon, with its struggling procumbent tufts bearing a protusion of flowers, large in proportion to the size of the plant, and of a most beautiful purple colour. Generally side by side, on the banks of alpine

streamlets, and in the wet clefts of precipitous rocks, grow the *starry* (*saxifraga stellaris*) and the *mossy saxifrages* (*saxifraga hypnoides*), the most common, although at the same time among the most beautiful members of the genus, the one remaining always constant to its characters, and the other exhibiting a great and perplexing variety in its forms, with many of which we are familiar in a state of cultivation. The drooping *bulbous saxifrage* (*saxifraga cernua*) is one of the rarest British plants, being confined exclusively to the rugged splintered rocks of micaceous schist on the summit of Ben Lawers, where such has been the selfishness and inconsiderateness of collectors, it is now almost extinct. It has very rarely indeed been observed to flower, although some years ago we were fortunate enough to discover a solitary specimen in that state in the dark, sunless fissure of one of the impending crags, the climbing of which sorely tried our enthusiasm. It is easily known, even without the flower, by the clusters of minute reddish bulbs which are produced in the axils of the small upper leaves. The *yellow mountain saxifrage* (*saxifraga aizoides*) profusely adorns the rocky sides of the alpine streamlets, with which it sometimes descends even to the foot of the hills. Growing in dense masses, and with its bright golden blossoms dotted with spots of a deeper and richer orange, it presents on a sunshiny day a spectacle which no botanist or even ordinary lover of nature can behold without the most unqualified admiration.

Let us, good reader, turn aside for a moment from the saxifrages already described, for there at our feet, and all around us on every hand, are the barren mountain-side and the splintered crag bedecked almost as thickly as is a meadow with grass, with thousands upon thousands of one of the most elegant of our native plants—the *Alpine lady's mantle* (*Alchemilla alpina*). Those of our readers who are familiar with the common species found in the months of June and July in pastures, and by the sides of brooks, rivers, and pools, will easily recognise this, its Alpine relative, for they both produce flowers of a yellowish green in numerous corymbose clusters, growing on short stalks. Their leaves, however, are quite different: in the former they are reniform, plaited, and lobed; while in the latter they are digitate or divided down to the very base, and are besides,

on the underside, of the loveliest silky, or rather silvery appearance. Though sometimes found at very low altitudes, blooming luxuriantly among a whole host of lowland rivals in the moist woods and pastures of mountainous districts, and especially along the margin of mountain streams and rivers which have transported it from its upland home, the Alpine alchemilla must be regarded as a true child of the mountains, to which, indeed, particularly when the keen breezes are sporting among its leaves, and exposing proudly to view their silvery undersides, it lends a considerable charm.

Nearly allied and often growing in the same spots, though generally ascending considerably higher on the Scottish hills, is the *Procumbent Sibbaldia*, named in honour of Robert Sibbald, who wrote on the natural history of Scotland about the latter end of the seventeenth century. It is, however, a rare plant, with wedge-shaped, hairy leaves, and small yellow petals, hidden, and sometimes wanting. Another extremely curious plant, found on the very summits of the rugged, storm-beaten ridges of the Breadalbane mountain, is the *mossy cyphel* (*Cherleria sedoides*)—often, we have no doubt, mistaken for a tuft or patch of hair moss, to which, indeed, by its linear leaves, forming a dense mass which scarcely rises above the surface of the soil, and its green, petalless, inconspicuous flowers, it bears a considerable resemblance.

Among the most interesting and best-known of the mountain plants are those which produce the berries so greatly esteemed by the highland shepherds and hungry botanists; we allude to the tart-making *cranberry*, decking the spongy tufts of green moss in the centre of peat-bogs far up the sides of the hills, with its very beautiful bright rose-coloured flowers, the petals of which are bent back in a singular manner; the great *bilberry*, or *bog whortleberry*, ascending even nearly to the summits of the highland mountains, with its agreeable black berries and glaucous leaves, which the Icelanders employ to produce a yellow dye for colouring woollen cloths; and, above all, to the *mountain rasp*, or *cloudberry* (*Rubus chamaemorus*), which creeps along the alpine turf-bogs, and sends up beautiful large white flowers, which fade and give place to the large orange red fruit of a most delicious flavour, which has often contributed to revive and invigorate the weary and hungry wanderer amid wild

and pathless wastes, where for leagues and leagues around,

"Dwells but the gor-cock and the deer."

There are other alpine plants producing berries, which form the principal food during summer of the red and black grouse, and other moor-game, which are well-known to the inhabitants of sub-alpine districts. Of these the red *bear-berry* (*Arctostaphylos uva ursi*), and the black *crow*, or *crakeberry* (*Empetrum nigrum*), are the most abundant. The former, a very strong and shrubby plant, grows in long and trailing tufts over dry, heathy, and rocky places, and produces in small, crowded, terminal racemes, flowers of a beautiful rose-colour, which change into a red, mealy, austere berry; and the latter amid those rugged rocks which are distributed along the sides of almost every lofty hill in boulders, varying in size from huge masses to pieces of a few inches in diameter, and yields berries, or rather *drupes*, of a black colour and agreeable taste, which are often eaten with great relish by the highland peasantry during their excursions among the hills.

The loveliest, however, of all the mountain—we had almost said, of all the British—flowers, is the *Myosotis rupestris*, the *Alpine forget-me-not*, far surpassing in the size, beauty, and profusion of its blossoms, its namesake of the brooks, the flower of friendship, round which the poets have thrown the halo of so many delightful associations. In some lonely and hidden nook far up the mountains, and nursed by an oozing spring—

"Its sweet and quiet eye
Looks upward to the cloudless sky,
Blue, blue as though that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall."

On Scheshallion and the Breadalbane mountains we have often seen large tufts of it waving lightly in the breeze of summer from the shaded ledge of a beetling, inaccessible crag, where no one but the prying naturalist would seek for floral beauty. In gazing on such a spectacle we are peculiarly struck with the beauty and appropriateness of Gray's well-known lines—

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

But in our own mind the prevailing feeling has always been that of wonder at the goodness of God, which enabled such a frail and lovely thing to carry on the various functions of its little life in such desolate circumstances, where there were

ten thousand chances to one against its ever being seen by human eye. The smallest wild-flower, however, does not bloom for man or any other creature as a primary object, but lives and blossoms for itself, under the broad benignant eye of the great Being from whose hand it had its perfect mould.

"Instruct us, Lord,

Thou Father of the sunbeam and the soul,
Even by the simple sermon of a flower,
To live by Thee."

"I saw the hills living in sunshine,
And the things that there, free and unfetter'd,
Had made their mountain-homes of beauty rare,
Where Peace seem'd laid to sleep 'mid mountain flowers,
While Joy reclined beside the blooming couch!"
Nicoll.

Beside the cold clear springs which form a feature of the most exquisite loveliness in the bleak alpine scenery, gushing up in exposed and rocky spots, and gurgling down the sides of the hills through beds of the softest and most beautiful moss—not the verdant velvet which covers with a short curling nap the ancient rock and the gray old tree, but long slender plumes, waving under the water, and assuming through its mirror a tinge of the deepest golden green—the botanist may collect some of the rarest and the most beautiful of the mountain flowers. There the *Alpine willow herb* bends down its little rosy head to gaze upon its own reflected image, and to listen to the murmur of the wave, low and sweet as the words of lovers in the hush of a summer eve. The blue *rock veronica* forms around their edges a fringe of large clustered flowers of a most brilliant azure; the mountain sorrel, on the moist overhanging rocks, waves over them its kidney-shaped leaves and spikes of green rose-tipped flowers; the white *dryas*, or *mountain avens*, decks the dry and stony knolls around them with its downy procumbent leaves and large white flowers; while far surpassing all other plants in giving these springs an aspect of beauty, the glowing little *Silene acaulis*, or moss campion—the loveliest member of a truly lovely tribe, disclosing their snowy or ruddy flowers in the half-shady openings in the woods, and upon the moist sunlit banks of lowland streams, and filling at evening the still, dewy air with a delicate but delicious perfume—enlivens the decomposing rocks around with its velvet covering of bright purple

and brilliant green. On the margin of these Alpine springs, adorned with such flowers,

"Lonely and sweet, nor loved the less
For flowering in a wilderness,"

we have wasted away the voluptuous hours of many and many a beautiful summer day, feeling as if we had found in them those enchanted springs of which we used long ago to read in fairy-land.

On the tops of the highest mountains, where a coarse brown herbage, or dense tufts of the *woolly fringe moss*, yielding like a pillow of down, scantily clothe the gray peeping rocks, like a poverty-stricken beggar in his tattered garments, and where a surly fog is for ever whirling and wreathing itself, blotting out the scenery below, and causing the tourist to feel, while standing in the midst of it, as though he were hanging in mid-air, and had no connexion with the earth at all—in such dreary spots blooms the only representative in Britain of a numerous family of plants that throng beneath the shade of the palm-tree, and are nursed by the glowing sunbeams, and fanned by the balmy and perfume-laden breezes of the tropics. Few, looking at the lowly procumbent *Azalea*, or *woodbay* (*Azalea procumbens*) of the storm-beaten Highland hills, would ever imagine that it bore any resemblance to the gorgeous Indian azaleas so carefully and so tenderly nursed in our greenhouses for the extreme delicacy and beauty of their densely-crowded flowers; yet botanists assure us that such is the case—that this is the only species among all those British plants often placed in the genus to which the name is at all applicable. Although not for a moment to be compared with its exotic relatives, the Highland azalea is still an interesting and lovely little shrub: and those who, like us, have seen it growing in large dark green patches, enlivened by bell-shaped flowers of the richest crimson, far up the sides of the bleak Cairngorm mountains, must grant that it presents a spectacle of no ordinary kind, and one which many besides the botanist would endure the arduous toil of the mountain steep, and brave the keen, howling breeze, to behold.

Another exquisitely beautiful gem of the mountains is the tiny plant called by botanists the *Gentiana nivalis*, or *snowy gentian*. It is the smallest of all the Alpine plants, rarely exceeding two inches in height, and loving to conceal its eye of

blue among loose green mosses in the shady clefts of some bare precipitous rock, on whose summit sits the eagle or the giant glee in solitary contemplation, resting, perhaps, after some long excursion. On the Alps of Switzerland, this beautiful little fairy grows in profusion, among a lovely sisterhood of *Aretias*, *Androsaces*, and *Primulas*, on the dizzy ledges of tremendous precipices, arresting the gaze, the wonder, and the admiration of the Alpine tourist, who, absorbed in its contemplation, often forgets that he is standing on a spot from whence the most trifling deviation in the position of a foot would inevitably hurl him into blank air, to be dashed into atoms on the spires of rock at a terrific depth below; but happy and fortunate is he who can boast of having found even a solitary specimen of it on our own Scottish Alps. Indeed, so exceedingly rare is it with us, that many collectors who have searched the mountains over and over again, consider its existence a myth of the older botanists. On the hills of the great Breadalbane range in the Highlands of Perthshire, however, it sometimes occurs, and particularly on Craigealleach and Ben Lawers.

Gladdening the glistening eye of the botanist on the same elevated rocks with the snowy gentian, bloom the *Saussurea*, named in honour of M. de Saussure, the celebrated French naturalist, who was the first to set foot on the summit of Mont Blanc, the *Erigeron*, and the *Mulgedium*, conspicuous from afar by the great beauty of their large compound flowers of purple, blue, and pink. There, too, the *Alpine hairy chickweed* (*Cerastium alpinum*) raises its large, pure white flowers, in beauteous contrast to the black dripping rock which affords it nourishment and protection: a lovely thing, whose tender form and stem, so fragile that the gentlest breath of the summer breeze at eve might almost break it, seem to link it with the lovely flowers of fairyland. Pity it is that, though so frequent on the highland mountains, it is so very rare, if at all found, on the hills of England and Wales. On Snowdon it once grew in profusion; but the botanist may now wander over its rugged sides, so fertile in other botanical treasures, at sunrise and sunset, at noon-day, and by moonlight and starlight too, if he will, without meeting a single specimen; and may sigh, but in vain, at the rapacity of collectors who could so wantonly extirpate such a charming ornament of the hill, which, "being a thing of

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beauty," ought, according to Keats—who in the purity, fragility, and shortness of his life, might be said by a fanciful person to resemble it—"to be a joy for ever."

Springing from the clefts of precipitous rocks on the summits of all the more elevated mountains, where, on account of the scanty soil and the absence of almost all moisture, other forms of vegetation could not exist, the botanist will find large tufts of the *Rose-root stone-crop* (*Sedum rhodiola*). The majority of our readers must have some idea of the outward characters of the curious tribe (*Crasulaceæ*) to which it belongs, as its various members—such as the house-leek, the pennywort, and the orpine—are common on the roofs of houses and on old walls over the whole land, and may have perhaps been struck with the similarity which they present in form and structure to the *Cacti* of the rocky ravines of South America, now so extensively cultivated in conservatories, either for the beauty of their evanescent flowers, or for the singularity of their appearance. Like these strange exotic plants, our own *Rose-root stone-crop* is furnished with an unusually tough leathery skin, with few or no evaporating pores, which, by preventing the escape of what moisture its large woody penetrating root (yielding, when dried, a smell somewhat resembling that of roses—hence its name) may collect from the scanty soil, enables it to endure the great drought to which in the hot summer season it is exposed. No adaptation, indeed, we are fully convinced, could be more perfect than that of this strange but not inelegant plant, to the various disadvantages of its elevated habitat.

The *Alpine Bartsia*, named after John Bartsch, a Prussian botanist, and one of Linnaeus's dearest and most esteemed friends, who died at Surinam, is a very rare but very beautiful flower, far superior to the lowly red *Bartsia* of the corn-fields. It affects rocky upland pastures among the romantic hills of Cumberland and Westmoreland, and principally the bare verdant spots, laid like green carpets among the heath and rocks, to soften and relieve their harshness, on Ben Lawers, Corrach Nachdar, Malghyrdy, and other mountain peaks in Breadalbane, which it greatly adorns by its pinky leaves, and large downy flowers of a deep purplish blue. We possess, through the kindness of a good friend, a few specimens of this interesting plant, gathered at

the risk of his life from the ledge of a tremendous precipice many hundred feet in height, on Craigealleach, at the head of Lochtay, by the late George Don, the Forfarshire naturalist, whose name is so engrafted in botanical literature, that it can only die with the science itself; a man who, gifted with an iron frame and a constitution upon which no amount of privation or fatigue seemed to have the least effect, in his unexampled and enthusiastic love of nature's beauties, spent months and months alone among the bleak and previously unexplored solitudes of the gloomy Grampians—his only food a bit of crust moistened in the mossy Alpine rill, his only couch a bed of heather or moss, beneath the shelter of an overhanging rock, or freely exposed to the starry gaze of heaven.

One of the most curious and exquisite of the little flowers which adorn the mountain waste is the *Sundew*, a plant so nearly allied to the famous *Dionæa muscipula* of Canada, that it may be regarded as the *Venus's Flytrap* of Britain. Dr. Darwin thus speaks of it in language more fanciful and poetic than scientific:—

Queen of the marsh, imperial *Drosera* treads
Rush-fringed banks and moss-embroidered beds;
Redundant folds of glossy silk surround
Her slender waist, and trail upon the ground.
As with sweet grace her snowy neck she bows,
A zone of diamonds trembles round her brows;
Bright shines the silver halo as she turns;
And as she steps, the living lustre burns.

The *Sundew* has beautiful snowy little flowers, which only open their petals to the sunshine at certain hours of the day, and resemble, when closed, little green hoods. The leaves are, however, the most curious and interesting parts of the plant, forming the most beautiful objects for the microscope that can be imagined. They are quite covered with red viscid glands, or hairs, appearing like so many drops of dew, which, glittering in the sunshine, have given rise to its beautiful and appropriate name of *Sundew*, or *Ros solis*. "When an insect settles upon them, it is retained by the viscosity of these glands, and in a little while the hairs exhibit a considerable degree of irritability by curving inwards, and thus holding it secure." There appears to be a difference of opinion amongst learned doctors with respect to the effect of this fly-catching upon the plant itself; some asserting that there is no reason whatever to suppose that the dead insects in any way nourish the plant; and others, again, that

the decay of the insects appears to furnish the plant with the solid nourishment which it could not otherwise easily obtain in the situations which it affects. Without presuming to decide between the disputants, it appears to us that this and similarly-constructed plants are wisely designed by the Creator to check the superabundance of a class of animals which might otherwise prove a fearful scourge. The Sundew, as has been already indicated, abounds in the Alpine bogs, growing parasitically on those elevated tufts of spongy moss which spread a beautiful deceptive covering of the deepest red and brightest green over what experience teaches us is a slough of the coldest water and blackest mud, into which the unlucky foot sinks up to the knee. From the resemblance of its leaves to the red moss tufts, and from its small and inconspicuous appearance, as well as from its flowers being generally closed, it is very often passed by unnoticed; so that hundreds may have explored its favourite bogs without being aware that so curious and beautiful a treasure was to be found among them. There are three distinct species of Sundew in Britain; but the round-leaved kind (*Drosera rotundifolia*) is by far the most common, and the one that will be most easily recognised by the ordinary observer.

Another equally beautiful and curious plant, the companion of the Sundew in her boggy haunts, is the *Grass of Parnassus* (*Parnassia palustris*), noticed even by Dioscorides and the ancient botanists. While we are writing, the Alpine marshes change, as at the waving of some potent magician's wand, their verdant green for the bright sparkling of this *Autumn snow*, so thickly does the plant put forth its spotless blossoms in these congenial haunts. Our admiration exhausts itself in contemplating a flower like this; its exquisite wax-like petals beautifully streaked with lines of green, "like rivulets of chrysoprase flowing over a bed of snow;" its conspicuous nectaries alternating with the stamens, and placed opposite the petals, fringed along the margin with white hairs, which are terminated by a yellow, pellucid, globular gland, like an

array of "fairy lances tipped with jewels;" and its long, slender, graceful stem, and violet-like leaves, are equally wonderful, equally eloquent of the faultless skill which displays itself in all the works of God.

Associated with the above fair beauty is the interesting *Hare-tail cotton grass* (*Eriophorum vaginatum*), which waves in summer and early autumn its silken snowy plumes in the faintest passing breeze, and furnishes, by its pure and beautiful appearance, to the Highland minstrel, under the name of *chanach*, a meet object with which to compare the charms of his fair one:—

"Tha do mhin-shlios, fallain,
Mar chanach a chàir.
Muineal mar au fh'aoinn
Fo'n aodaiun a's àillt."

On her bosom purer than the silver tide—
Fairer than the *cana* on the mountain side!

The imperfect notices which we have now brought to a conclusion, aspire not to communicate anything strange or novel, far less to be a complete account of the Alpine flowers that bloom on the British hills; but they may serve to show the denizens of cities and the dwellers of the plains, who have never climbed the mountain's rugged steep, that even amidst scenes the most dreary and hyperborean, on the verge of dissolving snows, on spots beaten by all the storms of heaven, and where the temperature of the air is not far above the freezing point even on the hottest summer day, Nature, in her beneficence, is not repressed in her efforts to adorn this world of ours with some of her rarest and loveliest productions; to induce the young botanist, who has hitherto confined his unambitious researches to the floral treasures of the wood and the meadow, to ascend his native hills, and to find among the lowly plants there blooming freely in the favourable season, pleasing and improving subjects of observation; and above all to teach, we hope, that nothing is unimportant which adds in any degree to our acquaintance with the works of Nature, and with the wisdom and goodness of its Author, upon whose perennial bounty both we and they depend alone for support.

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WILLIAM PENN.

WILLIAM PENN, eldest child of Sir William Penn, the Admiral, and Margaret Jasper, the daughter of an opulent merchant at Rotterdam, was born in London, October 14th, 1644. Under the direction of a private tutor, he advanced in useful and elegant scholarship, retaining that fondness for athletic exercises which preserved a safe and graceful equilibrium of body and mind.

At Oxford, he gave great satisfaction to his superiors; while his skill as a sportsman made him a favourite with his young companions. His mind had a tendency to religious thought, and he became interested in the new doctrines of the Friends, as exhibited by George Fox. His attendance on their preaching, and some excesses of zeal, caused his dismissal from the University. His father, who felt this as a deep disgrace, received him with stern displeasure. Yet, after awhile, pitying the dejection of spirit which the ingenuous boy felt, he determined, if possible, to dissipate his religious impressions, by sending him to spend some time in Paris.

To the gayest and most licentious city in Europe, William Penn went at the age of seventeen. He was presented, under flattering auspices, to Louis XIV., and became a favourite at court.

He returned from his European tour, after two years' absence from home, at the age of nineteen, with attainments beyond his years. He was entered as a student at Lincoln's Inn, and his father produced him proudly at court to Charles II., then newly restored.

Whilst in Ireland, superintending his father's estates, and surrounded by the allurements of wealth, the "still, small voice," that had never wholly slumbered within him, awoke. He listened to a fervent address of Thomas Lee, one of his Quaker friends when at Oxford, "There is a faith that overcometh the world." He listened, and became at heart the apostle of peace.

Intelligence that the Lord of Shangarry Castle had been seen at an informal gathering of a persecuted sect, and even borne to prison with the congregation, was rapidly transmitted to the Admiral. He was peremptorily summoned to London. The boy was frank in the announcement of the truth. The Admiral strove at first to practise forbearance. Then he tried

keen ridicule. He even resorted to personal violence, and in a paroxysm of anger turned his son out of doors.

The mother's heart yearned towards the outcast. With his sentence she dared not interfere. But she secretly sent money for his necessities.

Yet though William Penn grieved, he was ready neither to despair nor to retract. He began both to preach, and to write, in defence of his tenets. *Truth Exalted*, was his first work; and among others that followed, one entitled, *The Sandy Foundation Shaken*, excited much attention by its ingenuity of argument and force of style.

But he rendered himself so prominent an advocate for liberty of thought, as to offend the reigning powers; and though unconvicted of crime, and even without opportunity of trial, was committed to the Tower. Here he was thrown into a solitary dungeon, and held in durance for more than eight months. While thus mournfully sequestered, he received information that unless he publicly recanted, his probable fate would be to die in prison.

With an undaunted spirit, and his own calm, peculiar smile, he said—

"They are mistaken in me. What do their threats signify? No great or good thing is attained without loss and hardship. The man who would reap and not labour, must perish in disappointment."

Like other distinguished personages, he solaced his prison-hours by intellectual research, and to the literature of the Tower, added the work, *No Cross, No Crown*. His rigorous doom forbade the visits of all friends, save the Admiral, probably predicating from the state of feeling that existed, that this exception would be but nominal. Here also was a mistake, as well as in the measure of the firmness of their victim. The sympathies of the father were not extinguished. He went to the dungeon of his son, and as brave men are constrained to do honour to each other, admired his constancy. Perhaps William Penn viewed with more complacency a doom that had power thus to soften the heart of a parent whom he revered and loved.

No Cross, No Crown, had made a strong and favourable impression upon the popular mind. It was, therefore, deemed expedient to leave no stone un-

turned to win him back to the interests of the Court. A messenger was sent from the King to awaken, if possible, his worldly interest, by portraying the brilliant prospects that might be consequent on a change of creed. Yet he who had so long languished in prison, preserved an indomitable spirit. Truth winged his indignant words.

"My prison shall be my grave ere I change a jot. I hold my conscience at the will of no mortal man."

Finding that no concession could be expected, he was set at liberty, and most tenderly welcomed by his mother to the long-forfeited comforts of home. The Admiral also kindly received him, and after a time proposed that he should resume the superintendence of their large possessions in Ireland. Rejoicing in the opportunity thus afforded to testify the zeal of filial obedience, without infringing on his views of religious duty, he readily repaired to Shangarry. There, while attending faithfully to the execution of his pecuniary trusts, he upheld with his powerful aid the oppressed sect of Quakers on every possible occasion. After the absence of nearly a year, he returned to London, and was again thrown into prison. Being brought forth, and arraigned before a court, he was enabled by his legal knowledge, and courageous eloquence, to defend the privilege of trial by jury, and some of the great principles of English constitutional liberty.

His triumphant acquittal, and the praises that ensued, might once have soothed the aspiring and ambitious father. Now it was too late. The voice of fame no longer aroused him to exultation. He lay upon his death-bed. The world that he had served and worshipped was receding from his grasp. Fully reconciled to the son, against whom the pride of earlier years had so bitterly exasperated him, he regarded him with eyes of love, as, bending over his pillow, he rendered every office that affection could dictate.

"Son William,—I am weary of the world; I would not live my days over again, could I command them with a wish. The snares of life are greater than the fears of death."

Though not yet fifty years old, he regarded the ambition that had enslaved him with a wisdom which is seldom so fully ripened, except by hoary hairs, or heavenly piety. Solemnly did he counsel his children, leaving them a large legacy of precious maxims.

"Let nothing in this world tempt you to wrong your conscience. So will you keep peace at home, which will be a feast to you in the day of trouble. Whatever you design to do, plan it justly, and time it seasonably. Neither be troubled at disappointments; for if they may be retrieved, do it; if not, trouble is vain. If you could not have helped them, be content; there is peace and profit in submitting to Providence; for afflictions make wise. If you might have helped them, let not your trouble exceed or hinder your instruction for another time."

His last feeble words were,—

"Bury me near my mother. Live in love; shun all manner of evil. I pray God to bless you all. He will bless you."

Admiral Penn died Sept. 16th, 1670, at the age of forty-nine, and was buried in Bristol by her side whose image, as in the case of Lord Bacon, stood freshly before him, when the pageantry of earth faded. He had filled a conspicuous station in the history of his own times, and was distinguished for his nautical science and perfect self-command in seasons of peril.

By his last will and testament, after reserving a life-interest in his estates for Lady Penn, his daughter having previously received her marriage portion, he left his large fortune, with the sole executorship, to William. Feeling anxious lest his adherence to a persecuted sect, as well as the troubled state of the realm, might involve the heir in dangers, he sent from his dying bed a request to Charles II. and the Duke of York, that the kindness they had shown to himself might be extended to his son. The royal brothers accepted the petition, and James in particular undertook the office of guardianship to the young man and his possessions, and faithfully executed the trust. Obligations honourably discharged on one side, and gratitude on the other, were the basis of that continued intimacy between the Catholic king and the Quaker, that excited the satire of contemporaries, and the misconstruction of more recent historians. Still it was admitted that he used his influence with James, both before and after he wore the crown, to mitigate his prejudices, and soften the asperities of his sway.

After due attention to the duties connected with the interment of his father, and the execution of his bequests, he passed from county to county, preaching

and enforcing the doctrines that he believed. Foes sprang up around him on every side, and especially in London he was subjected to an invidious system of espionage. Being brought to trial, on a charge of having addressed the people in the streets, he explained and defended himself fearlessly, refusing, in conformity with his principles, to take the proffered oaths.

On his condemnation to Newgate for six months, he said nobly to the judge—

“I would have thee, and all men know, that I scorn the religion which is not worth suffering for, and not able to sustain those who suffer for its sake. Thy religion persecutes—mine forgives. I desire that God may forgive you all who are concerned in my commitment, and I leave you in perfect charity.”

While in prison, he quietly employed and solaced himself by writing, and completed four elaborate and important treatises, besides a great multitude of letters on public and private business. After the expiration of his half-year's confinement, he signalized his release by a tour through Holland and Germany, where he made converts to his faith, and received attentions from many illustrious personages. Among others, the Princess Elizabeth of the Rhine was strongly impressed with his missionary zeal, and gave him her personal friendship.

Soon after his return to England, he married Gulielma Maria Springett, a young lady of distinguished loveliness and accomplishments, to whom he had been for some time attached and affianced. Her society and talents for conversation had been prized by the poet Milton, and his Quaker friend, Thomas Ellwood, in whose neighbourhood she resided. Their fair home at Rickmansworth was made beautiful by their love and congenial tastes; and there the two mothers, the gifted Lady Springett and the benignant Lady Penn, often met, sharing and enhancing the happiness of their children. But the heart of the husband, though admirably fitted to enjoy and promote domestic felicity, could not for any length of time be satisfied with inactivity, neither would his bride consent to withhold him from the more self-denying labours and noble destinies of his lot. During the first three years of their marriage, beside journeys to impress the tenets of his faith, in which she often accompanied him, he wrote twenty-six different religious works, and two on political subjects, many of

which displayed consummate ability, and rich stores of classic and historic wealth.

The mind of William Penn had long turned towards the New Western World, with an intense and growing interest. The naval victories of his father in the West Indies tinged the dreams of his boyhood with the fairy hues of American scenery. Civil dissensions, and the rigorous treatment of his own despised sect, caused him more and more to regard it as an asylum where the oppressor should no longer govern, and the oppressed be free. What had been once as a Utopian vision began now to take the form of reality, and to awaken the energies of practical design. His patrimonial estate held claims against the Government amounting to fifteen thousand pounds, and he made propositions that they should be liquidated by the transfer of a tract of land in America. After the negotiations were completed he superintended with great diligence and address the first emigration to his colonial possessions, consisting of two hundred and thirty persons in the *Kent*, which was followed soon after by two other vessels.

After the transaction of all business connected with this expedition that could devolve upon him, he undertook another journey to the Continent, in company with George Fox and Robert Barclay. There his power of fluent expression in various languages, as well as his polished manners and knowledge of the world, were invaluable adjuncts to their mission.

The troubles in England, and his enthusiastic friendship for Algernon Sydney, induced him, after his return, to mingle more than usual in political affairs, and to write with earnestness in support of justice and freedom. Finding these efforts abortive, he turned his energies more exclusively to the work of legislation for his province in America. When to the charter, allotting him an expanse of 47,000 square miles, with the name of Pennsylvania, the royal signature was affixed, he said, with a fervent and humble faith, “God will bless it, and make it the seed of a nation.”

It was observed that great seriousness pervaded his mind while forming the nucleus of a constitution for posterity. The sentiments inwrought with it are liberal and in advance of the age.

“If men,” he says, “are wise and virtuous, the governments under which they live must also become wise and virtuous; it is therefore essential to the nobility of

a state, that the people be educated in noble thoughts and virtuous actions."

A deep sorrow of the heart suspended his labours—the death of Lady Penn. Kind-hearted and lovely by nature, her maternal affections had centred more strongly in him from the peculiar promise and the peculiar sufferings of his youth.

As he aroused from the syncope of grief, the time arrived that he had fixed for his own voyage to the New World. Entirely settled in his purpose, and every preliminary fairly and minutely arranged, still the prospect was appalling and the separation severe. His wife, his beautiful and beloved Guli, was to superintend the training and the fortunes of their little ones. Fain would he have taken them all with him, but her health was delicate, and he could not expose them to the hardships of a new home without suitable preparation. No expense was to be spared in the education of their children; yet with his clear, practical good sense, he directs that they be inured to useful and industrious occupation. His two boys, besides their classical studies, were to be especially taught agriculture, and also surveying, building, ship-carpentry, and navigation. The little daughter too, the darling, must be instructed to add to the accomplishments of her sex, a knowledge of all household duties. "Let my children be husbandmen and housewives," said the father, among his grave commands.

Then, as it came over his mind that he might see these little ones no more, and that they might be rulers in his province, while he should slumber in the grave, the most solemn emphasis mingles with his admonition.

"As for you, who are likely to be concerned in the government of Pennsylvania, I charge you before the Lord God, and his holy angels, that you be lowly, diligent, and tender, fearing God, loving the people, and hating covetousness. Let justice have its impartial course, and the law free passage. Though to your loss, protect no man against it, for you are not above the law, but the law above you; therefore, do your duty, and be sure that you see with your own eyes, and hear with your own ears. Let your hearts be upright before the Lord; trust in Him, above all the contrivances of man, and none shall be able to hurt or supplant you."

It was on the morning of the 1st of September, 1682, that William Penn stood upon the deck of the *Welcome*, as

she was about to weigh anchor at Deal. She was a ship of three hundred tons, bearing one hundred emigrants. Fully did the *Welcome* justify her name, both by those whom she brought to the green banks of the Delaware, and those who there rapturously received them. The speech of the new governor was enthusiastically applauded. With that joy which those can best understand, who after long dangers on the ocean once more set their feet upon the earth, yet chastened by the gravity of one who feels solemn responsibilities, he stood among them, speaking the words of good faith and religious promise. Around him clustered his pale voyagers, most of whom mourned some loved one left in the fathomless deep; the agents and colonists who had preceded him, whose huts were sparsely sprinkled along the valleys, and by the watercourses; and here and there groups of the sad-browed sons of the forest, gathering assurance from his placid countenance and paternal smile.

Emigrants continued to arrive more rapidly than accommodations could be prepared for them. But within the high banks of the Schuylkill, nature had scooped caves, and there many of them took temporary refuge. Penn was busy in cares for his colony, feeling himself the father of all. As soon as time would allow, he selected the site for his fair city of Philadelphia, which "I have thus named," he says, "in token of that principle of brotherly love, from which I came to these parts, and which I hope may ever characterize my new dominion." Its noble design was matured in his own mind, ere a stone was laid or a thicket cleared.

Seven months after his arrival in America, that celebrated treaty with the aborigines was held, which has been so happily designated as the "only one that the world has seen, which was never sworn to and never broken." He selected a spot, in the vicinity of the young city of brotherly love, overshadowed by a lofty and umbrageous elm, made as sacred to their minds by the council-fires that had been long enkindled there, as the oak, with its consecrated mistletoe, was to the Druids. They approached in their forest costumes, gorgeously painted, their feathery plumes glancing and gleaming in the summer sunbeam. The majestic old king, with the most ancient sachems on his right and left, occupied the centre: next stood the warriors, ranged in the form of a cres-

cent; and in the outer circle, the young men, like sculptured statues, so fixed in reverent attention.

Toward this imposing and mute array advanced William Penn in the vigour of manly beauty, and undistinguished in dress from those who surrounded him, save by a silken sash, of the cerulean tint of those skies that seemed to smile upon the scene. With the courtly grace that distinguished him, he addressed them in their own language.

He unfolded the broad parchment, and explained the written articles of their treaty of friendship, and they solemnly accepted it for themselves and for their children. They believed in his sincerity, and their hearts were at rest.

During the second year of Penn's residence in the colony, circumstances rendered it expedient for him to return to England; but his stay there, which he had intended should be short, was protracted for years. They were marked by changes in the government, the death of Charles, the accession and abdication of James, and the administration of William and Mary. Events of a disastrous nature involved his own affairs; the boundaries of his province were contested, and even his manorial rights questioned and resumed. The territory in which he had invested all his wealth, seemed likely to be wrested from him. Accounts of disorders that prevailed there, also harassed and distressed him. Could he return, he felt that they might be easily remedied; but his presence in England was imperatively necessary. But just as the clouds that had frowned upon him began to break and brighten, Guli, the beloved and loving wife, sank away and died. The sympathy in his trials had been too strong for her delicate health. It was at the close of the dreary February of 1693, that, after prolonged illness, she fell by his side. "The one of ten thousand," as she has been appropriately called, "the wise, humble, modest, constant, industrious, and undaunted," was reft away, and it was long ere the torpor of grief lifted itself from his soul.

The following year, her eldest son, in the bloom of nineteen, became the victim of slow consumption. For two years William Penn was the nurse of his darling, his watchful companion both night and day. He held him in his arms when death came, and received his parting sigh.

Another son remained to him, but of a different character, and a fair daughter,

growing up to womanhood. In January, 1696, he married Hannah Callowhill, of Bristol, a lady whose extraordinary excellence he had long known and respected. Three years after this union he embarked with his family for America, where, after a tedious passage of three months, they arrived in December, 1699.

Changes consequent on the death of William and the accession of Anne to the English throne, so affected his interests, as to make it important for him to return in about two years. The sorrow of the poor Indians at this event was deep and piteous to behold. From all parts they came flocking to take their leave. They held up their young children that they too might see the great and good Onas. They took the gifts which he had provided for them, with reluctant foreboding, for they said mournfully—"He will go over the great salt lake and return to us no more." And so it was.

In his native land, it might be truly said, that "bonds and afflictions awaited him." Enmity and injustice assailed him. He was even for a short time imprisoned at the Old Bailey, from unadjusted and iniquitous claims.

Afterwards he made his family residence at a beautiful country seat at Ruscombe, in Berkshire. He was desirous of revisiting America; but age and infirm health had fallen upon him. In 1712, he sustained an attack of paralysis, which was followed by others, at long intervals. The understanding was dimmed and the memory shattered, to be restored no more; but the placid temperament remained unimpaired.

His clear-minded, intelligent, loyal wife took charge of his affairs and of him, watching over him as over a child, for five years, while there was no irradiation of his intellect or softening of his malady. Perceiving how much he enjoyed the society of children, she drew under their roof the three little ones of his departed son William, and with them he was happy all the day.

Thus varying her services to the visitations of God, and spreading a gentle, protecting wing like a guardian angel over the enfeebled being whom she had once revered as her head and guide, she watched for the last time, with such a tide of bitter weeping as none but a wife dismissed from such tender duties can know, his pale lips, that were to open no more, on the morning of July 30th, 1718, when he had nearly reached his seventy-fourth birthday.

THE SIXFOLD MISTAKE.

CHAPTER I.

A CHANGE AT LAST.

PINKERTON COTTAGE stood in detached solitude on the skirts of the populous town of Swansdown, and was known to the inhabitants as a respectable four-roomed house, standing in the centre of a small enclosure of mouldy gravel and cinders, denominated a garden. Its four walls were severally adorned with four productions of the vegetable kingdom, all in a perishing state of smoke sickness. On one side a jasmine clung in outstretched abjectness, its long wiry fingers clasped droopingly together, as if it had expired while in an act of prayer for rain and sunshine. On another side was a barren, but not withered fig-tree, that put forth every spring a few green leaves, which soon turned black in the face and shrivelled into button covers. This gave shelter and roosting room to half-a-dozen sooty sparrows, that were born under the tiles and had never seen a green tree in their lives, but still chirruped away as happily as if they were in the garden of Eden consoling our first parents while they plucked the shrivelled button covers to make themselves aprons. The grape-vine that clung despairingly to the opposite wall, looked more like a bold sketch in charcoal than a tree of any kind, though it rubbed a few leaves against the bricks very proudly, and now and then struck a green tendril into the perished mortar: it bore abundance of soot, but never a bunch of grapes. The rose-tree that beautified the front wall and twined around the door, had left off blooming long since, and persisted in producing earwigs, spiders, green bugs, and cobwebs. The plot of garden ground, cut up into innumerable small oval, square, octagon, pentagon, and every other shaped or unshaped parterres, and edged all through with overgrown jet-black box, exhibited no longer its variety of vegetables and flowers, but rejoiced in the beautiful uniformity of faded marigolds, all of which grew rank and sooty, and lived in perpetual dread of the gas factory which hovered over the wall close by. If anything flourished there it was nettles and children, for every variety of shape, size, and sex of either of these productions abounded in the adjacent streets and gardens.

But Pinkerton Cottage was better known to the inhabitants of Swansdown as the residence of Mr. Wingrove Pinkerton, whose name was proclaimed in yellow paint on the green gate of the garden. Mr. Wingrove Pinkerton, or "Wingrove Pinkerton, Esq.," as the people of Swansdown addressed him, was an object partially of veneration, partially of fear, and partially, and perhaps more generally, of hate; for in truth he was a collector of rents, rates, dues, tolls, legal and illegal debts. By harsh proprietors he was absolutely venerated for the promptness with which he collected moneys, aided as he was by the strong arm of the law. But the majority knew him as a sort of civilized vampire who lived on their blood, the more to be dreaded because civilization had given him additional skill in legal and illegal blood-sucking.

This Mr. Wingrove Pinkerton had in his prime of life, before the brown hue of his face had ripened into purple spots, and long before his nose had (through his having had occasion to seize up a publican) swelled into a bunion at the tip,—we say before this he had rejoiced in a wife and family, of whom two daughters only were left, who were well known as the "Misses Pinkerton."

The Misses Pinkerton had arrived at that discreet period of life at which women, if unmarried, begin to be haters of the other sex, and profess all sorts of doubts as to the expediency of marriage; though it is observable that their hatred to married men exceeds their aversion to the single, especially if the latter evince a little faded gallantry. The misses were better known in Swansdown as the "old maids," "the frumps," and old Fogg, who kept the Lion and Lamb, had frequently been heard to speak of them as the "emigrants," because when either of them had had ten minutes talk with an unmarried man, though on a subject the most remote from the affections, she immediately expressed her determination "to settle," and cast very longing eyes at the cracked furniture which for many years had braved the weather at the broker's opposite.

But the subject of chief interest in regard to this interesting family, was the mystery which always hung about their affairs, and the belief which passed cur-

rent that old Pinkerton had amassed a small fortune, and had made a will bequeathing the whole of his wealth to one of the sisters. The marvel was, that, under these circumstances, both the sisters should have become old maids, instead of passing into the more desired state of matrimony, for, by many, the promised inheritance seemed quite a compensation for the dumpy indolence of the one, or the fearful ugliness and vixenish temper of the other. But the truth was, that no one knew definitely to whom the supposed property was to revert; Jane, the elder, being reputed the fortunate one, by one party, and Jemima, the youngest, by another. Under this difficulty several languishing swains, whom profligacy or laziness had reduced to extreme shifts, had made offers to them respectively; had courted one, and, getting perplexed with doubt as to the intentions of the aforesaid will, had suddenly conceived a strong passion for the other; and after the most burning of vows, and the most passionate expostulations with clasped hands on bent knees, frequently increased in fervency by poverty or beer, had at last enlisted in the army, heart-broken by the torture of this inexplicable will.

After many of these lovers had been fed and flattered by the Misses Pinkerton, after the preparation of many a strong cup of tea and well-buttered round of toast, after the opening of many an extra jar of pickles and pot of jam, after innumerable determinations to "settle," and innumerable inquiries about the price of Pembroke tables and rush-bottomed chairs, they found themselves still in the unhappy state of maidenhood, advancing in years, but receding in affection, secretly pining for more offers, and openly declaring war against the whole masculine sex, and avowing marriage to be a stupid institution.

There was a change at last; the flame of love, which had burnt down into the socket, and which threatened to go out in unsavoury smoke, suddenly shot up into a bright illumination, shedding a sentimental radiance over the sharp nose of Jane, and the small nose of Jemima, to be fed with fresh oil, and continue burning brightly, or to flicker for a moment and then expire for ever. There was a change; Hope sunned himself in the garden of marigolds; Love fanned his wings in the steam of the tea-urn; Jemima opened the dictionary at the word "court-

ship;" Jane read the marriage service in the prayer-book.

Mr. Pinkerton had, in fact, been out "collecting;" he had strolled, as usual, into the bar of the Lion and Lamb, to draw spiritual refreshment from the lesson of amity which the sign conveyed, and to involve himself in his usual speculation, as to why a lion should be so tame when a lamb was ready to be fleeced.

Mr. Fogg was civil, the spirits were good, and the ratepayers imbibing their beer at the bar, were exceeding complacent in the presence of the collector, whose purple nose beamed with an unusual radiance of polish and colour. The conversation, which had hitherto been political, and in which everybody nodded assent to the opinions of Mr. Pinkerton, now changed to family subjects, and short adulatory praises were uttered in regard to the collector's "girls."

"Though I say it, Mr. Wince," said the collector, addressing a thin ratepayer—"though I say it, sir, my girls are a credit to me—accomplished, engaging, amiable,—they are the props and stays of my house, sir; I adore them, sir; they adore me, sir; and for my sake, sir—and for my sake, sir—they cling to the home, and supply the place of their departed mother."

The last word was uttered with an inward choking sound, and as Mr. Pinkerton looked imploringly at the picture of the "Lion and Lamb" which adorned the bar, he tossed off a glass of spirits as an antidote to grief; and then, either from excess of feeling, or the effects of the burning draught, a tear started from his left eyelash, and reaching the neighbourhood of his nose, quickly evaporated.

"Jane's an interesting girl," said a meek barber, who was nursing a pewter-pot. "Jemima's very clever," responded a tall oilman, who was in arrear in the payment of the poor-rate. "I believe Jane's worth a round pound or two; she ought to be, to make up for her temper," said a full-faced butcher, who always paid his rent and rates the moment they fell due.

Mr. Pinkerton grew slightly purple, but subduing his rising anger, said:—

"Miss Jane is a treasure in every sense, sir—she has a *sperrit*, I know it—she takes after her mother; but it's not temper, sir—it's highmindedness."

The butcher winked to the grocer, and the master-carpenter looked hard at the butcher, and enjoyed a sly smile, while

two or three who were much behind with their payments joined in a small eulogistic chorus, and affirmed that Jane was a "thorough lady," and Jemima a "perfect sylph."

This conversation was overheard by a dark young man, well dressed and well looking, who sat in a corner smoking by himself. This was Mr. Ephraim Crook, a gay young man, skilled in the deceits of the world, and in the habit of winning at whist, and losing what he had won by ill-selected bets at horse-races. Cunning, profligate, and well-bred, the last item of his manliness was shadowed out in a genuine love which possessed him in favour of Jemima Pinkerton, whom he occasionally visited—not as a lover, but as a friend, and in regard to whom he cherished the secret hope of some day winning an enormous stake, with the proceeds of which he would woo and wed, and then leave off gambling.

"Worth a pound or two—a treasure to any man," thought he, as Pinkerton strode with unsteady gait from the threshold of the "Lion and Lamb" to serve a process on an unfortunate widow next door. "She's the heiress, after all," he soliloquised. "I must change my tactics, and look after her; it's a good job I've found this out in time, for I should have bet upon the 'Squander Stakes' to-morrow, and perhaps have offered myself next morning to a penniless girl."

There is no doubt that the devil plays with gamblers as they play with their cards; that he shuffles them, and cuts them, and deals with them at his will, until their colours are quite worn out, and their stiff pasteboard propriety reduced to rags, and then, having tired of the sport, throws them into the fire. If so, it may be presumed that Ephraim Crook was parting with the last speck of his original pattern under this repeated shuffling, for the glimpse of nobility which survived in his concealed love for Jemima completely vanished before the greed which grew before the supposed prospects of Jane. Mr. Crook put on his hat, and shuffling out by a side-door, shot with great haste towards the four-roomed temple situate in the paradise of marigolds.

He reached the gate where the terrible name of Pinkerton defied the sunlight with its yellow paint, and when his hand had just reached the latch the house-door opened with a creaking sound, and he drew back in a sort of shame, as if detected in the midst of his apostacy. With

a slight flush on his cheek, which came there to prove that a little bit of his conscience still lingered within him, he stepped back into the shadow of a tarred paling, and put on an expression of carelessness for the better concealment of his inward qualms.

But instead of one of the Misses Pinkerton, as he expected, an old acquaintance, Jareb Chalk, appeared; and passing out slowly, shut the gate, and began to whistle.

"Ah, Chalk," said Crook, meeting him as if by sheer accident, "how are you, old chap?"

"Well," said Mr. Chalk, in a drawling, nasal twang, "I'm middlingish;" which important information may be supposed to have satisfied the other exceedingly.

"What's in the wind that you are down here this time of day, eh? Precious smart you are, too—as sleek as your black cow, and as heavy in the head."

This last comparison had reference to Mr. Chalk's calling, which was that of dairyman and cowkeeper, and purveyor of milk to the citizens of Swansdown. Mr. Chalk was, in fact, a slow man, more accustomed to the yoke and pails than the burden of gentility; and as he stood before the jaunty Crook, who surveyed his newly-washed face, and straight shiny hair, and square, awkward figure, with a contemptuous sneer, he looked more sleepy and ungainly than usual.

"Nothing particular, just—just a sort of call, as it were," replied Chalk, in a very tame, milky tone.

"'Nothing particular!' that's a fine answer to give me, isn't it? You've been courting, young man—looking after Pinkerton's legacy, instead of strengthening your milk at the dairy pump. Here, let's have a stroll, and talk about this matter; I can give you a hint or two."

Away they went, arm-in-arm; Crook with a sly leer, and Chalk with a Sunday smile; the one designing, the other credulous. As soon as Crook had extorted from Chalk the confession of his love for Jane Pinkerton, he began to impart to him the intelligence he had just acquired, but represented Jemima as the future legatee; and after much coaxing and more falsehood, led the sleepy milkman into a promise that he would break off his love for Jane and make immediate war upon the heart of Jemima, or at least upon her supposed fortune. To cover his purpose, Crook confessed a desperate passion for the elder of the girls, and vowed his de-

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termination to marry her in spite of all the disadvantages of her sharp nose, sharper temper, and unfavourable position in her father's will.

"A man should have an eye to business at such times as these," said he; "and as to affection, why it's all humbug, balanced against a banker's book."

"Then why don't you make up to Jemima?" said the milkman, with more sagacity than the other gave him credit for.

"Why, my dear fellow, it's for your good I'm speaking—with a few hundred pounds you could do wonders in business. I'm above such things, you know, and can make a fortune any day by a lucky bet or a good hand at whist."

"Well, however," replied Chalk, "I'll do my best with the younger one; you're welcome to the t'other—at least, as far as I know; for, saving your presence, she is a vixen and no mistake."

So the interest worked against the heart with both of them, and what little true feeling they had they rubbed out with the edges of imaginary coins. Beautiful, potent, and wonder-working money, which men pile upon their heads and hearts till they are crushed with its weight, and dead to all nobility; that their ghosts may wander round the heaps under which the hearts and brains are buried, and not distinguish them from the heaps of worthless stones that savages pile above their dead!

CHAPTER II.

A MAN OF FORTUNE.

ON very fine mornings Mr. Chalk was seen to open the green gate of Pinkerton Cottage, and find a welcome at the house-door, over the threshold of which he stumbled regularly as the clock struck ten. He was very attentive, scrupulously clean; and, from a boorish stupidity common to his nature, very awkward, shy, and given to social blunders. Any lady but Miss Jemima Pinkerton would have blushed for his strange want of propriety. He thought it gallant to offer her oranges and buns in the open street at daylight, and wished her to take rum-and-milk with him at the bar of the Lion and Lamb. For the lady's part, she was fond of sweetstuff; eau de Cologne (to drink, and not to scent her handkerchief); and preferred lounging on a sofa (which emitted a delicious smell of hay) at the parlour window, rather than submit to those toils

of the toilet which ladies deem but trifles when engaged in courtship.

Any other lady but Jemima would have voted Chalk a bore; but with her his blundering vulgarity was an evidence of passion, which proverbially disarms men, and renders them absent and neglectful of forms. Besides, Jemima had never had such plain-spoken promises—such downright earnestness before; and the milkman's rough gallantry was not to be sneered at by a maiden on the shady side of womanhood. As for Crook, he stole a rapid march on Jane's affections; and when she visited him with a volcano of epithets, and snapped him up for imaginary faults and omissions, he told her that she had too much spirit to throw herself away on him; and that he—he would end his days speedily, and darken the walls of Pinkerton Cottage no more. Then Jane shed tears and sought to be reconciled, which was at last effected with much kissing. These "tifs," as they were domestically called, occurred regularly every afternoon when Crook passed an hour with his "bluebell," as he called her, and culled for her all the sweets of the marigold gender, revolving in his mind, between the snaps of her tongue and the temper-salve which he supplied from his own, what might be the probable amount of her prospective possessions, and how far they could be made to go in keeping a brilliant stud and pack of hounds.

"Here," thought he, "this old grubber of gold-dust—this old vampire of widow's blood—this ejector of orphans—has been grubbing and blood-sucking, and seizing all these years, and spending nothing, literally living on his nail-parings, and I am to be the fortunate inheritor of it all. Heaven prosper you in your suit, Chalk! but I shall have the laugh of you yet."

"Have the laugh of *me*!" retorted the milkman from his elbow; "what for?"

"You ghost of a white cow, you vitalized milkpail, where did you come from?" said the other, eyeing him from head to foot, startled by his sudden and silent appearance.

"Well, Crook, here's something serious; I've come here on the sly to let you know; so when you've gathered a nose-gay from that soot-bed, meet me at the Lion and Lamb."

Crook tore up a branch of marigolds by the roots, and scraping together a few sprigs of chickweed and mignonette, and putting a bunch of nettles between the stems to sting the hands of his chosen

beauty when he had gone, he stole round the house to where Miss Jane was sitting in a rush chair, under an overgrown rose-tree, and kissing her most tenderly, bade her adieu.

"Here's a pretty spec for you," said the milkman, when they were in the parlour together: "the old man has found out all your tricks, and vows he'll kick you out of his house. He knows of your game with young Palmer, who discovered that you used loaded dice; and Wilkins, the butcher, has been giving it out that you won at whist by a trick of your own."

"It's all your fault," interrupted Crook, whose ready invention always came to his aid with a scheme for meeting a difficulty.

"All my fault! why, I've been your best friend, and have stood against a storm in defending you."

"Why didn't you do for me as I did for you?"

"What have you done for me, then?"

"Why, I make it a practice to talk to Jane about the extent of your business, and the large prospects you have in a year or two; that's how it is you are the favourite."

"You don't say so?"

"I do."

"Well, then, if I do the same, d'ye think it will turn the scale in your favour?"

"Of course it will. Tell everybody I've splendid expectations, and these curs will leave off barking; and as for Old Pinkerton, he glories in a rogue who can pay for his roguery."

"I'll do it, if I don't——"

"That's enough; when you treat your beloved to sweetmeats (I never stoop to such things; in fact, I spend as little as possible over my courtship), when you hear my name mentioned, take the opportunity and drop a word for me. Uncle in India—Spanish bonds—railway shares—anything; they're all fools together, and precious credulous."

"All right," chuckled the milkman, delighted with the opportunity to serve his friend, and still more delighted at being the messenger of what he regarded as an ingenious and glorious lie.

"I think I shall be settled soon," said little Jemima, as she lolled over her chair the next day at tea-time.

"Indeed!" replied Jane, with a sneer.

"Mr. Chalk thinks November a nice time for us to be married. Let's see, June, July, August, September;—ah, it

will be five months since I first knew him; lor'! it's a very short courtship, isn't it, dear?"

Jane's nose grew sharper and sharper as these words were uttered, until at last it resembled one of those fanciful darts with which hearts are pinned together in valentines, and seemed very well fitted to transfix the hearts of Chalk and Jemima; but she bit her teeth, and did not hurl the javelin at present.

"Five months," continued Jemima, in her tantalizing way; "and only two months now to wait."

Here Jane had reached her climax of temper, and away went the table on the floor with a tremendous crash of crockery; the hot tea scalding the cat, and the butter sprawling in a semi-fluid state over the fender and rug.

"A plague upon both of you!" she screamed through her closed teeth; and then dashed out of the room in a state of frantic grief.

Jemima suddenly relented, and flew to her sister's aid; the latter was soon becalmed; and both set to work to repair the damage and arrange the table for the comfort of Mr. Pinkerton, whom they expected home for the evening.

"Will you make it up, dear?" said Jemima. "I've got something to tell you, dear; such good news."

"What is it?" eagerly asked Jane, kissing her sister, and asking pardon for the sudden introduction of the late tragedy.

"My dear, Mr. Crook's a man of fortune, and is worth—oh, worth I don't know how much money."

"You mean Mr. Chalk," quickly retorted Jane; "it's Mr. Chalk that's in expectations."

"No, dear, Mr. Crook; for Jareb told me so this morning, when he took me out to buy some ribbon."

"Oh dear, how strange; well, it really is a coincidence, for Ephraim told me in confidence this evening, when he gathered me a nosegay in the garden, that Mr. Chalk was worth immense money; that he had an aunt in India, and an uncle in *Maddygascar*, and a cousin in somewhere else, and a brother somewhere else, and they had all left him money." A sudden shuffling at the door and a loud rap on the knocker broke the conversation, and Jane darted, full of excitement, to meet her affectionate but impatient parent.

"Oh, papa," cried Jane, as Mr. Pinkerton panted for breath under the operation of taking off his boots, "Mr. Crook——"

"Crook," shouted he, suddenly purpling in the face, and foaming with anger (somewhat increased, perhaps, by his last visit to the Lion and Lamb.) "Crook's an impudent vagabond; it's all as true as daylight—Crook comes here to marry my daughter, a spendthrift, a gambler, a——"

"Oh, papa, papa," shouted both the girls in a shrill chorus, "he's got money, he's worth immense money," cried Jane alone. "Expectations," shouted Jemima. "Large estates in India," followed Jane again. "So has Jareb—Jareb's got property too; they've both got estates in prospect."

"Whew!" whistled the venerable parent, as he stared straight at nothing, and nibbled the end of his walking-stick as if it were sugar-candy. "Whew! has he, though? Both? Why, how comes this? Where did ye get this tale from? Is it true? Who told ye?"

Hereupon followed a full, true, and particular account, setting forth how Mr. Chalk had reported to Jemima in the morning, quite accidentally, of course, and as a close secret, that Mr. Crook had extraordinary expectations; and how Mr. Crook, in the evening, had whispered to Jane that Chalk was in the royal road that leads to fortune, and would inherit an immense estate at the death of an aunt who was already happily afflicted with gout, and could not be expected to survive many years.

"The dog!" said Pinkerton," jocosely, as he finished his tea and the intelligence together, "I'll be bound it's all right, after all. Jane, mind what you're about, don't offend that man; and mind, if you snap him again, as I've seen you do, and twist your vixenish face into such horrible expressions when you find a *nettle* in a nosegay, you'll drive that fellow mad; a harum-scarum, jolly-dog-as he-is. And don't you loll about so much, Jemima, for Mr. Chalk is an active man, and can't abide such laziness; and when you are both married, as you talk about, in November, keep up your mother's *sperrits*, girls, and take care of your old father, for he's had the lumbago now these nine weeks, and some of these days he'll go off with that 'orrid affliction."

Mr. Pinkerton did not explain how he expected to "go off," or where he meant to "go to," but lighted his pipe and mixed his tumbler of grog, and chuckled himself to sleep in the chimney corner.

His sleep in the chair was very comfortable, for he had "made a hit," as he

termed it, and congratulated himself on the capital fortune which seemed hovering in the distance, and which he attributed to his own sly hints dropped here and there respecting the money and the will. So having sold his girls, as he thought to men who hated them respectively, but who were reported to be worth large possessions, and who themselves were seeking homes to rest in, he chuckled himself to sleep, as aforesaid, and, considering the shortness of his breath, a very musical chuckle it was.

CHAPTER III.

DEATH AT THE WEDDING.

ON a very sloppy day in the second week in November, a large party was assembled in the four-roomed cottage, and Mr. Pinkerton was seen dancing in and out amongst the guests, employed in imbibing spirits, sobbing audibly, and weeping at intervals. From the profusion of white favours, white gloves, interesting young ladies in very light dresses and white bonnets, and from the flurried aspect of Mr. Chalk alone, who sat on the extreme edge of a rush-bottomed chair, as tremulous as a jelly, and adorned from head to foot with colours, any one, not the most sagacious, would have guessed that a wedding was to take place. In fact, it was the day for the celebration of the nuptials of the Misses Pinkerton and the Messrs. Chalk and Crook. The latter gentleman had not yet arrived, nor were either of the Misses Pinkerton dressed. Hence there was yet much hurrying to and fro, much running upstairs with hair-pins, and running down with bonnets; much fastening of ribbons and strings, much lacing of stays and boots, and very much talking, trembling, and tears. A huge cake stood upon the table yet uncut, and round it stood numerous dark and light bottles, and a profusion of glasses. Mr. Pinkerton's glass was the only one which had been used, and considering the heavy duties about to devolve on him in "giving away" his two maiden daughters, and the many trials which the parental heart must shortly sustain, it is not surprising that he sought spiritual comfort at the same fountain from which, during his whole life, he had drawn so much. To say that he was proud—to say that he was glad—to say that his heart fluttered—to say that he looked through moist eyes into futurity, and saw in the distance

two happy homes, furnished with every comfort and luxury, and himself provided for out of the excess of means; to say that he shook hands with every one, and kissed Mr. Chalk several times, and now hugged and kissed Mr. Crook as he entered, mistaking them both—in the blindness which his tears had caused,—for bridesmaids, or daughters, or aunts, or any of the female forms then and there assembled,—would be to shadow, not to express fairly, what he did and thought and felt on that eventful day.

There was a sudden rustling on the stairs, a great trampling of small feet, and a whole hailstorm of wishes, remonstrances, adulations and sobs; and then the brides entered with their bridesmaids, and the parlour was so crowded that everybody was crushed, foot trodden, confused, and it was really a marvel how they managed to distinguish each other in the noise of voices, and mixture of colours, faces, and congratulations. Mr. Pinkerton hugged and kissed his daughters, and breathed into everybody's face a strong odour of rum. Mr. Crook was dignified, graceful, and attentive, and presented his bride with a bouquet of white flowers, with which there were no nettles mingled. Mr. Chalk trembled more than ever on the edge of the chair, now and then ejaculating, "Oh!" while the vermilion hue of his face, the bright oily smoothness of his hair, and the profusion of colours in his dress, made him as remarkable in appearance as in manners. Jane was blushing interesting, though her nose was as sharp as ever, as she stood by the side of Ephraim, poising herself in an engaging attitude, and talking softly and not snappishly to him. Jemima looked quite a beauty in her pale blue satin dress, and neat wreath of orange-blossoms, framing her fresh, though somewhat complacent features, and as to age, why the bridesmaids, and the aunts, and Mrs. Chip, who did the "charring," and who was therefore bound to praise everybody—all declared, and repeatedly declared in audible whispers, that "nobody would have thought how old they were."

A blue-bodied phaeton and a green clarence drew up at the door, and after considerable flurrying, fainting, kissing, and expostulating, the two bridegrooms and the aunts were packed away in the blue phaeton, and the brides and bridesmaids and the sobbing father comfortably seated in the green clarence.

To say that Jane fainted into the arms of Crook, and that Jemima did not faint into the arms of Chalk; to say that everybody kissed everybody else, and that the brides were kissed most of all, would only be to hint, not to describe, the incidents which transpired at the altar and in the vestry of the red-brick church at Swansdown. To say that a butcher's-boy, a glazier with a frame of glass, and four shabby females congregated round the church door; to say that a butcher, a baker, and a buttermilk came simultaneously out of their shops to stare at the carriages; to say that a sweep cried, "There's a wedding," and two abandoned young men laughed, "Ha! ha!" would be to hint, not to describe, what transpired on the way to church and the way home again.

Dinner was served in the parlour, and the windows were opened that the passers-by might inhale the culinary fragrance. Mrs. Chip had had enough to do in cooking and serving, and now retired, leaving the company seated and ready to begin, to seat herself in the kitchen, and also begin certain potions of gin and water, with which Mr. Pinkerton had provided her. Mr. Pinkerton's nose was unusually blue, and his eyes unusually bloodshot and heavy. Mr. Chalk was unusually red in the face, and unusually awkward, and entertained the company by numerous practical jokes, such as drinking from his finger glass, and washing his fingers in a tumbler; and as a finale, tilting his plate and all its contents into Jemima's lap. Mr. Crook was dignified as before, and as perfectly at ease as if he had been all his life in the daily practice of being married.

At last the eating began to subside, and the conversation also. Mr. Chalk was busy in drinking porter while his mouth was full of cheese; Mr. Crook was assisting Jane to bread, and remarking to Jemima about the state of the weather; Jemima was languishing back in her chair, Jane was admiring the manly visage of her husband, when a low hoarse gurgling sound escaped from Mr. Pinkerton. Everybody looked at him, and he in return looked at nobody, but sat with his eyes shut, emitting through his nostrils the same broken choking sound.

"Papa's not well," said Jane, in trepidity.

"Go round to him, dear," said Jemima, taking care not to move herself.

"He's seriously bad," said Mr. Crook, rising to his assistance.

"The governor's drunk," said Mr. Chalk, who was in a cheerful state himself.

The slight warning became a great alarm. Mr. Pinkerton fell back, and then bent and fell on the floor on his left side, before Ephraim could get round the table to receive him. Mr. Chalk leaped up, and struck his huge heavy foot against Jemima's ankle, and then sprawled into a heap of dirty plates just removed from the table to the floor; Jemima screamed with the kick, and Jane fainted from the general alarm and confusion.

"Some cold water!" cried Crook, stretching the old man at full length and untying his neckerchief.

"Quick! the old man's desperately bad."

Everybody cried for water, but nobody brought it; the bridesmaids dashed out of the room, and tumbled over each other in the passage; the two aunts cried together for a doctor; and Mr. Chalk, rising from his couch of broken crockery, with numerous scraps of meat, gravy, and mustard decorating his person, and with a slight incision on his cheek, from contact with a broken plate, crushed a pile of bonnets, and dashed out for a doctor.

In the meantime Ephraim had loosened his father-in-law's clothes, and had obtained some water wherewith to bathe his face and temples. The old man grew worse, and his breathing was heavy and at long intervals.

"Papa, dear papa!" cried the girls in his ear. "Papa, do speak: are you better?"

There was no answer, and as Ephraim pulled off the patient's boots, the dilapidated Chalk appeared, attended by Mr. Whiskin, the well-known apothecary of Swansdown.

"Open the windows, and clear the room," said the doctor, with an air of authority, and without observing that the windows were open and that the room was being cleared without the aid of orders. "Let this gentleman stay," said he again, pointing to Ephraim, "but let the ladies all retire."

Kneeling down beside the old man, whose mouth emitted fumes of stale rum and brandy, Mr. Whiskin felt his pulse, and then asked Crook what had been done, but Mr. Crook's detail of experiences was arrested by a long hollow groan, followed by a convulsive twitching of the patient's body.

"He's gone," said the doctor, handling the patient in a cool, deliberate way.

"Gone! dead?" interrogated Ephraim, in consternation.

"He'll never breathe again—apoplexy, apoplexy. He's saved from delirium tremens," said the doctor, with a shake of the head and an expression of disquiet at the odour of spirits which prevailed.

Jemima had heard the last remark through the keyhole, and with a loud shriek she bounded into the room. Then followed Jane, and the aunts, and the bridesmaids, and Mrs. Chip, who was too muddled to understand what was the matter, and was driven back by Ephraim.

The screaming, the sobbing, the shaking of the old man's body, and the agonizing cries of "Papa! papa! do speak to us," made the scene still more terrible. Hearing of such an event at a distance, Ephraim would have considered it the best thing that could possibly have happened, as hastening the administration of the will; but here, in the presence of death, a witness of the last moments of the dying, his heart was most truly touched, and he clasped the two brides round the neck with his arms, and kissed them both, and wept bitterly.

Mr. Chalk drew from his pocket a huge scarlet handkerchief, but having no tears to wipe from his eyes, he sat in a corner with a fixed stare, and uttered not a word.

The old man's body was carried to an upper room, and the house was closed on the evening of the weddings.

CHAPTER IV.

WHERE IS THE WILL?

THERE was more joy amongst the inhabitants of Swansdown when the news of Mr. Pinkerton's death went abroad than was either pleasant to the surviving members of his family or flattering to the memory of Mr. Pinkerton himself. Ephraim and his wife had been lodging close at hand with a friend; Jareb and Jemima were at the dairy, and on the sixth day after the mutual wedding, they were assembled again to perform the duties of the funeral. When the sable procession moved from the door on foot, numerous unpleasant epithets, touching the character of the deceased, were uttered by the people assembled round the house, and as they passed through the streets to the

churchyard of Swansdown, and were the observed of all observers, no look of commiseration was offered to the members, no word of solace uttered. The churchyard was thronged with people, and those who silently witnessed the lowering of the coffin, spoke grim pleasure in their countenances more definitely than could have been expressed in words. Those less observant of decency, and less delicate to the feelings of the family, muttered, "old wretch"—"serve him right"—"good job he's gone." But the prayers were said over the bloated body, and the handful of mould thrown over the coffin, and the family party returned home, and soon forgot all the suggestions of death with which the grave and the corpse of the old man had filled them, and were soon seated round the table in the four-roomed cottage, partaking of those animal enjoyments which usually form the epilogue to a funeral.

Spirits, wine, and tea are proverbial for the happy abandonment they produce; the little party soon passed out of their gloom into a sort of social sunshine, and in a very short time out of that into a dry region of business. The demon of selfishness took possession of them one and all; and the sisters commenced a valuation of the furniture, and then a quarrel as to how it was to be divided.

Mr. Fogg was sent for, as it was understood that Mr. Pinkerton's affairs were best known to him, and that he, in fact, was the administrator of his effects. Mr. Fogg arrived, and assuming an air of considerable importance, began to congratulate the ladies on their marriage, and then to deplore with them the affliction caused by the sudden death of their father.

"Ah!" said Mr. Fogg, with a sigh, "he was an excellent man, a kind father, and a respectable neighbour," knowing all the while that at least half of his impromptu epitaph was a falsehood.

"There is a will, I believe, Mr. Fogg," said Crook, looking hard at Mr. Chalk, and laughing within himself, to think how gloriously he had tricked the dairyman.

"Is that about Jemima," said Chalk, with his eyes and mouth both wide open, and with his whole body thrust across the table into Mr. Fogg's face.

"I'm sorry to hear, brother Chalk," said Crook, sily, "that the property is Jane's and not Jemima's."

"What property?" asked both the girls and Mr. Fogg together.

"Jane's, and not Jemima's! oh Lord!

I'm done, I'm done," roared the milkman, half blubbering in tears, and half exploding with rage.

"There's no property that I'm aware of," said Fogg, thoroughly perplexed by the question. "There's the house, and a few square yards of garden-ground, both freehold, but——"

"The will—there's a will, where is it?" impatiently asked Ephraim, while his face turned ashy pale.

"Oh! it's all a mistake," said Fogg; "I know what you mean. Bless my soul! didn't you understand Pinkerton's way; it was all sham, that hinting way of his; bless you! he had nothing to will away—this bit of a freehold isn't worth a hundred and forty pounds, and he owes me fifteen or twenty pounds more than that; in fact, it's mine by virtue of a bill of sale, drawn up last July twelvemonth; there isn't a stick besides, and I lose fifteen or twenty pounds then."

"You lying scoundrel," roared Chalk, as he rose up with clenched fists to chastise his deceiver.

"My dear fellow," cried Ephraim, "it's a sheer mistake: are you worse off than I am; ain't I as completely deceived as you are? It's a desperate affair, a wholesale swindle, Mrs. Crook, I'm——"

"Now, Ephraim, it's not my fault," cried Jane, clinging round his neck, and trying to look youthful and romantic; "Ephraim, don't forsake me; you've enough for both; you expect your property in a year; you told me so——"

"I! property! I haven't a shilling—I'm in debt with everybody here, bandied about and hunted down; not a shilling, nor the means of getting one."

The screams and frantic gestures of the women exceeded the anger of the men, and when Jemima, in a flood of tears, extorted from Chalk the terrible truth of his deception, the tumult became positively frightful, and Mr. Fogg was compelled to raise his voice above it all, and command attention, while he told them the real position in which they were placed. After much useless bawling, confusion, and fault-finding, the representative of the "Lion and Lamb" unfolded a history of Mr. Pinkerton's affairs, and assured them, that while his income had always been much less than it was reported to be, he had spent what little he had chiefly at the "Lion and Lamb," and that a debt long contracted, on the part of the deceased to him, gave him a claim on everything which deceased had left

and that Mr. Grabble, the principal solicitor of Swansdown, would, the next morning, transfer the property into his hands, and in consideration of the misfortunes of the family, forego the balance which would be left unpaid.

"You are mighty kind," said Crook, "to make us a present of what does not exist, and which, if it did exist, you would seize upon without a scruple, tender-hearted Lion that you are."

"Oh! if there had been but a few pounds for me," bewailed Chalk, in a most heartrending tone, "how well I could have done with it; but, as it is, I've ruined my business in courtship; I've neglected my affairs, and spent my money, and am utterly done for. Oh!"

The exclamation at the end of Mr. Chalk's speech was lengthened out into a long o-o-u-u, and finished off with a bit of pantomime, implying that he would commit suicide with his pocket-knife.

"Don't be a fool now, man," cried Ephraim, in an indignant tone; "you have made a mistake, and so have I: it's a sixfold mistake, and we are all the victims of each other. As far as love goes, I may as well confess, that I should have chosen Jemima, and I'm quite sure that you, Chalk, would have married Jane; there are two mistakes, and no remedy now. Respecting this imaginary will, I thought it was in Jane's favour, and you, Chalk, you thought it was in favour of Jemima. The will doesn't exist, so there are two more mistakes, and no remedy now."

Here Mr. Chalk interposed with the ejaculation, "Oh!" which he repeated several times, evidently to the relief of his mind.

"As to our two"—here Ephraim paused, and looked vacantly at the two weeping brides—"as for our two dear wives," he continued, "they have fallen into our snares; Jane thought I had money, and Jemima thought you had money, Chalk; or at least she did not suppose you in debt and penniless; so here are two more mistakes, and our misery is complete."

"Not misery, I hope, dear Ephraim,"

said Jane, affectionately, putting her hand on his shoulder, and looking earnestly into his face.

"No, not misery," responded Jemima—"not while we have youth, and hope, and industry to help us."

At the word "youth" everybody looked hard at Jane, and Jane looked harder still at everybody, whereat Ephraim coloured for a moment, and then said, in a hearty tone, as if he had comfortably swallowed a pill which previously threatened to choke him—

"Ah! that's it, that's it, my dear Mr. Chalk; industry will soon drive from the door the famine that threatens us; and as for the disgrace, why, that is temporary and local, and the moment we leave this place it is at an end, and we begin life afresh. You, Chalk, can begin again as you began before, with a comfortable dairy, or a chandler's shop, but don't waste your capital in sweetstuff. For myself, I never made a beginning yet; at least, if I did, I began at the wrong end, by making draughts on the future—spending an imaginary income that loomed in the distance, like a splendid bank of unlimited credit, and which now proves to have been a mirage—a mirage in a desert of Swansdown. But I suppose I am still fit for something useful, eh, Jane? I sha'n't aim at anything grand this time, but endeavour to make sure of a living, so as not to stand in dread of the sudden appearance of half-a-dozen little Crooks, without baby-linen or ani-seed."

"Oh, you good fellow," said Jane, in a subdued voice, at the same time shedding a tear and kissing him.

"Well, let's be jolly if we can," blubbered the milkman, wiping his eyes with the wristband of his coat.

"Of course we can, Jareb," said Jemima; "and happy too."

"Ah," roared Crook, bursting into uproarious laughter, as he beheld the tearful but resigned countenance of his friend. "Happy, ah! happy as turtle doves, provided we keep mutual faith, and give up the ruinous practices of exaggeration and deceit."

WIVES OF GREAT LAWYERS.

LAWYERS do not marry with the impulsiveness of poets; for they are a prudent class—mostly shrewd, practical men—anything but dreamers; and though they may admire a handsome figure, and like a pretty face, as other men do, they have not usually allowed those adventitious gifts of nature to divert their attention from the “main chance” in choosing a wife. Lawyers are, take them as a whole, a marrying class, and they not unfrequently enjoy that “lawyer’s blessing,” a large family. Take the Lord Chancellors, for instance. Lord Clarendon, Lord-keeper Coventry, Lyttleton, Bridgeman, Judge Jefferies, Lord Bathurst, Lord Loughborough, and Lord Erskine were twice married; Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Maynard, and Lord Harcourt were three times married. The wives whom they chose were usually heiresses, or rich widows; those who remained bachelors, or who married “for love,” seem to have formed the exception. And yet, on the whole, the married life of the Lord Chancellors, judging from Lord Campbell’s Lives, seems to have been comfortable and happy.

The great Lord Bacon, when a young man plodding at the bar, but with a very small practice, cast about his eyes among the desirable matches of the day, and selected the handsome widow of Sir William Hutton (nephew and heir of Lord Chancellor Hutton), who had a large fortune at her own disposal. But in this suit his favoured rival was Sir Edward Coke, a crabbed widower, but attorney-general, rich and of large estate, as well as of a large family. The widow, who valued wealth as much as Bacon did, married the old man, running off with him, and entering into an irregular marriage, for which they were both prosecuted in the Ecclesiastical Court. Bacon had reason to rejoice at his escape, for the widow was of capricious and violent temper, and led Coke a most wretched life, refusing to take his name, separating from him, doing everything to vex and annoy him, and teaching his child to rebel against him. Bacon was, however, shortly after, consoled by a rich and handsome wife, in the daughter of Alderman Barnham, whom he married. But the marriage seems, at best, to have been one of convenience on his part. They did not live happily together: she never was a companion to

him; and not long before his death a final separation took place, and the great Lord Chancellor died without the consolations of female tenderness in his last moments. When the separation took place, “for great and just causes,” as he expressed it in his will, he “utterly revoked” all testamentary dispositions in her favour. But she lost nothing by this, for his costly style of living during his official career left him without a penny, and he died insolvent.

Sir Thomas More, when twenty-one, married the eldest daughter of one “Maister Coult, a gentleman of Essex,” a country girl, very ill educated, but fair, and well-formed. Erasmus says of the marriage—

“He wedded a young girl of respectable family, who had hitherto lived in the country with her parents and sisters; and was so uneducated that he could mould her to his tastes and manners. He caused her to be instructed in letters; and she became a very skilful musician, which peculiarity pleased him.”

The union was a happy one, but short, the wife dying, and leaving behind her a son and three daughters; soon after which, however, More married again, this time a widow, named Alice Middleton, seven years older than himself, and not by any means handsome. Indeed, More indulged himself in a jest on her want of youth and beauty—“*nec bella, nec puella*.” He had first wooed her, it seems, for a friend, but ended by marrying her himself. Erasmus, who was often an inmate of the family, speaks of her as “a keen and watchful manager.”

“No husband,” continues Erasmus, “ever gained so much obedience from a wife by authority and severity as More won by gentleness and pleasantry. Though verging on old age, and not of a yielding temper, he prevailed on her to take lessons on the lute, the viol, the monochord, and the flute, which she daily practised to him.”

Her ordinary, and rather vulgar apprehension, could not fathom the conscientious scruples of her husband in his refusal to take the oath dictated to him by Henry VIII.; and when he was at length cast by that bad monarch into the Tower, then the grave of so many royal victims, his wife strongly expostulated with him on his squeamishness.

"How," she said to him on one occasion, "can a man taken for wise, like you, play the fool in this close filthy prison, when you might be abroad at your liberty, if you would do as the bishops have done?"

She dilated upon his fine house at Chelsea, his library, gallery, garden, and orchard, together with his wife and children. But to all he opposed the mild force of his conscience and religious feelings.

"Is not this house," he asked, "as nigh heaven as my own?" to which her contemptuous ejaculation was—"Tilly vally, tilly vally!"

He persisted in his course, and was executed, after which we hear no more of his wife.

Among the few great lawyers who have married "for love," Hyde, Lord Clarendon, deserves a place. While yet a young man, he became deeply enamoured of the daughter of Sir George Aycliffe, a Wiltshire gentleman of good family, though of small fortune. A marriage was the result, but the beautiful young wife died only six months after, of the malignant small-pox (then a frightful scourge in this country), and Hyde was for some time so inconsolable that he could scarcely be restrained from throwing up his profession and going abroad. Two years after, however, he married again into a good family, his second wife being the daughter of Sir Thomas Aylesbury, the Master of the Mint; and the marriage proved highly auspicious. This worthy lady was his companion in all his vicissitudes of fortune—lived with him for many years in exile—shared all his dangers and privations, when at times the parents could with difficulty provide food and raiment for their children; but the wife was yet preserved to see her husband Earl of Clarendon, Lord Chancellor and Prime Minister of England. As an instance of the straits to which the family was occasionally reduced, we may quote the following extract from a letter written by Hyde to a friend when at Madrid in 1650, in which he says—"All our money is gone, and let me never prosper if I know or can imagine how we can get bread a month longer;" and again, "Greater necessities are hardly felt by any men than we for the present undergo, such as have almost made me foolish. I have not for my life been able to supply the miserable distress of my poor wife."

Francis North, afterwards Lord-Keeper

Guildford, went about marrying in a business-like way. He was a reader at Lincoln's Inn, but much desired to wed, because he had "grown tired of dining in the hall, and eating a costelet and salad at Chateline's in the evening with a friend." Besides, he wished to mend his fortunes in the most summary way. He first tried a rich, coquettish young lady, but she jilted him; then he found out an alderman who was reputed to be rich, and had three marriageable daughters, with a fortune of 6000*l.* each. He made his approaches, was favourably received, and proceeded to broach the money question to the alderman. The sum named as the young lady's portion was 5000*l.*; but as North had set his heart on the 6000*l.*, he was disappointed, and at once took his leave. The alderman, running after him (at least so relates Lord Campbell), offered him to boot 500*l.* on the birth of the first child; but North would not take a penny under the sum fixed upon, and the match fell through. At last he found a lady with 14,000*l.*, one of the daughters of the Earl of Devon, whom he courted in a business style, and ultimately married.

Judge Jefferies, when a dissolute youth, courted an heiress, and in spite of her father's interdict, the young lady encouraged Jefferies, and corresponded with him. The father fell upon a heap of love-letters which had passed between Jefferies and his daughter, and in a savage manner turned the young lady from his doors. She was suffering great distress in some house in Holborn, in which she had taken shelter, and where Jefferies sought her out. Perhaps his marrying her under such circumstances was the one generous act of that infamous man's life.

Neither Lord Somers nor Lord Thurlow were married, both having been disappointed in attachments in their younger years. The latter proposed to a young Lincolnshire lady, a Miss Gouch, but she protested "she would not have him—she was positively afraid of him;" so he fore-swore matrimony thenceforward. We do not remember any other of the Lord Chancellors who has led a single life.

Strange that Lord Chancellor Eldon—a man of so much caution and worldly providence—should have been one of the few great lawyers who married "for love;" but it was so. His choice was nearly a penniless beauty, and he had nothing; she was only eighteen, and he twenty-one. Scott induced the fair damsel to elope with him; she stole away from her father's home by

night, descending from her window by a ladder planted there by her impatient lover; they fled across the Border, and got married at Blackshiels. The step was an important one for Scott—fraught with great consequences; for it diverted him from the church, for which he had been studying, and forced him to the bar, thus compelling him to enter upon a career which ended in the highest honours. William Scott, his elder brother, afterwards Lord Stowell, helped the young couple on, and the young lawyer worked with a will. "I have married rashly," said he in a letter to a friend, "and I have neither house nor home to offer to my wife; but it is my determination to *work hard* to provide for the woman I love, as soon as I can find the means of so doing." He was shortly after engaged by Sir Robert Chambers, as his deputy, to read lectures on law at Oxford; and in after years he used to relate the following story respecting his first appearance in the character of a lecturer:—"The most awkward thing that ever occurred to me was this: immediately after I was married I was appointed Deputy Professor of Law at Oxford; and the law professor sent me the first lecture, which I had to read *immediately* to the students, and which I began without knowing a word that was in it. It was upon the statute of *young men running away with maidens*. Fancy me reading, with about one hundred and forty boys and young men giggling at the professor! Such a tittering audience no one ever had."

It remains for us to notice the wives of two other great lawyers, who, though not equal in rank to those we have named, were equal to any of them in professional merit and in true nobility of character. We allude to the late Sir Samuel Romilly and Sir James Macintosh, both of whom were blessed in their married state, and have left behind them memorials of a touching kind in memory of their wives.

"For fifteen years," says Sir Samuel Romilly, writing in 1813, "my happiness has been the constant study of the most excellent of wives; a woman in whom a strong understanding, the noblest and most elevated sentiments, and the most courageous virtue, are united to the warmest affection and to the utmost delicacy of mind and tenderness of heart; and all these intellectual perfections are graced and adorned by the most splendid beauty human eyes ever beheld. She has borne to me seven children, who are still living, and in all of whom I persuade myself that I discover the promise of their one day prov-

ing themselves not unworthy of such a mother."

The noble woman referred to was Anne, the eldest daughter of Francis Garbett, Esq., of Knill Court, Herefordshire, whom Romilly married in January, 1798. He first accidentally met the young lady when on a visit to the Marquis of Lansdowne, at Bowood. He gives the following charming account of the circumstance in his Diary:—

"The amiable disposition of Lord and Lady Lansdowne always rendered the place delightful to their guests. To me, besides the enjoyment of the present moment, there is always added, when I am at Bowood, a thousand pleasing recollections of past times; of the happy days I have spent, of the friendships I have formed here; and, above all, that it was here that I first saw and became known to my dearest Anne. If I had not chanced to meet with her here, there is no probability that I should ever have seen her; for she had never been, nor was likely, unmarried, to have been in London. To what accidental causes are the most important occurrences of our lives sometimes traced! Some miles from Bowood is the form of a white horse, grotesquely cut out upon the downs, and forming a landmark to a wide extent of country. To that object it is that I owe all the real happiness of my life. In the year 1796 I made a visit to Bowood. My dear Anne, who had been staying there some weeks with her father and her sisters, was about leaving it. The day fixed for their departure was the eve of that on which I arrived; and if nothing had occurred to disappoint their purpose, I never should have seen her. But it happened that, on the preceding day, she was one of an equestrian party which was made to visit this curious object; a violent cold and pain in her face was the consequence. Her father found it indispensably necessary to defer his and her journey for several days, and in the meantime I arrived. I saw in her the most beautiful and accomplished creature that ever blessed the sight and understanding of man—a most intelligent mind, an uncommonly correct judgment, a lively imagination, a cheerful disposition, a noble and generous way of thinking, an elevation and heroism of character, and a warmth and tenderness of affection, such as is rarely found even in her sex, were among her extraordinary endowments. I was captivated alike by the beauties of her person and the charms of her mind. A mutual attachment was formed between us, which at the end of

little more than a year was consecrated by marriage. All the happiness I have known in her beloved society, all the many and exquisite enjoyments which my dear children have afforded me, even my extraordinary success in my profession, the labours of which, if my life had not been so cheered and exhilarated, I never could have undergone—all are to be traced to this trivial cause."

Lady Romilly died on the 29th of October, 1818, and the bereaved husband was unable to bear up under the terrible loss. The shock occasioned by her death deprived him of his senses, and in his despair he committed the fatal act which laid him in the same grave with his devoted wife. In life they were united, and in death they would not be separated.

Macintosh married when only a young man, in great pecuniary straits. He was living in the family of Dr. Fraser, London, where Miss Catherine Stewart, a young Scotch lady, was a frequent visitor. She was distinguished by a rich fund of good sense, and an affectionate heart, rather than for her personal attractions. An affection sprang up between them, and they got privately married at Marylebone church, on the 18th of February, 1789, greatly to the offence of the relatives of both parties.

When composing his *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*, at Little Ealing, his wife sat by him in the room; he could tolerate no one else, and he required her to be perfectly quiet—not even to write or work—as the slightest movement disturbed him. In the evening, by way of recreation, he walked out with his wife, reading to her as he went along. This amiable wife died in 1797, when slowly recovering from the birth of a child, and she left three daughters behind her. Macintosh thus spoke of his departed wife in a letter to Dr. Parr, written shortly after his sad bereavement, and we do not remember ever to have met with a more beautiful testimony to a deceased wife than this is:—

"In the state of deep but quiet melancholy which has succeeded to the first violent agitations of my sorrow, my greatest pleasure is to look back with gratitude and pious affection on the memory of my beloved wife; and my chief consolation is the soothing recollection of her virtues. Allow me, in justice to her memory, to tell you what she was, and what I owed her. I was guided in my choice only by the blind affection of my youth. I found an intelligent companion and a tender friend, a prudent monitress, the most faithful of

wives, and a mother as tender as children ever had the misfortune to lose. I met a woman who, by the tender management of my weaknesses, gradually corrected the most pernicious of them. She became prudent from affection; and though of the most generous nature, she was taught frugality and economy by her love for me. During the most critical period of my life she preserved order in my affairs, from the care of which she relieved me. She gently reclaimed me from dissipation; she propped my weak and irresolute nature; she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful and creditable to me; and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness or improvidence. To her I owe whatever I am; to her, whatever I shall be. In her solicitude for my interest, she never for a moment forgot my feelings or my character. Even in her occasional resentment, for which I but too often gave her cause (would to God I could recall those moments!), she had no sullenness or acrimony. Her feelings were warm and impetuous, but she was placable, tender, and constant. Such was she whom I have lost; and I have lost her when her excellent natural sense was rapidly improving, after eight years of struggle and distress had bound us fast together, and moulded our tempers to each other—when a knowledge of her worth had refined my youthful love into friendship, before age had deprived it of much of its original ardour. I lost her, alas! (the choice of my youth, the partner of my misfortunes) at a moment when I had the prospect of her sharing my better days. If I had lost the giddy and thoughtless companion of my prosperity, the world could easily repair the loss; but I have lost the faithful and tender partner of my misfortunes, and my only consolation is in that Being under whose severe but paternal chastisement I am bent down to the ground."

Macintosh married, about a year after the death of his first wife, Catherine, the second daughter of John Allen, of Cresselly, Co. Pembroke. She was an able and accomplished woman, and greatly contributed to his happiness in after-life. She died in 1830 at Chene, near Geneva, after a short illness; and her husband, speaking of her afterwards, "in the deep sincerity of deliberate conviction," calls her "an upright and pious woman, formed for devoted affection, who employed a strong understanding and resolute spirit in unwearied attempts to relieve every suffering under her view."

THE SCAPEGOAT.

CHAPTER I.

MOTHER AND SON.

WITHIN half a mile of the then fashionable village of R—, some forty years ago, stood Pendarves Grange, a structure of half-ornamental, half-utilitarian architecture; in truth, built for pleasure, with an eye to business at the same time. In the rear of the building was a large paddock, upon the borders of which were several homesteads and farm-buildings; in the front of the house the ground was carved into a large and handsome lawn; one end of the green sward was embossed with a large flower-bed, and over this hung the bow-window of the drawing-room, in which sat a lady, whose graceful figure, mounted, as it seemed by nature, with pale, but such exquisitely-chiselled features, that she bore no distant resemblance to the chaste figures of purest Parian with which the room abounded. Mrs. Pendarves sat gazing pensively upon the lawn. Did she turn for a moment from the pleasing picture of nature before her, it was but to gaze more intently upon the full-length portrait of her husband: it was a change from the sunny present to the sunnier past. With such earnestness would she fix her eyes, that her very soul seemed to peer through them upon the canvas, and yet such a soft, sweet light was emitted from them from within, that they gave one an idea of orbs of molten memories. From the portrait she would again turn to Nature, as if she were her sole confidante, to and with whom alone she could vent her sighs and hold communion. This lady lived but in the past—her mere existence stood in the present; her face spoke little to the common, but much to the close, observer; the well-proportioned features were, to the eye, as immovably fixed as those of a piece of sculpture; her lips, one would have thought, must have been formed for the escapade of sighs, so slowly did they part; the gushing softness from her dark hazel eyes alone lent a tint, a shade, that might prevent one from describing the whole as the face of a goddess with its expression gone.

It is an autumnal evening; the last deep colouring of the sun is encasing itself in the darker shades of night, as if the very sky is sensible of the chilling effect; and, like the lady, wished to give

a last lingering gaze at the glorious hunter's moon, now at its full, and in its immense brilliancy rivalling the wondrous orb from which it borrows its existence. Mrs. Pendarves draws a shawl closely around her, and looks once more at the round world of molten silver above her, closes the long French windows, and touches a small hand-bell. A servant enters with the lights.

"Where is your master, James?" asks the lady.

"Out, ma'am—at least, I believe so, ma'am," replied the man, in a hesitating tone.

"That will do, James;" and the servant leaves the room.

The sky becomes overcast, a few large drops of rain fall heavily against the window. Mrs. Pendarves once more opens the window, but now upon the shadows of night; a cloud is passing over the moon, her features are as immovable as ever, except a slight tremor of the lips; again she summons the servant, and repeats her former question:—

"Where has your master gone, James?"

"Don't know, indeed, ma'am," again replies the servant, with increased hesitation of manner.

"Take his riding-coat, meet him, the rain will soon fall in torrents," said the mistress, as if not noticing the man's answer.

"But, ma'am——"

"Go at once, or you will be too late," said Mrs. Pendarves, anticipating his reply, and pointing expressively to the door; and then, without further noticing the servant, she (almost mechanically) takes up a book, murmuring to herself, "Is this subterfuge? I trust not;" but in such a calm tone, that the words may be but spoken from the page before her.

She attempts to read—it is vain; she returns once more to the window—listens; the clouds have passed away; it has been but a passing shower, and is now over, and the full moon is in all its brilliancy once more. The rattling of the wheels of a vehicle is heard up the avenue; she opens the casement; it is he—her son. A minute, and he is in the room: a tall, slim young man, with a profusion of light curls over a large but irregular brow—the likeness is hers, but a much-softened, nay, almost a more effeminate one. He

stands before her; the anxiety for his safety which had during the last half-hour slightly ruffled her features being removed, she looks as placid as ever, and "Hugo" is all she utters; but this is more than sufficiently expressive to the son, and he clasps his mother round the neck—"Mother, dear mother, do not be angry!" Returning his embrace, she asks:—

"Did James meet you, Hugo?"

"He did; he came straight to me."

"Thank Heaven it is no subterfuge upon your part, my dear boy! He told me he knew not where you were."

"Indeed!" replied Hugo; "then I will reprimand him."

"No, my son, no—it is scarcely worth while; it is a habit of his class. With such as he, falsehood is but a small peccadillo; but in a gentleman, a vice."

"Again that word 'class,' mother. I fear you make too great a distinction; truth can surely be no birthright," replied Hugo.

"It ought not, Hugo; but that it is, to a great extent, I fear is beyond denial: the poor have fewer real motives for the truth than the rich."

"And yet, dear mother, I *could* point out some among the poor who shame our class in truth, ay, and in earnestness for virtue," replied Hugo.

Fixing her immovable and beautiful features exactly opposite her son's face, so that an ether—a something at least of affection, which seemed to gush from her eyes, and play, glory-like, around her face, should add to the influence she felt conscious she possessed over his mind, she replied:—

"And yet, my dear boy, I would that you did not so warmly advocate the cause of the common people; it is scarcely taste, and somewhat approaching hypocrisy, in a gentleman, for it is impossible that the refined can have affinity with the coarse."

"What, mother! does the fresh-hewn diamond contain the less purity because its brilliancy awaits but the touch of the lapidary? Is its value the less intrinsic?"

"Indeed, my son, it is; much of its pureness and value is given to it by the lapidary, without whose labour it would be valueless."

"Then Heaven must bless those lapidaries of social life who clear away the dross from the human mind, and polish the rich intellect—the educators, the teachers, then, must surely hold some affinity with these same diamond lapi-

daries, must they not?" replied Hugo, with enthusiasm.

"Alas, Hugo! the office of teacher is, in all cases, a sorry one, and but too frequently paid with the grossest ingratitude. Have naught to do with it, my son; there are but a favoured few who can touch pitch, ungloved, without soiling their hands."

"The heart and brain, my dear mother, may point out the road by example and precept; but earnestness and goodwill in the cause are the birthright duties of superiors, who ought to guide and lend a helping hand through the difficulties which beset the miry paths of the poor."

"To attempt the task, Hugo, is to court ingratitude and defy Nature herself, who ever lends genius to those of her sons whom it is her will to rescue from obscurity; and to convince me to the contrary would be as difficult as to break you of your bad habit of lamp-light reading, to which I must now leave you," said Mrs. Pendarves, leaving the room.

Although strange-sounding to the masses of the present day, the reasoning of Mrs. Pendarves was that of the tone of her class of that time, and one which, we fear, is not entirely eradicated from the social system of the present age of universal progress. Such reasoning from the lips of his mother had much weight with Hugo, and had often before damped his ardour for the good cause of progress.

The young man sat alone, not reading as was his wont, but thinking; he was vexed, perplexed; a hundred resolutions were crumbling up in the words of his mother—his dear mother, whom, until that evening, he had idolised (we use the past tense)—for an event had happened that tended to wear away this feeling, at least its intenseness. Hugo sat for some time in close reverie; it might have been that he was pondering over his past life—a life which, as it affects materially the main action of our history, we cannot do better than give the reader a glimpse of.

CHAPTER II.

WHO THEY WERE, AND WHAT THEY WERE.

THE Pendarves were an old family, so called, we believe, because the first ancestor upon the family record had left, in the form of an entailed estate, tangible proofs of his having been born a long time

before his descendants. This ancestor, in fact, found, or founded, the silver spoon (its crest, by the way) of the family. From him, down to the time of Hugo's father, a kind of metempsychosis of property had been going on through a long line of Pendarves, all of whom had prided themselves upon being true old English gentlemen. They were a proud race, indomitably so; though the chance inheritance of the family fortune of being born both lucky and rich, doubtlessly fostered, if it did not create, this pride. However, towards the middle of the eighteenth century, the family property having been so much handled, began to look a little soiled and shabby. As time wore on, matters did not improve, and during the lifetime of the father of Hugo, the entail was cut off. For a long period prior to this event, the Pendarves family had been slowly trailing down the inclined plane of their fortunes; but no sooner had they become divested of their dead weight, than they travelled to its terminus with redoubled velocity,—the immediate result of which was, that Charles Pendarves (the father of Hugo) inherited a trifling property of a hundred a year. Now, had this gentleman been born like the majority of mortals, without the expectancy of an hereditary gold spoon in his mouth, a ready-made hundred a year would, at least, have kept him from starving; but, being a man of birth, he felt his inheritance to be a cruel mistake; for clearly, he being a Pendarves, had had as much right to have been born when the estate yielded five thousand a year, as any of his predecessors. The sum, then, was not enough to keep, though more than sufficient to ruin, him: it was like giving a pet child a bite at a sugar-stick and then taking it away. Instead of living within his own, he *thought* up to the fortunes of his ancestors. Seven years of town life spent, nominally, in search of imaginary briefs, but really among his fellow-men of birth, sadly reduced his slender inheritance, and placed him in that cruel position, that he had serious thought of exchanging the silver spoon for a more appropriate crest,—viz., an empty and bottomless purse falling through a hole in a pocket. He sought the shore so refreshing to the troubled,—he breathed the invigorating air of Boulogne-sur-mer, at which place, like many another reckless heartling, he endeavoured, upon the principle of counter-irritants, we suppose, to repair a wound in his heart, by a last savage attack

upon his shadowy finances: he married a lady, "rich and rare" in *natural* gems, but nothing more. For one year he ran the gauntlet of genteel misery,—a moving statue, propped upon one side by pride, and upon the other by love,—a kind of elegant promenade upon spikes. The next year brought proof that the course of true love makes exceptions, as well as every other course, to its rule—it did run smooth. A relation of Mrs. Pendarves died in the United States, leaving them a handsome property in money, which she inherited as heir-at-law. A homestead was bought, and duly named Pendarves Grange, and for seven years Charles Pendarves practised that violence to his feelings, that habit of self-restraint, which none know who have not endeavoured to live within their income. From the marriage at Boulogne to the proper close of these preliminary biographies, we know but of two events which occurred likely to interest the reader—the first being the birth of a son and heir, and the latter, the sudden death of Charles Pendarves. Poor Hugo—this was a sudden and terrible calamity—left now to the sole control of his mother, a woman of indomitable pride and strong prejudices, the love which had been shared between father and child had become centred in one object alone; and so strong was this maternal love, that Mrs. Pendarves would have willingly died for the good of her child; but that good must have been of her own idealizing. Proud of the name she bore, she was determined that its imagined purity should not be sullied with what she deemed a mean idea, and it was with jealous assiduity she watched each idea as it grew in the child's brain. She alone had sown the seeds, as she alone was to realize the fruits; she framed the plastic clay in moulds of her own making; like many other mothers, she was at work for years in developing a great fact—a new, a model man: she felt love in the work, and she was not insensible to pride in its progress. She may have treated the child occasionally like a pet lap-dog, but it was not from any selfish motive, at least so she thought. Deeply deploring the loss of her husband, she excluded herself from society in determined widowhood; relations or connexions of her own or her husband's she had not; as for acquaintances, she determined to make none, and well she kept her resolution. If the necessity of society for her son's sake ever flitted through her mind, it was lost momentarily in the ocean

of happiness she had promised herself in the culture of the boy's mind.

The usual routine of infant education he passed under his mother's guidance,—his playmate was his nurse alone, for he was carefully excluded from the society of other children for fear of measles and other childish disorders,—being excluded also from sharing in the sports of the little man and womanhood of his own age, he became unlike every other child; his ideas became modelled after his mother's; childhood, in reality, he cannot be said to have had; he had one jump from his cradle into manhood. Naturally possessing a suavity of manner, and a kindness of disposition, he wanted not the adventurous assistance to over sensitiveness in the form of a private tutor of highly dreamy temperament, whom Mrs. Pendarves, in her over-precaution against his picking up the vices of other young men in a college life, procured him.

By the time he was seventeen, Mrs. Pendarves had made rare work in her son's heart; she had found a luxuriantly fertile soil, and had so crowded it with seeds of goodly origin that their very clustering and entanglements caused disease, and they began to wither ere they had observably grown,—so many goodly roots had been sown, that the soil weakened. Modelled from his mother, Hugo idolized his model. The kind parent but little imagined the evil she had unwittingly sown in her child's heart. She had observed the growth of pride with pleasure (it was especially a twig of her own planting); she had felt uneasy at the symptoms of restlessness he began to exhibit,—which may account for the anxiety she had exhibited as to his whereabouts in the opening of our story, for she was woman of the world enough to know that a rolling disposition gathers evil as it rolls, even as the snowball snow.

Great and noble capabilities were cramped and confined by the iron rule of habit which had made him lean upon his mother, longing, while he feared, to act for himself. Imbued with a strong feeling of filial love, and torn with a restlessness for freedom, he had inward heart-burnings and jealousies of all who were free; proud of what he knew not, except it might be the possession of money and an old name. Like a hideous nightmare, a soul-heaviness sat upon his chest; he was struggling to be free, and feeling his manhood, he longed by doing, by action, to prove it, and yet, from habit, he felt unequal to the task;

and what was more terrible to his highly-wrought state of mind, he felt that a failure must result in morbid melancholy,—with these feelings, his mind a temple of boisterous elements, we present Hugo Pendarves to the reader.

We left him in a reverie—he rises—goes to his desk—takes out some paper, and pens a note; it is carefully revised and addressed; he then stealthily opens the door—a servant is ready, to whom he says, “Give this in the morning, early, James.”

“Yes, sir; without missus's knowledge, of course,” replied the man. To which question, Hugo answered not. What, then, was there in the man's question to call the red blood across Hugo's face?

CHAPTER III.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

THE principal street in the large village of R— forms a line of handsome shops and private dwelling-houses, at the end of which is a row of small houses, each of them opening from the parlour directly into the street—so that, as you pass the open door, the contents of the room are exposed to view. In the front parlour of one of these sat a tall, robust man, of middle age; his form was more erect than usual with his class; his eyes, of dark hazel, were deeply set, and peered from under the overhanging ridge which formed the edge of a square and lofty brow, the two sides of which were arched, the brow was of pure paleness, which, contrasting with his otherwise bronzed features, lent a marked peculiarity to his whole contour; the smallness of his mouth, with the almost too thin lips, which were compressed, gave an impression of amiability and chaste thought which appeared to contradict the threatening severity of the contracted skin and indentations between the eyes. By his side sat a young woman, a softened, and, as it were, faint copy of the man.

Of late years John Lisborne's health had failed; and, to recover it, he had taken the small cottage in the village of R—. In his art of glass engraving he boasted a perfection beyond denial, a sufficient proof of which was the large vase he then had in hand representing the battle of Arbela, between Alexander and Darius. Upon this favourite work the chief portion of his time was now em-

ployed. The vase stood upon the table by the side of the design (a copy of a great picture reduced by his daughter) from which he was working it, and which the father and daughter were busily engaged in comparing together, when a man entered the room and placed a letter in Maude's hand, which Maude, after perusing, placed in her father's hand.

"Indeed," said Mr. Lisborne, with astonishment, laying the letter upon the table. "He but little knows father and daughter, who asks this of you, Maude; however, he will be here as usual this morning, and I will return it." Without further remark, the two proceeded with their examination of the vase and drawing. Two hours later our friend Hugo enters the room.

"You are earlier than usual, Mr. Pendarves. I am scarcely ready to give you your lesson. However, before preparing for our work, permit me to return this epistle, with a strict injunction that it may be the last of its kind sent here," said Mr. Lisborne, as he handed the astounded Hugo his own letter.

"My dear Mr. Lisborne——"

"Make your excuses in that direction, Mr. Pendarves, I have some pressing business for the next hour," replied John, cutting short Hugo's reply by pointing in the direction of Maude, and leaving the room.

The astonished young man looked as foolish as he felt. After a silence of a few minutes he exclaimed—"Miss Lisborne——"

"You appear astonished, Mr. Pendarves," said Maude.

"Astonished indeed; can I be otherwise at receiving a delegated reply to a question so purely addressed to yourself alone?" replied Hugo.

"And, pray, Mr. Pendarves, from whom could the answer to so delicate a request so well come, as from the father of the female to whom it was made?" replied Maude, with an air of offended womanhood.

"Unquestionably you may be right, my dear Miss Lisborne; but yet, so trivial a request."

"Trivial, you term it; is it a trivial request for a young man of fortune to ask the daughter of a mere artisan to stroll about country lanes with him without her parent's knowledge? According to the notions in which you have been educated, Mr. Pendarves, we are lowly because we are poor, that is, because chance has not

rained money upon us, that same chance which, in the same moment, fits one child's head in a coronet and leaves another to be covered by the clouds. Poverty may make vice, but we have not reached that standard yet, sir; we are to that exactly what you deem yourself to us. No, sir, as yet unappeased hunger has never pinched us. If we are lowly, lowliness has its claim to pride as well as loftiness. No, believe me, Mr. Pendarves, there is yet some truth in the old axiom, that we must not only *be*, but *seem* virtuous to those among whom we live."

"But, Maude—for I will not call you Miss Lisborne—why this prudery? Are we not old friends? at least, if not so, say you do not despise me," said Hugo, taking her hand.

"Nay, stay, Mr. Pendarves, this must really go no further. You are getting most abominably romantic, and that I really despise. Let a plain man speak to a plain woman in a plain manner, and the reverse. And allow me to state the case, which is just this:—You, a gentleman of fortune and birth—the first of which I admire, from its power of doing good, as much as I despise the latter in the usual abuse of its acceptance—you, with these two bars to the friendship of an artisan's daughter, call one day upon my father; you profess to admire his art and artistic power. Your ingenuousness pleased him as much as it amused me. A pretence is not long wanting to call again, and again you find the artisan at work at his art. Now, sir, did you not call to see the artisan's daughter? Stay, sir," said Maude; "answer a plain question in a plain manner. You stand upon the turret top of an aerial battlement; descend at once, sir." This was uttered in such a half-bantering, half-serious tone, that poor Hugo stood in a manner dismayed. At last, finding his voice, he exclaimed, "Then, by heaven——"

"Silence, Mr. Pendarves, or I leave the room. Answer me—yes or no," said Maude.

"Then, yes—and no," replied Hugo; "and, believe me, Miss Lisborne, Maude, torn within myself, disgusted with *ennui*——"

"*Ennui*," said Maude, interrupting him; "plain words, sir, for plain people; call it laziness, sir, pure laziness; that is what the second and third classes name the worst of vices among them."

"Well, laziness, then, if you will," replied the more and more astonished Hugo.

"Disgusted with this sad life of mine, chance led me to an acquaintance with your father, and in his art I for the first time found an object to interest me. I sought to learn it. Your father agreed to teach me; and, in seeking to learn this art, I found—I must say it, Maude—a person to love. Can you blame me?"

"I believe you," returned Maude; "did I not do so, I should consider you like most of your class under similar circumstances—a compound of waste humanity just dashed with a tincture of what the world calls folly, because it dare not use the plainer term villany. Now, listen to me, Mr. Pendarves. From the moment I saw you, I admired your figure and features as I should those produced by the sculptor—and why not?" she said, noticing a glance of satisfaction in the eyes of Hugo, "I believe there is more to admire in the sculpture of nature than art. I mean no flattery. But, to proceed; an hour or two's conversation taught me to respect you—and not the less so that you did not use towards me the common cant of patronizing falsehoods called gallantry, which, had you done, I should have hated you. I soon saw, for that is an art in which all women are educated by nature, that you admired. I regretted—do not interrupt, but hear me. Watching the growth of this admiration, I discovered your innermost feelings; with all your advantages of birth and fortune, I saw something was wrong within—that you were pining for an activity that, in all probability, when once immersed in, be it what it might, you would abuse. I soon found you to be a species of scapegoat to your own contending emotions; and you are now neither good nor bad, but either, as the case may be. Your virtues—what you have as yet developed of them—I admire, although they are but mediocre, as they have never been face to face with temptation, the only true test of good. Your talents—for you have them—I bow to with respect and esteem; but your want of that pillar of the mind, self-reliance, I tremble at. I soon discovered the effect of employment upon your mind, and regretted that it should be mixed with admiration for myself. Soon slander became busy at your frequent visits; I cared not much for this, but endeavoured to allay it with the truth. Hence the reason of my father's insisting, and my begging of you to inform your proud mother of the real purpose of your visits. But this must now end, Mr.

Pendarves; we leave this place speedily—perhaps in a day or so—and well that it is so, for this epistle of yours bespeaks the necessity. You have misunderstood me; and if you think me pert, or impertinent, believe that it was my father's teaching. With the rest of my sex I have mixed but little, nor do I wish; feeling—perhaps foolishly so—too small an interest in bonnets and ribbons to please them with my company."

To describe the feelings of Hugo at the close of this address would be akin to impossible; numerous were the sensations busy within him,—admiration, vexation that she should have discovered his weakness; he stood before her, as it were, in pieces, and ready for reconstruction, did he know but how to apply the discordant elements. Was birth nothing, that a mere artisan's girl—but then, such a one—should smile with derision upon it? Was fortune and station nothing, that workers for living—whom he had been taught to believe were a different race—from those born with ready-made livings—should esteem it nothing? Was education—the education of a gentleman—with its classics and mathematics, and logic, and dead and living languages, to afford no counter reply, no means of refutation, to a mere peasant girl who happened to have had a better education than usual, and the power of applying it? Like a ship standing out at sea, with her sails full bent, Maude stood before him prepared for a dauntless battle with every difficulty that should attempt to obstruct her voyage through life. So young, so lowly, and yet so fearless; it was insolence—presumption; and yet he had never remembered seeing a copy of insolence or presumption in such a form. To be as plain as Maude herself, he felt ridiculous, and at the same time madly scornful at his own mind, which allowed the admission. The girl seemed to scorn a marriage with him even before he had proffered it; forsooth, he had never even thought of such a thing; it was without the circle of his possible imaginings. He to marry a peasant girl, and that girl to stand side by side with his proud mother! no, he had never dreamt it. He was no worse than other young men of similar position, though in this peculiar point Maude's own pride had not even permitted her to think him worse. The idea of marriage for the first time entered his brain; to be united to such a being—one so overpowering, so eloquent, so earnest

for his own good, now came within the scope of his possible. At that moment his mother fell from her throne in his heart: he fell at Maude's feet—offered her his fortune, his hand, everything, in a fit of desperation. Have her he must, cost what it might, was the feeling with which he asked her for herself. Hugo knew her not. If she had ever disliked him, it was most when cringing at her feet; she loved not spaniels, though they took the form of men. It would have puzzled the most acute observer to have read the workings of that girl's mind as she gazed upon Hugo at her feet. The course which she had taken, and had intended as repulsive, had as effectively the very contrary as would the most lavish allurements. She was puzzled—not for an answer, but the speech to convey her exact meaning. Chance came to her relief: a proud figure stood in the doorway—its scornful eyes flashed with indignation. Hugo no sooner caught the glance than thickly uttering "Mother," he stood for a moment transfixed. The lady pointed to a carriage in the road, and, without deigning other notice than a mere glance at Maude, moved from the doorway. With his face suffused with crimson, Hugo followed, saying to the astonished Maude—

"This shall be explained to-morrow, dear Maude."

"Leave me, sir; you have deceived me," said she; adding, as she erected her head, "you have condescended to a falsehood; upon no pretence whatever must this house be troubled with your presence. No reply, Mr. Pendarves. You proud woman need fear but little danger to her darling from me. Leave, sir."

With the object of his fears awaiting him without, and that of his love repulsing him from within, Hugo left the place, and was soon in the carriage by his mother's side.

No sooner had he left the room than Maude's high spirit felt relief in a burst of tears. She, whose motives were as pure as human motives could be; who had allowed Hugo to visit alone for the purpose of the study of her father's art, and that with the express understanding that Mrs. Pendarves had given her full concurrence. The glance of that proud lady had spoken volumes to the heart of Maude; she saw she had been deceived—that Hugo had falsely told her of his mother's knowledge; and the position in which Hugo had been seen with her. To

have her actions so misconstrued—as she felt assured they were by Mrs. Pendarves—it was well-nigh more than she could bear. That was a sorry night with Maude, and baffled the consoling powers of her father and counsellor; but the next morning brought fresh trouble in the form of a letter from Hugo, offering marriage, and imploring an instantaneous and speedy one; the reply to which we shall discover in the next chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH HUGO IS INTRUSTED WITH A DANGEROUS WEAPON BEFORE LEARNING THE USE OF IT.

FROM force of habit Hugo had almost instinctively followed his mother to the carriage. Brought up exclusively by her, and excluded, as we have seen, from the society of those of his own age, his mental powers had ever wanted free action; he had ever obeyed her, and would have done so in good or evil. His meeting with Maude was the first salient point that touched a passion out of his little world; it was the unstringing of a chord; *one* action was rising in his mind, and that—the stronger for its newness—promised a quick growth—the quicker from the decided opposition with which his mother met it. Taught and educated in the common cant of his class—the antagonism of ranks, and led to a conviction of the almost natural inferiority of the poorer classes, his mind became strangely mystified with the conversations of the glass-engraver and his daughter. He had long pined for a change—an activity of some, of any kind; and, like many other young men, he had promised himself employment and amusement in alternate attempts at glass-engraving and flirtations with Maude. The rebuff with which his love-passages had been met by Maude but strung his mind to more determination, and we have seen that without thinking of marriage in the first instance, he had been led impulsively to offer it. The reply which in his heart he believed impossible to be otherwise than favourable—inasmuch that he felt strange twitchings of pride, and doubts as to the possibility of effecting a marriage without his mother's knowledge, had, as we have again seen, been interrupted by his mother's untimely appearance, and which mischance was entirely owing to Mrs.

Pendarves having been shopping, and returning a short distance on foot, as was her custom; passing the house of the Lisbornes, she had recognised the voice of her son, and glancing through the open door was astonished at the sight she saw. Upon entering the carriage, he sunk into the seat in profound silence—a silence left uninterrupted by Mrs. Pendarves, who was wont, when very indignant with any person, to preserve a strict taciturnity until she could relieve herself by animadversions worthy of a lady. Passion she abominated as a vice peculiar to low people, and knowing herself to be naturally irascible, she wisely held silence. Upon reaching home, few words passed that night between mother and son, the latter soon retiring to his own chamber. Alone, Hugo fell to communing with himself. Had the mother spoken, in so vacillating a state of mind was Hugo, that her influence would have conquered; but alone, he gave full vent to the first broodings of rebellion against established authority. Hugo was distracted with his self-reasoning: at one time Maude was an artful little minx, who was dexterously making her own terms with him—a good catch indeed for one born and nurtured in the barbarian ranks of plebeianism; she had insulted, and therefore he would disappoint her manœuvres by abandoning her. But then, again, she had abandoned him; she had accused him of deception and subterfuge, and he could not refute it. True, she was a noble creature—too noble, too good to have to buffet with the world he had heard of. What merit in him to place his fortune at her feet: he knew he could do it, for his mother loved him, and must ultimately return to her old habit of loving him, for she could no more live without filial than he without maternal love, at least he would try; and again, before he sleeps that night, he sends a detailed offer, the one mentioned in the last chapter.

The greater portion of that night Hugo passed with a feverish brain; his mind had been rolling backwards and forwards; at one time he had reached the consummation of his hopes, and was accepted; and then—misgivings stepping into his dreams—he was met by the realization of the worst of his fears, and rejected. Hugo trembled as he met his mother at the breakfast-table: that lady—as cold and dignified as ever—allowed the cloth to be removed ere she commenced animadverting upon the past conduct of her son.

Being intensely proud, she imagined not the nature of the offence; an offer of marriage to Maude, from *her* son, came no more within the circle of her waking or dreaming thoughts than a similar one to herself from the first prince of the blood, who she knew to be excluded by law from an alliance with a subject. Being extremely moral, she felt much hurt that Hugo should have so far forgotten his position as a gentleman as to vitiate the mind of a poor peasant girl—such an act being positively villanous. The somewhat long tirade Hugo heard with astonishment, and with no small degree of pleasure, as he knew he could honourably exculpate himself. His fears seemed to wear away as she proceeded animadverting, in virtuous indignation, upon the supposed offence. And this gave him courage to say, “My dear mother, I am perfectly innocent, indeed, of all you would charge me with.”

“Hugo, can I believe you? I hope it is so,” replied Mrs. Pendarves, willing to believe her son.

“Mother, dear mother, I have long been miserable, lonely, inactive. I sought Mr. Lisborne, and studied, as an amateur, his art; and a glorious one it is—as he practises it.”

Here Hugo paused.

“A gentleman turn glass-engraver—a mere artisan—for amusement! For shame, Hugo, it is *infra dig.*; but yet that leaves no stain upon your honour; on your hands either, indeed, when you have washed them. But what on earth has that glass-engraving with the father to do with the attitude in which I saw you before the young woman?”

“Well, mother,” continued Hugo, “the daughter has no less talent than the father. Her education is equal to her talent, and far beyond her station, and her disposition is beyond all; therefore I could not but love her.”

“Stay, Hugo, this is subterfuge, indeed; but a moment since, you told me you were innocent, and now you admit that you love (psha, love) this girl,” said Mrs. Pendarves, violently excited. “You offered the young lady your protection—for that is the term libertines use, I believe.”

“No, mother,” said Hugo, more aroused than ever; “I offered to raise her to your own, to my level—if, indeed, it might not be the reverse. In fact, I offered her marriage.”

At this announcement, Mrs. Pendarves’s

marble features took a livid hue; her very nature seemed to be undergoing a revolution—a wall of her life falling; terrible emotions must have been passing in her breast, for her heart to have recalled to its cells the little blood it usually lent to her cheeks; her brows contracted, and her nether lip must have been nearly bitten through. Her son had never, heretofore, done a trivial thing without her full concurrence; he had now committed the most important act upon earth in defiance of her. The "*et tu, Brute,*" of Cæsar paints to the mind but a small notion of her astonishment. A sickly sensation flits through her veins. Hugo observes it in alarm, and runs to her assistance; the action recovers her.

"Is this true, Hugo?" asked Mrs. Pendarves, as if but half-convinced.

The tone in which this was uttered shook Hugo's resolution but for a moment only, and he replied—

"I have said it, mother; it is truth, from my soul, and shall be supported by my first self-built determination. See how true," he continued, as the servant entered with a letter in his hand, which, he doubted not, contained a favourable reply.

The haughty lady trembled with suppressed anger as she witnessed the pleasure and anxiety depicted upon Hugo's countenance, as he tore open the letter; but it was with something like fear that she watched the crimson flashes that played across her son's features as he read its contents, and the passion with which he threw it upon the table, exclaiming, "Proud minx, a peasant girl, to have voluntarily fallen so low to be thrust beneath even my own contempt: to be refused, and so insolently, too; but yet"—and he hid his face between his hands, "Mother, mother, it is you who have crushed me. I now admit that, however humbly placed, truth and poverty may not be insulted with impunity."

"Refused," exclaimed Mrs. Pendarves, not noticing her son's comment; "surely this passeth all understanding; refused, Hugo, and by a peasant girl. You have indeed fallen. But, let me see this wondrous piece of romantic composition," continued the lady, herself picking the letter from the floor. "What," she said, reading the few lines in her most sarcastic manner, "'Miss Lisborne' (Miss, too, a sign of the times, truly), 'while she cannot but acknowledge the condescension embodied in the offer of Mr.

Hugo Pendarves, as distinctly refuses as Mr. Pendarves distinctly makes the offer. Had he been all she could have desired for so close a relationship, the pride of another member of his family would have formed, in itself, an insuperable bar. But he is not so; and however she may respect Mr. Pendarves as a friend, she yet deems him too far wanting in the grand principle of self-reliance for a safe companion through life for her, or indeed for himself.'"

This was neither more nor less than the contents of the letter which so shook Hugo and astounded his mother; and well it might, for that lady had never deemed *such* a reply, from *such* a person, to *such* a being as her son, within the remotest bounds of possibility. Mrs. Pendarves was too angry to comment upon this refusal, and loved her son too much to exhibit any exultation in that which, with all its horror, yet contained some consolation.

Days and weeks passed, and yet Mrs. Pendarves could not shake off the horrid dread of Maude—a dread increased by the oft-expressed determination of Hugo to seek her out. This formed the subject of numerous contentions between mother and son. Months pass, and Mrs. Pendarves is seized with a serious illness, brought on from nervous irritability. A sad shadow seems to be passing over Pendarves Grange. The mother has lain for weeks upon a sick-bed; the son has kept faithful watch; the old subject has been never broached between them—time seems wearing out Maude's impression upon Hugo. How can he but regret? How can he but almost hate the innocent cause of the sufferings of that mother he loved so well? In his own mind he is resolved to resign all hopes of Maude. Mrs. Pendarves's malady gets worse; physicians have held a consultation; the fiat has passed—even the patient is informed of her approaching doom; and Hugo is wretched beyond all relief. He sees the one support of his existence trembling over the depths of eternity before him. Mrs. Pendarves sends for Hugo. The old tale—the leading passion strong in death. Before he leaves his mother's side, he has registered in the face of heaven a solemn promise to marry none beneath him in birth or fortune. Hugo has signed the compact, and it remains but for the hand of death to set his seal thereon.

CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH RESOLUTIONS ARE SHOWN
TO BE LIKE PIE-CRUSTS.

THAT "the first blow is half the battle gained," is a maxim that has outlived the brutal science (as it was called) out of which it arose; and so thought Hugo, until Mrs. Pendarves was seized with illness; but then, indeed, he felt criminally sensible that it was that first blow at her long-established maternal authority that had lain her upon that sick-bed, and hence it was that the compunction for the fancied crime led him to a fancied hate of the cause of it, and to the ready repudiation of Maude. Nothing but the terrible thought of his mother's death could have induced him to make that promise, and so nothing but that death could have offered him consolation for the tremendous sacrifice. For a long time Mrs. Pendarves laid upon the extreme edge of the cliff of life, and the Creator in his wisdom caused his instrument Nature to play one of those freaks which so frequently make the fortunes of the lucky physician, who, though ignorant of the true cause of the change, reaps the reward, and, ever afterwards, arrogates to himself a cure, which his own science had previously told him to be impossible.

Who shall say that the man who is dragged by some sudden misfortune to repent is a hypocrite, because, forsooth, after-regret for the repentance ensueth upon the fortunate removal of its sudden cause? Is the human heart, intersticed, as it is, with so many hidden springs of motive power, any of which can pull the strings of the puppet will by a single throb, under the control of the will? He who saith this must have but a shallow knowledge of his own heart; therefore we will not accuse Hugo of the guilt of hypocrisy. The return of his mother's health brought with it the deepest regret, and inward disgust at himself, for his ready compliance with her request; yet, had it been to do again, he would have done it, for he dared not have risked, against even his own will and first strong determination, the hideous after-thought, as it must have come before him, had his mother gone to her last home, with his first disobedience engraven upon her heart. What matters his promise or not, saith the reader, after Maude's abrupt refusal and sudden withdrawal from his neighbourhood? Not so thought Hugo. His love was strong; his knowledge of his own personal attractions stronger,

and his confidence in the advantages of his position, in addressing a poor girl, strongest of all: his love was piqued; his pride was hurt. It was such a goad as this that he had long wanted to bring out one point of his character. True, had he received no such goad, his troubles, like his character, might have been less marked.

He instituted a search for Maude, with what aim he did not exactly comprehend, since his promise to his mother must be held sacred; had he been successful in that search, he might then have resigned Maude with pride,—a new passion would have been satisfied, and might have returned to its primitive rest again. As for Maude's refusal, he had, even in his disposition, too much of the vanity that gilds manhood, to think a woman, even of his own rank, much less one so much his inferior, could be serious. He thought not much of the capabilities of women in general, except as pretty ornaments born to adorn the capital of the stately column—man. He did, indeed, know his mother to be an exception to her sex; but he did not, nay, would not, think that the sex could have two exceptions, though in totally different forms. The search for Maude lent an unnatural activity to his mind,—a mind for the first time leaning upon itself. It proved unsuccessful,—the sluggish band around his brain had become distended, it burst, and he became astonished at his own energy, scattered as it was about; he collects some of the elements together, and attempts a resolution; it brews days, weeks, and months: he has determined to have his fortune in his own hands, although he has not determined the exact time to put it in action. Hugo had not been so accustomed to defy his mother, that he could do it with impunity. This concealed resolution weighs down his suddenly-acquired energies, and he walks the house as one possessed. Mrs. Pendarves notices his melancholy manners, and one day asks the reason. Now has Hugo the place and opportunity; like a child firing a pistol, he stands at arm's length while pulling the trigger,—at last it is out.

"Have I not reason to be melancholy, mother?"

"What reason, my dear boy?" asks Mrs. Pendarves.

"Am I not a man, mother?"

"Yes, my dear boy, and a gentleman I hope."

"Then, why should I not have the right of free action—the free use of my own property?"

The demand is made; the resolution is let off; the shot has been fired direct; it has hit its mark, and the result smoke—mere smoke. Where are the clouds Hugo had expected to gather upon his mother's brow? They are smoke, mere smoke also, reader. There are none, and to the astonishment of Hugo, all that Mrs. Pendarves replies, "My dear boy, you shall have full possession immediately. I had intended this for some time; it is, indeed, fit now that you should learn to rely upon yourself."

"Mother, mother, you are, indeed, too good!" and so saying, the weak, vacillating fellow stands with a kind of aqueous film across his eyes, strangely contrasting with the author and conductor of a first great resolution. From that day, Hugo was master of his own fortune, the property having been left to his mother after her marriage with his father, the latter had assumed a legal title and right to its disposal. One half of the whole was willed to Hugo upon his coming of age, the other half was placed at the disposal of his mother; and in this arrangement Mrs. Pendarves had fully acquiesced; and although Hugo had been of age at least two years prior to the time of making his request, never feeling a necessity, he had never had full possession from his mother and sole guardian. Mrs. Pendarves never having suggested this arrangement to her son, he not unreasonably believed that he should have had some difficulty in inducing his mother to resign her control.

The events related in the last chapter had, no doubt, facilitated Hugo's wishes, for, chagrined as Mrs. Pendarves felt at her son's *penchant*, she had strong hopes that, by a change of scene, and the mixing with his fellow-men, all probability of such a dreaded *mésalliance* would vanish, and that he would become a new man. But could this vast change be effected so easily? had she not dammed up the sluices of his mind with pride? The great metropolis is soon reached; Hugo feels excitement to be his only chance of cure, and he revels in it. He has a handsome suite of rooms, and is surrounded with the thousand nothings which make up the grand whole of happiness of a bachelor of fortune in London; he has long sighed for free action, he has it now, and with it, the pecuniary oil which makes that

glorious privilege roll on so easily; but it is as dangerous in his hands as a two-edged sword in the hands of a baby. The hours of excitement are pleasant, intoxicating—and then, he is delirious with joy; but the effervescence over, and in his own room alone, he feels uncomfortable under his own thoughts. Is this the purpose for which the powers he fancies he possesses were given him? Is this the proper direction for his noble aspirations? He feels ambition, emulation—call it what you will—struggling in his heart; it struggles, but remains in in one spot, like a dull, heavy pain. He longs to bring it forward; he cannot; he wants a propelling power—that power which prevents a man finding consolation in a compromise with his conscience one day, for foregoing the resolution he had made the day before; he always felt that he *would*, but when the time of action came, the bitter failure came with it, and that thought was agony of mind.

Early one morning, at the conclusion of a series of hours that had been commenced with a dinner-party, continued with the opera, and finished elsewhere, Hugo sought his chamber, when odd thoughts traversed his mind, clouding his pleasurable emotions. He began to think of time going on, while he alone remained stationary—yes, he alone; for everything in London seemed to be progressing—even the opera-dancers, what they did was for food, for fame, an avocation, while he witnessed for pleasure alone.

Ah! Hugo, your vocation is not pleasure, or you would avoid, rather than seek, reflection! Hugo had sought excitement as a cure for his morbid restlessness, and the cure was that of the drunkards—by fresh and stronger potations—and had he found the cure he sought, he would have paid too dear for his whistle, for a large rent had been made in his fortune. During twelve months he had become somewhat accomplished as a judge of horseflesh. He knew the exact odds to take or give upon any horse entered; he had boasted the handsomest four-in-hand upon town, and had done a little in the then, more than at present, fashionable vice of gaming. His mother kindly, but severely admonished him, and her reproaches were met, upon his part, with expressions of bitter regret, and mutual recriminations and reproachings for not having given him a profession.

These extravagances and pleasure experiments at last brought Hugo to the verge of a resolution; it began first to brew the night after the events at the opera, and Hugo simmered through the night with it. The next morning he changed his lodgings for chambers in the Temple; made arrangements with a special pleader, in consideration of a large sum of money, which he had resolved to save by future economy, and before the evening he had an admirable mental view of the coif, if not the woolsack, before him. The bar—the ideal profession of those who have been brought up to nothing—stood before him in all its glory, and he attended regularly, at least for some time, at the chambers of his professional tutor. All but forensic literature was thrown aside, and his future reading, at least as he has mapped it out, would be extensive and arduous. At last, the solid basis of a good resolve is laid, and Hugo has nothing to do but to build with industry. Six months elapse, and Mrs. Pendarves rejoices in the receipt of a letter from her son, filled with hopes, prospects, likings, and all the emotions felt by an impulsive and sanguine disposition, and, albeit the good lady liked not lawyers, she felt happy in the conviction that Hugo would, at least, obtain sufficient forensic knowledge for a commission of the peace.

CHAPTER VI.

“WHERE THERE’S A WILL THERE’S A WAY.”

If those who feel an interest in Maude Lisborne and her father will follow us to the front room, on the first floor of an unfurnished lodging-house in the heart of London, they will see her sitting before a large embroidery-frame, in company with six other young women, and surrounded with half-finished epaulettes, silk sashes, and other little-important items which make up the gilt gingerbread of our military uniforms; upon the table before them are the various materials and implements for making these ornaments. How this came to pass, we must explain. The sudden disappearance of Maude and her father from the village of R— was not, as some may have expected, expressly for the avoidance of Hugo Pendarves, but from a much more simple reason—want of means to remain. Mr. Lisborne had intended increasing his small stock of money

by sale of the elaborate vase he had in hand; but his calculation of the time when it would be completed had misled him, and he was not awakened to his mistake, until his last twenty pounds was presented to him by his treasurer, Maude, who soon persuaded her father to alter the aspect of their affairs by seeking employment in London. Annoyed at the folly, the fatuity, which had led him to overlook the certain approaches of absolute poverty, he accepted his daughter’s proposition, and removed to London.

Only a few weeks elapsed before Lisborne obtained employment, and Maude, who wished to live by independent exertion, began to look around for the means of existence. What could she do?—*could*, why, many things that man could; but the question was, what *might* she do?—what might a woman be permitted to do? But few things, indeed, in the social catalogue, and the two chief of these, the highest and the lowest—teaching and drudging—a servant or a governess—a strange contrasting choice. Having matured, by persevering study, the germs of a sound education, she imagined herself competent for the situation of a governess. No sooner had the idea entered her head than she put it into practice; she applied to an agent, and then, perhaps, her heart might have faltered for a moment, when she found herself among such a number of ladylike young women, so extravagantly dressed, that one might have easily fancied the rewards of their labour to be spent in dress alone. After a few calls, Maude obtained the address of a lady in search of a daily governess. Her heart was elated at her approaching success. The situation—the hours from nine in the morning till four in the afternoon, and the salary twenty pounds a year: this information the agent had supplied to Maude previous to her call upon the lady herself.

The lady, the wife of a professional man, residing near the Palace, was pleased with her appearance—so far so good.

“I have four children, dear girls all of them, Miss Lisborne; of course, in addition to the English routine, you teach French and music?”

Maude replied in the affirmative.

“Drawing and painting?” added the lady.

Maude again assented.

“And German and Italian, I presume, with the rudiments of Latin; and though last, not least, I suppose you can well ground your pupils in the harp and sing-

ing—the two latter I consider indispensable in the education of a young lady of the present age.”

Maude stood aghast; but “never despair” floated through her mind, and she said—

“Look at me, madam, do I not look as if I could teach all you require now, or may require for the future? And, in addition, allow me to add to the trifling number of studies mentioned by yourself, Hebrew, Sanscrit, and the mathematics, with plain and ornamental needlework.”

“Really, now,” said the lady, not quite comprehending the bantering tone in which Maude had spoken, but unwilling to think it otherwise than a polite method upon the part of Maude of acquiescing in all her wishes, and dropping a little of her haughty air, she answered, simperingly, “Now, really, Miss Lisborne, I scarcely expect so much; indeed, I think it would be too much for the poor children’s constitutions; but one thing I may as well mention; that I expect my governesses to be rather before than after their time, that they may take the young ladies out for a walk, and also, in intervals between lessons, to help the nurse to finish any little plain work belonging to the young ladies’ wardrobe.”

Maude, who soon left the house, secretly resolved upon tasting some other occupation—what, she knew not, as yet. Although the old maxim of “Where there’s a will there’s a way” may not be always true—the maxim once fully taken possession of, forms a very promising instalment of success, and so Maude found it—for, relating this, upon her return home, to a fellow-lodger in the house, an old lady who occupied the second floor, the latter made her an offer, upon certain trifling considerations, to teach her her own business—that of military embroidery, which was then, as now, a lucrative employment, at least by comparison with any other a woman could follow. Once enlisted in her new business, Maude pursued it with a good heart, and her artistic talents soon produced a little revolution in her patroness’s business, so much so, that the old lady, before two years had passed, found it to her own interest to give her pupil an equal share in the business and its profits. Another two years, and Maude had become sole mistress of the business. It was at this precise period, surrounded by her workwomen at the close of their day’s labour, we introduced Maude at the commencement of this chapter.

Many a happy moment did Maude spend while presiding over these her workwomen, when she contrasted the might-have-been semi-genteel slavery of governessing with the practical uses to which she had applied her native powers. Nor, indeed, did she think of the wretched little expletive of our language, gentility, at all. It oozed out between facts; in truth, her well-stored mind had not room for it; but she did think, as she sat overlooking and working with her girls, of her power of doing good, and practised it too, by imparting scraps of knowledge from her richly-stored mind to her girls, even during their working hours. If an ignorant, giddy girl joined her party, and felt it a moping life to be denied the indulgence of incessant giggling, or in the worse than foolish chit-chat about young men and dress, and regarded her new companions as supremely stupid, nay, worse, hypocritical, for pretending to be sensible, it was seldom long before the current of her thoughts became turned in a contrary direction by the influence of Maude, who would mould out of such a one a good promising womanhood. In matters of business, Maude was a horrid disciplinarian, and yet she seemed to possess a kind of alchemical power of transmuting, by a touch, every duty into a pleasure; and how nicely she cheered the duties of these girls, by giving a little per-centage upon the quantity of work done. Oh, Maude! either thy spirit and tact were wrongly given thee, and in mistake—being a woman—or the race of man has been acting and reasoning for centuries most unjustifiably and tyrannically, in drawing the circle of feminine duties so closely around the sex, that has well-nigh produced a social collapse; and yet Maude was no mere matter-of-fact woman of business (dreadful name!), with a soul tainted by the reflection of glittering coin, as it passed through her hands. No; for, with man, she believed woman to be the humanizer, the helpmeet to man; but she went a little further, and believed also that woman might be of no less service to him if she taught herself to be of service to herself at first, so that, in an independent position, she might fairly obtain, what all women claim, a fair share in the profits of life.

It was pay-night, and the workroom being cleaned in due obedience to the little card over the mantelpiece, which informs the workwomen that there is “a place for everything, and requests, there-

fore, everything to be put in its place," they take their stand by Maude, who, after paying them, calculates the amount of the week's work, duly apports to each her per-centage, and then the business of the week is over; but, being pay-night, two hours earlier than usual, these two hours being devoted to a lecture upon drawing and design by Maude, who perhaps fancied that the work would not be commenced the next week with the less pleasure from each having left it with pleasurable emotions, and somewhat the richer in information the week preceding it. The lec-

ture over, Maude leaves the workroom with a merry step and light heart, followed by expressions more from the heart and through the eyes, than from the tongue and through the mouths, of her girls, significant of no little love and admiration upon their parts; the girls wonder if there is another like her, and if she ever will remain so. Maude's step grows lighter, while her brow grows heavier, as she thinks that even the masters of great factories might take a lesson, and without losing any dignity, by gaining love and good will.

(To be concluded.)

SELF-MADE MEN.

NO. 3.—JAMES FERGUSON, THE SCOTTISH PHILOSOPHER, ASTRONOMER, AND MECHANIST.

THE celebrated James Ferguson—a striking example of self-taught genius—encountered immense obstacles early in life on the *common* road to knowledge, and nobly overcame them all. A more remarkable instance of steady perseverance could not be cited for the emulation of youth. The history of his life will be best told from his *Autobiography*:—

"I was born in the year 1710," says James Ferguson, "a few miles from Keith, a little village in the north of Scotland; and can with pleasure say that my parents, though poor, were religious and honest.

"As my father had nothing to support a large family but his daily labour, and the profits arising from a few acres of land which he rented, it was not to be expected that he could bestow much on the education of his children; yet this was not wholly neglected, for at his leisure hours he taught them to read and write. It was while he was teaching my elder brother to read the Scotch Catechism that I acquired my reading. Ashamed to ask my father to instruct me, I used, when he and my brother were abroad, to take the Catechism, and study the lesson which he had been teaching my brother; and when any difficulty occurred, I went to a neighbouring old woman, who gave me such help as enabled me to read tolerably well before my father had thought of teaching me.

"Some time after he was agreeably surprised to find me reading by myself. He thereupon gave me further instruction, and

also taught me to write, which, with *about three months' teaching I afterwards had at the grammar school at Keith, was all the education I ever received.*

"My taste for mechanics arose from an odd accident [he might rather have said that this taste was oddly developed]. When about seven or eight years of age, a part of the roof of the house being decayed, my father, desirous of mending it, applied a prop and lever to an upright spar, to raise it to its former situation; and to my great astonishment I saw him, without considering the reason, lift up the ponderous roof as if it had been a small weight. I attributed this at first to a degree of strength that excited my terror as well as wonder; but, thinking further of the matter, I recollected that he had applied his strength to the end of the lever which was farthest from the prop; and finding, on inquiry, that this was the means whereby the seeming wonder was effected, I began making levers, which I then called bars, and by applying weights to them in different ways, I found the power gained by my bar was just in proportion to that of the lengths of the different parts of the bar on each side of the prop. I then thought it was a great pity that by means of this bar a weight could be raised but a very little way. I soon imagined that by pulling round a wheel, the weight might be raised to any height by tying a rope to the weight, and winding the rope round the axle of the wheel,

and another to the rope that coiled around the axle. By means of a turning lathe which my father had, and a little knife, I was enabled to make wheels and other things necessary for my purpose.

"I then wrote a short account of these machines, and sketched out figures of them with a pen, *imagining it to be the first treatise of the kind that had ever been written*; but found my mistake when I afterwards showed it to a gentleman, who told me that these things were known long before, and showed me a printed book in which they were treated of. I was, however, much pleased when I found that my account, so far as I had carried it, agreed with the principles of mechanics in the book he showed me; and from that time my mind preserved a constant tendency to improve in the science of mechanics.

"But as my father could not afford to maintain me while I was in pursuit only of these matters, and I was rather too young and weak for hard labour, he put me out to a neighbour to keep sheep, which I continued to do for some years, and in that time I began to study the stars in the night. In the daytime I amused myself by making models of mills, spinning-wheels, and such other things as I happened to see.

"I then went to serve a considerable farmer in the neighbourhood. He soon observed that when my work was over I went into a field with a blanket about me, lay down on my back, and stretched a thread with small beads upon it at arms' length, between my eye and the stars, sliding the beads upon it till they hid such and such stars from my eye, in order to take their apparent distances from one another; and then, having a candle by me, and laying the thread down on a paper, I marked the stars thereon by the beads, according to their respective positions. My master at first laughed at me, but when I explained my meaning to him he encouraged me to go on; and that I might make fair copies in the daytime of what I had done in the night, he often worked for me himself. I shall always have a respect for the memory of that man.

"One day he happened to send me with a message to the minister at Keith, to whom I had been known from my childhood. I carried my star-papers to show them to him, and found him looking over a large parcel of maps, which I surveyed with great pleasure, as they were the first I had ever seen. He then told me that the earth is round like a ball, and ex-

plained the map of it to me. *I requested him to lend me that map, to take a copy of it in the evenings.* He cheerfully consented to this, giving me at the same time a pair of compasses, a rule, pens, ink, and paper, and dismissed me with an injunction not to neglect my master's business by copying the map, which I might keep as long as I pleased. My master often took the thrashing-flail out of my hands and worked himself, while I sat by him in the barn, busy with my compasses, rule, and pen. When I had finished the copy, I proceeded with it to the minister, and showed it to him. While we were conversing together, a neighbouring gentleman happened to come in, and the minister immediately introduced me to him, showing him what I had done. He expressed great satisfaction, asked me some questions about the construction of maps, and told me that if I would go and live at his house he would order his butler, Alexander Cantley, to give me a great deal of instruction. This Cantley was a man whom I had seen making sun-dials, and of whom I had already conceived a high opinion. I told the gentleman, Squire Grant, that I should rejoice to be at his house as soon as the time was expired for which I was engaged with my present master.

"When my time of servitude was out, I left my good master, and went to the gentleman's house. Mr. Cantley, the butler, soon became my friend, and continued so till his death. He was the most extraordinary man that I ever was acquainted with, or perhaps ever shall see, for he was a complete master of arithmetic, a good mathematician, a master of music, understood Latin, French, and Greek, let blood extremely well, and could even prescribe as a physician on any urgent occasion. He was what is generally called self-taught; but I think he might, with much propriety, have been termed God Almighty's scholar.

"He immediately began to teach me decimal arithmetic and algebra, for I had already learned vulgar arithmetic from books in my leisure hours. He then proceeded to teach me the elements of geometry; but, to my inexpressible grief, just as I was beginning that branch, he left Mr. Grant, and went to the late Earl of Fife's. The good family I was then with could not prevail with me to stay after he was gone, so I left them, and went to my father's.

"Mr. Cantley made me a present of Gordon's *Geographical Grammar*, which

at that time was to me a great treasure. There is no figure of a globe in it, although it contains a tolerable description of the globes, and their use. From this description I *made a globe* in three weeks, having turned the ball thereof out of a piece of wood; which ball I covered with paper, and delineated a map of the world upon it, made the meridian ring and horizon of wood, and covered them with paper, and graduated them; and was happy to find that by my globe, which was the first that I ever saw, I could solve the problems."

James Ferguson was, it may be believed, the only boy who drew his own maps and made his own globe, without having models to guide him. It is more than most boys are willing to do, faithfully to use them when they are placed within their reach.

"I could not think of staying with my father, as he had, without my assistance, hands sufficient for all his work. I then went to a miller, thinking it would be a very easy business to attend to the mill, and that I should have a great deal of leisure time to study decimal arithmetic and geometry. But my master, being too fond of tippling at an ale-house, left the whole care of the mill to me, and almost starved me, so that I was glad when I could have a little oatmeal mixed with cold water to eat. I was engaged for a year in this man's service, at the end of which I left him, and returned in a very weak state to my father's.

"Soon after I had recovered my former strength, a neighbouring farmer, who had practised as a physician, wanted to have me as a labouring servant. My father advised me to go, telling me that the doctor would instruct me in that part of his business, as he promised to do; but instead of performing his promise, he kept me constantly at very hard labour, and never once showed me one of his books. At the end of three months I was almost disabled, and he was so unjust as to give me nothing at all for the time I had been with him, though he had seen me working for the last fortnight with one hand and arm when I could not lift the other from my side. I then went to my father's, where I was confined for two months on account of my hurt, and despaired of ever recovering the use of my left arm.

"In order to amuse myself in this low state, I made a wooden clock, the frame of which was also of wood, and it kept time pretty well; the bell on which the

hammer struck the hours was the neck of a broken bottle. Having no idea how any time-keeper could go but by a weight and a line, I wondered how a watch could go in all positions. Happening one day to see a gentleman ride by my father's house, I asked him what o'clock it was; he looked at his watch and told me. As he did that with so much kindness and good-nature, I begged him to show me the inside of his watch; and though he was an entire stranger, he immediately opened the watch, and put it into my hand. I saw the spring-box, and part of the chain around it, and asked him what it was that made the box turn round. He told me that it turned round with a steel spring within it. I asked how a spring within a box could turn the box so as to wind all the chain about it; this he fully explained. I thanked the gentleman, and told him I understood the thing very well. I then tried to make a watch with wooden wheels, and made the spring of whalebone. I enclosed the whole in a wooden case, very little bigger than a tea-cup. But a clumsy neighbour one day happened to let it fall, and turning to pick it up, set his foot upon it and crushed it all to pieces, which so provoked my father, that he was almost ready to beat the man, and discouraged me so much that I never attempted to make such another machine again.

"As soon as I was able to go abroad, I carried my clock and copies of some maps to the late Sir James Dunbar, of Durn. He received me in a very kind manner; was pleased with what I showed him, and desired I would clean his clocks. This, for the first time, I attempted, and then began to pick up some money in that way about the country, making Sir James's house my home at his desire. During the time I was at Sir James's hospitable house, he introduced me to his sister, the Lady Dipple. She asked me if I could draw patterns for needlework for aprons and gowns; I undertook the work, and drew several for her. I was sent for by other ladies in the country, and began to think myself growing very rich by the money I got for such drawings, out of which I had the pleasure of occasionally supplying the wants of my poor father.

"Sir James's house was full of pictures and prints, several of which I copied with pen and ink. This made him think I might become a painter. A gentleman soon after invited me to his house to stay some time with him, telling me that I

should have free access to his library, and that he would furnish me with all sorts of implements for drawing. I went thither and stayed about eight months. Lady Dipple came to the house about half a year afterwards, told me that she was to go to Edinburgh next spring, and invited me to her house, and said she would make all the interest she could for me among her acquaintance. I thankfully accepted her kind offer.

"In Edinburgh I soon had as much business as a portrait-painter as I could possibly manage, so as not only to put a good deal of money into my own pocket, *but also to spare what was sufficient to help to supply my father and mother in their old age.* Thus a business was providentially put into my hands, which I followed six-and-twenty years.

"During my two years' stay at Edinburgh, I somehow took a violent inclination to study anatomy, surgery, and physic, which put all thoughts of astronomy out of my mind, for nothing would serve me but to be a doctor. At the end of the second year I left Edinburgh, and went to see my father, thinking myself tolerably well qualified to be a physician; but to my mortification I soon found that all my medical theories and studies were of little use in practice. I quite left off that business, and began to think of taking to the more sure one of drawing pictures again. For this purpose I went to Inverness: when I was there I began to think of astronomy again. I contrived and finished a scheme on paper for showing the places and motions of the sun and moon in the ecliptic, in each day of the year, perpetually; and consequently all the days of the full moon. I then made a small and neat orrery, of which all the wheels were of ivory. I have made six orreries since that time, and there are not any two of them in which the wheel-work is alike; for I could never bear to copy one thing of that kind from another, be-

cause I still saw there was great room for improvement.

"In the year 1747 I published a dissertation upon the harvest moon, with a description of a new orrery, in which there are only four wheels; but having never had a grammatical education, nor time to study the rules of just composition, I acknowledge I was afraid—I was ashamed to put it to the press; and for the same cause I ought to have the same fears still; but having the pleasure to find that this, my first work, was not ill received, I was emboldened to go on in publishing my *Astronomy, Mechanical Lectures, Tables and Tracts* relative to several arts and sciences, *Young Gentlemen's and Ladies' Astronomy*, a small *Treatise on Electricity*, and my *Select Mechanical Exercises*.

"In the year 1748, I ventured to read lectures on the eclipse of the sun that fell on the 14th of July; afterwards I began to read astronomical lectures on an orrery which I made. I next began to make an apparatus for lectures on mechanics, and gradually increased the apparatus for other parts of philosophy. I then entirely left off drawing pictures, and employed myself in the much pleasanter business of reading lectures on mechanics, hydrostatics, hydraulics, pneumatics, electricity, and astronomy, in all which my encouragement was greater than I expected."

Ferguson's moral character was unexceptionable. He was characterized by none of those peculiarities of temper, or eccentricities of conduct, which we too frequently have occasion to lament in men of genius.

Throughout his eventful life, the religious principles which had been firmly fixed in youth, continued the basis of his morality, and cheered him with bright hopes of happiness beyond the grave.

His useful and honourable career was closed by death in 1776, when he was in the sixty-sixth year of his age.

A CURATE'S STORY.

CHAPTER I.

THE EVENTS OF A DAY.

THE pastor of a country village occupies a position very different to the clergyman of a populous town, or district of a city. At the former place he is regarded as the common father and friend of all, and his advice is sought on matters of the most incongruous description. In the discharge of his religious duties he is nearer to the hearts of those whom he has to teach, and his words are treasured by them as household memories. His opinion on any matter is considered decisive, and is frequently sought in regard to domestic affairs of his flock. In a large town or city, however, the minister is neither seen nor thought of, except when officiating within the temple of worship; and, for all his congregation know, he has no existence but in the pulpit of the church. This prefatory remark is necessary, in order that the reader may not attribute to me any motive of unjust curiosity, in becoming familiar with the details I am about to relate.

Our village lies in the northern part of the county of Berkshire, on the southern side of the little river Ork. It is in a flat meadow district, and only a few miles from the town of Layford. The river creeps along through coppice and corn-field, common and pasture land, sometimes threading its way through shelving banks of fern, and tall sedges, and bulrushes, and at other times gleaming in the sunshine like a winding silver line, until lost in the brown ridge where the sky and earth meet. The place wears a primitive aspect, and has an especial charm for the lover of the picturesque. It is altogether an antique cluster of houses and trees, and the neatly-painted garden railings, and closely-clipped hedges contrast strangely with the old tumble-down-looking houses, which sometimes come jutting out into the road, with a sort of self-conceit to show themselves, and at other times go sneaking back, and do the best they can to hide their grim visages and creaking timbers behind clumps of elm or lime trees. It is one of the few hamlets which have escaped the innovating influence of recent times, and has undergone so few changes since I have known it—now a period of forty-eight years—that one could almost believe

that Time himself had forgotten it. I forbear to say anything more of the temple wherein my avocations were weekly performed, than that it was a rich old Norman pile, with a crumbling tower and huge vane, and embowered in massive sheets of ivy and clumps of ancient trees. My love for the picturesque beauty of the church, and the ancient relics of gone time which it enshrines, would lead me too far from my narrative if I were not thus abrupt. My story is of rich and poor, and as the circumstances crowd now upon my memory, I shall set them down in their relative order, in as few and simple words as will suffice; conscious that truth needs no embellishment, and that whatever lesson is to be drawn from it will sufficiently suggest itself.

At the lower part of the hamlet, by the corner of an old coppice of larch and fir trees, stood a blacksmith's shop. When I first came to the village, it was the daily scene of merriment and industry. It had a huge chimney, built of stone, above the forge, and at daybreak a blue column of smoke began to issue from its mouth, and the sounds of laughter and of striking hammers rang from the shedding. Delicacy will not permit me to mention the blacksmith's name, and the reader will excuse me if I only use his Christian name of John. This John was a sturdy, industrious fellow, with giant arm, and broad, brown, laughing face; and he and his two apprentices were always to be heard hammering and laughing from daybreak till sunset.

I was a beardless boy when I received my appointment as curate of this parish; and being still fresh from college life, and with generous blood in my veins, took great pleasure in making acquaintance with the most respectable folks in the place, and particularly with those who had daughters. Let not the reader imagine that I was less clerical than I should have been, for the truth is that my natural habit was unreserved and free; I had no bugbear of family pride clinging to me, and was in the habit of walking early in the morning to read and gossip, and observe the beauties of nature. It was in one of these early walks that I became acquainted with good John—the blacksmith. I was walking upon the grassy ridge which edged the side of the road, with a book in my hand, when a

quick, heavy step caused me to turn my head, and I encountered the picturesque form of the blacksmith, with his broad, English face, and a Sunday sort of smile, and huge drab coat and gaiters. He trudged on, and as he passed me touched his hat, according to old established village custom.

"Good morning, friend," said I.

"Bright morning, sir; the road wants rain," he replied.

Not choosing to lose an opportunity to make an acquaintance, I offered him my arm, but my extreme freedom seemed to perplex him. He hadn't been accustomed to walk arm-in-arm with trim, neatly dressed, and polished young clergymen; and I, somewhat tickled with the idea of confusing him, only pressed my friendship more warmly still, and overwhelmed him with expressions of politeness and affability. I believe it was owing to this natural tendency of my character, and unassuming freedom of speech, which made me so respected in the village; for I was ever ready to render a service where I felt it was needed, and sought out the homes of trouble and affliction, to give the best advice I could offer, and to supplicate, for those in sorrow, the mercy of Him who is the Father of us all.

It required some little skill on my part to induce the blacksmith to shake off his restraint, and to speak without fear that his rough words would be unpleasant to me. By degrees, however, we got well engaged in conversation, and I felt a keen relish for his large rustic style, and unvarnished honesty of expression. I learnt that he had been to the market, at one of the neighbouring towns, and was now trudging home to breakfast.

As soon as we reached the blacksmith's shed, I observed the curling wreath of smoke jumping in volumes from the great ugly chimney, and the clanking sounds of the hammers greeted us, as John entered his shop, and shouted to his lads—

"Now, boys, stop the forge, and let's see if wife's got breakfast ready."

The two apprentices left their hammers, and went to the farther end of the shed to wash their hands, smirking at me, and evidently wondered why their master had brought home the parson with him. John asked me in a blunt manner to sit to breakfast with them, and I assented immediately.

I was introduced into the best parlour, which was decorated with freshly-gathered flowers, and polished throughout, and evi-

dently intended only to be used on state occasions. John's buxom wife came bustling and curtsying in, and putting on all the youthful grace and gentility she could muster, greeted me with a "good morning." I was determined, however, not to be used as a state visitor, and entreated her to let me breakfast with them in the ordinary room, and to make no exception whatever on my account. After numerous apologies for asking a gentleman to sit in the kitchen, and two or three plain jokes on my part, and the assurance that I was a farmer's son, and loved an English fireside better than all the refinements and gentilities of the world, I was shown into the kitchen, and took my seat at the breakfast board.

I had the appetite of a genuine forester, and the fragrant steam which ascended from the board was particularly grateful to me. While the wife was busy in the arrangements of the breakfast, I sought to converse with the blacksmith, but was soon interrupted by the sound of light tripping feet, and the entrance of a gentle, rosy, laughing girl, of about sixteen years of age. On receiving my bow of greeting, and returning it with a grace as beautiful and artless as a fairy or a wood-nymph, she blushed deeply, and seemed somewhat confused; for she had bounded into the room like a playful fawn, not suspecting the presence of a visitor. I drew a chair for her, and she laid down the bunch of wild flowers which she had brought in from the fields, and complying, in a fluttering and bashful manner, with her father's request to give him his usual morning kiss, seated herself at the table.

The wife left the room to take the breakfast to the two apprentices, and when she returned, I rose, asked a blessing on the meal, and we commenced in good earnest to partake of it.

"Ellen, my child," said the blacksmith, "you look pale to-day; what's the matter with ye, eh, girl?"

"Oh, dear father," she replied, "I'm sure you're only jesting."

"No, lass, I be not jesting; ye've been paler ever since Monday last."

Ellen looked at her father and laughed, and as she did so, she caught my eye resting on her, and I observed that something was beneath her countenance, which none in the household knew but herself. We were silent for some minutes, and it seemed as though a cloud of mystery was hanging above our heads. The simple

beauty of the girl and her unaffected modesty of manner touched my heart most deeply, and I felt that silence to be sacred to feelings better expressed in looks than words.

The reader will not be harsh with me, if I tell him that at this time my appearance was unusually prepossessing, and especially so to the gentler sex. Age now sits like winter snow upon a brow wrinkled and furrowed with the cares of many years, but which was once full and expansive, and framed round with wild locks of jet-black hair, and lighted up with large poetic eyes; and at that rustic breakfast board, I flattered my youthful fancy with the idea that the lovely girl beside me had found a place for me in her heart.

It was not so, but that I had to wait to learn; but I might well believe it, for she seemed overwhelmed with hidden feeling, and struggling to conceal emotions which made every movement one of greater embarrassment.

"Our rich neighbours are not all like you, sir," remarked the blacksmith, as we continued a desultory conversation; "they don't like to talk to poorish folks, who have to work hard, except to order what they want, and grumble if it doesn't please their whim when it's sent home; and I think if they was to be a little considerate, and not look down with scorn upon the poor, that the poor wouldn't be always grumbling with discontent about their lot, and getting their hearts cankered with hatred, because them as does no labour at all can have such splendid parks and mansions, and seem——; why, Betsy, my dear, look! the girl's a crying; God bless the child, what's coming to her now?"

As he concluded thus hastily, I saw the tears start from Ellen's eyes, and scarcely had her mother risen to caress her, than the daughter fainted into her arms. I immediately took her from her mother's hands, and laid her flat upon the floor, as my scanty knowledge of surgery dictated, and went to open the window for the admission of air; and as I did so, I caught sight of a small note in an elegantly embroidered envelope, peeping from the lid of the basket which Ellen had laid beside the flowers in the window-sill. The blood rushed like a boiling flood to my heart, and I heaved a deep sigh almost unconsciously. As I turned round I saw the girl's eyes opening, and as her mother stooped to kiss her, the tears of both were

mingled. Feeling a degree of embarrassment at what had occurred, I hastily gave John a few advices to watch his daughter, and guard her from excitement, and a word of consolation to her mother, and an assurance that the girl's illness was merely the effect of a constitutional peculiarity, I took my book, wished them a good morning, and departed.

I had returned home to the parsonage, and was seated in my study pondering on the incidents of the breakfast at the blacksmith's, when I was called away to minister the sacrament to a poor dying woman at the end of the village; and as I entered the wretched hovel, where I had been many times before, to relieve, as far as my very scanty salary would allow, the poverty of its inmates, I met the young Squire Burnham, who was a constant visitor to the poor on his father's estate, and a young man whose largeness of heart was matched by an unaffected sincerity and simplicity of manner. We greeted each other, and he re-entered the little cottage with me, and I saw by the expression of gratitude which beamed in the eyes of the time-worn partner of the poor creature who was now hastening to her last home, that Charles Burnham had just added another act of bounty to the many deeds of kindness and of love which had endeared him to the hearts of the poor and needy.

The poor creature was stretched upon a pallet, in the last anguish of expiring life; the skill of the parish doctor was now of no avail, and her soul was struggling with the frail and tottering temple in which it was enclosed, to wing its flight to a flowery and deathless clime, where poverty and pain and tears are seen no more. The old man, the young squire, and myself, knelt by the bedside of the dying woman; and I, with a faltering voice, and a bosom heaving with emotion, supplicated the blessing of God for the soul which he was about to free from mortal chains; and when I had concluded my brief, but earnest prayer, the aged husband sobbed "Amen," and rising, saw the pallid hue of death steal upon his partner's cheek.

My heart had been already moved, and this new scene of sorrow affected me deeply. I consoled the old man as best I could, and bid him hope for comfort in that better land where he would meet her again. My young friend assured the heart-broken patriarch that the interment of his lost wife should be performed with decency

and respect; and with sadness on our countenances, and with greater sadness in our hearts, we took our leave and walked away in silence together. We walked on without exchanging a word, till we reached the church entry, when my companion, brushing away a tear, said—

"Poor old man, he has seen a good many troubles; he won't survive this very long."

"I will visit him again to-night," I replied, "and give him what consolation my Christian advices can afford; and then I shall step down to John the blacksmith, and inquire if his daughter is better."

He turned deadly pale the moment I uttered this, and stood looking at me with such a fixed stare that I was startled.

"Who told you she was unwell?" he asked, with a trembling voice.

"I chanced to look in this morning, and learnt it then," I said, for I saw most plainly that the blacksmith's daughter had some greater hold upon his heart, and occupied a more sacred place in his affections, than the motives of either friendship or benevolence would prompt, and felt the necessity of being careful in my speech. We shook hands and parted, and I involuntarily drew the keys from my pocket and entered the old church.

The mellow twilight which fell like the sombre hue of dim old centuries upon the worn pavement and crumbling pillars of the venerable pile, assorted well with the melancholy mood of my own mind, and seemed more welcome than ever to the solitude which reigned within my heart. I paced up and down the aisle with my eyes fixed upon the ground, and as I walked and listened to the dreary echoes of my own footsteps, and the occasional whistle of a blackbird, or the "caw" of a rook or magpie, in the tall trees which waved in the sunlight outside the church, my thoughts reverted to the melancholy events of that morning; and the spirit of gloom and twilight solitude which reigned within the solemn temple seemed to take possession of my soul, and to hold me in its welcome embrace. "God has sown the sky with golden dust, and has strewed living pearls and jewels on the ground, and these smile alike in their beauty on both rich and poor, and shower on all, without distinction, their love-like benedictions, and their mute syllables of truth and joy;" and here my thoughts were interrupted by observing the name of "Sir Wallace Burnham" on a marble slab at

my feet. "But man," I thought, "petty man, forgetting the just Providence that overlooks his deeds, and weighs them all in an unerring balance, and visits each with a reward according to its weight, tramples with pride and poisonous hatred on his humbler brother, on whom God has stamped, perhaps, a better impression of himself; and meeting with scorn and contempt those sorrows which should claim his sympathy, only blots the fair page of creation with the blackness of his own corrupted heart. And here, in this old pile, consecrated to the worship of the common Father of us all, is entombed the dust of many generations of men; the acts of generosity and kindness of whose lives, all united, would be shamed into oblivion by the simple and unassuming benevolence of one who inherits their name, but whose blood flows with such warmth and fervency, as proves that some purer fountain must have given it its birth. Five generations of the wealthy family of Burnham are entombed beneath this grey old pile, and all their gilded show, and hollow pride and ostentation, fade like the melting mists of an autumn morning before the warm sunshine of that young man's heart." Such were my thoughts as I pondered on the overbearing pride and haughty spirit, which for years past had been linked with the name of Burnham, and which was so strikingly contrasted with the many acts of silent charity performed by the young squire, during the time that I had been an inhabitant of the sweet village of G—.

With my heart filled with these reflections, the thought of the mysterious illness of the blacksmith's daughter, and of the emotion of the young squire when I had accidentally referred to her, recurred to me. The two were in love; nothing could be more certain than that, thought I; and yet it seemed an inconsistent thing for a simple, and almost uneducated village-girl to engage the affections of a rich man's son; and even if that were the case, what should bring this cloud of sorrow over both their hearts? I then remembered the little neat billet I had seen peeping from the girl's basket, and felt a keen curiosity to know what it might contain. I was the more perplexed and mystified the more I pondered; and so, betaking myself to my study till the evening, I waited for the unfolding of events in the order of circumstance and time.

At sunset I visited the cottage where

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death had that day been, and then walked down to the forge, and, hesitating for a moment at the threshold, entered and found the place empty. I tapped at the door which led into the dwelling-house, and the blacksmith's wife welcomed me to enter. She had been shedding tears, I could see, by the troubled aspect of her features, and a cloud of sorrow seemed to weigh heavily upon her heart. There are feelings which none but mothers ever know, and joys and sorrows which will find a place in none but a mother's anxious breast, and upon that mother's face were now written, in characters more legible than words, the expressions of maternal anguish, and sympathy for the sorrows of a child.

CHAPTER II.

THE GATHERING OF CLOUDS.

ANXIOUS as I felt to know the state of the blacksmith's daughter, I yet forbore to visit her until I had had an interview with the young squire; for nothing could be more plain to mortal perception than that I should be much wiser on the matter after that had taken place, and justified as well as qualified to offer some practical advice to the parents. I tried to eat a breakfast, but I had no relish for it, and watched the passing of the time with nervous anxiety.

Just before ten, I arrived at Burnham Lodge, and was ushered into the library, where I found Charles seated alone. He looked sad, and had evidently passed a sleepless and troubled night. The broad, noble freshness of the English gentleman was shadowed with desponding gloom. We were seated, and I was prepared to hear what he had to communicate. He sat for a few moments looking me full in the face, and evidently considering how he could best impart to me the matters which pressed so heavily upon him. There was a tear starting in his eye, and an ineffectual effort to speak showed how much he was moved by the intensity of his feelings. Seeming to be conscious that his feelings would carry him away, he made a bold effort and subdued them, and in a calm, manly tone proceeded to unfold to me the troubles of his bosom.

The substance of his story was as follows:—

Some six weeks before he had stopped at the forge to have one of the shoes of his horse refastened, in consequence of

the animal having stumbled, and thereby loosed it. While waiting in the shed till the shoe was adjusted, he caught sight of Ellen, and her simple beauty and modest grace made a momentary impression on him. He departed, and, as he rode along the road, his thoughts reverted to the gentle girl, and in the sanguine and generous intrepidity of his character, he had determined on seeing her again. A few mornings after this, he chanced to be riding over the common, and met her gathering flowers beside the green pond. He dismounted, and fastening his horse to a stump, went towards her, and sought to engage in conversation with her. The girl, however, was diffident and shy, and it needed much skill on his part to assure her that he had no sinister motive, and to engage her simple and artless confidence.

He appointed to meet her the next morning at the same place; he did so, and thus, in the course of a week, they were deep in plighted troth. From some strange bashfulness or hidden feeling, in which both participated, although without any definite understanding, the new relation which had grown between them had been kept perfectly secret, and had continued so till within two days previously. But, by some accident, one of the domestics had become acquainted with sufficient details to represent to Charles's father the strange compact in which he was engaged, and which would explain the son's unusual punctuality in taking his morning ride. The father knew full well the intense sincerity and largeness of heart of his son, and deemed it prudent to have an interview with him on the subject. Charles attended his father, in obedience to the summons he had received, and learned, to his own disgust, and to his father's disgrace, that if his interviews with the blacksmith's daughter were merely for the purpose of leading her into vice, and of making her a victim to base designs, he might cheerfully pursue his course, and exercise his best skill to rob her of her virtue; but if he had any idea of marriage with her, he might hope for nothing but the suffering which such a vile idea merited. Charles had listened to his father, and as the old man, in cold blood, sanctioned and encouraged the practice of an act so loathsome and abhorrent to the young man's mind, he involuntarily offered a prayer that his parent might but prove to be insane, rather than that, in the light of the reason which God

had given him, he should thus sow the seeds of villany in the heart of his own child.

The new sympathy which had been awakened, like a sacred fire upon the altar of his generous heart (for this was the first kindling of passion in his bosom), made his cheek flush with shame and indignation, and he rashly upbraided his parent for the baseness of his thoughts; he called to his memory the virtuous beauty and maternal affection of the mother, whose sacred ashes were now sleeping within the walls of the old church, and who had loved her husband and her only child with that earnest devotion, which makes the name of woman an emblem of all that is gentle and benign; he called the white hairs upon his father's head into contrast with the blackness of his heart; he reminded him that where sickness, and imbecility, and years met together, that prayer and penitence were fit; and that he, whose brow was furrowed by age, and whitened with the snows of time, could better make peace with his God by words of kindness and of love, than by seeking to instil into the heart of an only son, whose hope it had ever been to comfort and console him by the good offices of filial affection, the blighting curse of base and profligate desires.

He had thus rapidly spoken under the influence of deep feeling and insulted love, and had incensed the old man to such a choking fit of passion that he seemed like to breathe his last. He foamed and cursed him. He charged him with insolence and ingratitude, and told him that he would rather see him fall dead at his feet than destroy the dignity of the family of Burnham by a marriage with a beggar. He himself had not hesitated, in his youth, to sacrifice innocence and virtue, when it came from humble stock; and if he the son could scruple to do so, if chance should throw a victim in his way, the greater idiot he, and the sooner he confessed himself a fool the better.

As the young man related these things to me, the genuine warmth and purity of his heart seemed to utter itself in every word; he had not yet been corrupted with the cold and hollow ways of the world, and his retiring and thoughtful habit had kept him a stranger to thoughts and passions by which many have embittered their days; and for which, in the solitude to which all men are constantly returning, they have suffered inexpressible pangs.

His expostulations and endeavours to conciliate his father were all in vain. Family pride was the predominant feature of the Burnham family, and the thought that the Norman purity of their blood was to be marred by a marriage with a plebeian, exasperated him to the terrible malignity of a fiend. His passion cooled, but only to be succeeded by a more deliberate and cruel determination. He coldly threatened his son that unless he at once placed his affections on the eldest daughter of Sir Walford Manning, of Challow Park, whose family and fortune were suitable to his own, that he would destroy the deeds on which rested the family title to the estate, and leave him at his death a beggar. Charles believed this to be a mere unmeaning threat, and felt assured that, hardened as his father's heart might be, he would never carry such a wild determination into effect, and even if he should, he felt that the principles of truth and justice were of far more value than parchment or estate; and while within his own breast he had the calm satisfaction of a pure love and undefiled virtue, that even that should not make him sacrifice the dearest hopes and most cherished aspirations which had ever had birth within him.

Thus the matter was left, and he deemed it prudent not to visit Ellen until he could convey to her a brighter hope than that which dawned upon them now, and had briefly communicated to her what had transpired, by the hand of a faithful domestic.

He was now extremely anxious to have my advice in regard to the communication of what had transpired to the honest blacksmith and his wife. I cheered him and consoled him, for I sympathized most deeply with the fresh and manly dignity of his love; and undertook to communicate with old John and his wife, and to become the general confidant and mediator for them all.

I left him about midday and betook myself to the blacksmith's. Things had improved since yesterday, for Ellen was up and sitting with her parents at the open window. She was pale and anxious, and seemed struggling to put on an aspect of cheerfulness, to mitigate the sorrow of her devoted parents. I seated myself beside her, and felt a strange thrill pass through me as I gazed on the pure and fragile beauty of her features. She reminded me of some of the gentle creatures of the fairy world, and a train of sad, though sweet, poetical associations passed

through my mind in the few minutes that I sat thus absorbed in contemplation. We exchanged a few words of greeting, and old John led me away quietly, and when we had entered the lower room, he expressed his gratitude for the kindness which I had shown in taking so much interest in this painful affair; and then related what had transpired since my last visit.

"It be just as I thought, sir," said the honest fellow. "Nelly's told us the plain truth, and a sorry matter it is, both for her and us, I can assure you, sir. The girl sets her heart upon the young squire, and what can be more ridiculous than that? She says he's promised to marry her, but it's a very unlikely thing for him to mean it; rich men's sons don't so readily fall in love with poor men's daughters, however pretty or virtuous they may be, 'cept to rob them of their virtue, and then leave them to neglect and forgetfulness. No, sir; besides, we all know what a proud and violent man the old squire is, and he'll never encourage a marriage which would disgrace his family name. No, sir; young Charles is a fine open-hearted fellow, but any honourable intimacy with my girl is quite out of the question."

He then placed in my hand the letter which I had seen peeping from the basket, and which it appeared had been the cause of Ellen's sudden grief at the breakfast-table; for, while sitting at the meal, her eye caught sight of it, and the painful news which it contained, and the fear that her parents would discover it, so heedlessly had she placed it in her basket, caused a flood of sorrowful emotions to overwhelm her, and for the time to deprive her of consciousness. I opened the letter, and read the following:—

"DEAREST,—It is as I expected. My father knows of my affection for you, and is determined that I shall not marry you. I love you, and will not forsake you, come what may. My heart is filled with sadness, but hope gives comfort to the fond and true.—CHARLES.

"I will send William to Willow Corner to-morrow morning with a letter for you."

I then assured old John of the honesty of Charles's motives, and related what had just transpired between myself and him at the lodge. The romantic force and truthfulness of feeling evinced by these young lovers called forth all my sympathies, and I spoke in earnest and hopeful words to the good old man, and

bid him look up for help to Him who watches over all his children, and without whose knowledge not even a sparrow falls to the ground. I then went back, and in a few quiet words conveyed to Ellen and the wife an account of my interview with Charles, and, assuring them that any service that I could render in offering advice or conveying communications would only make me feel grateful to them for their confidence, departed.

In the evening the young squire visited the blacksmith, and expressed his determination to set his father's threats at defiance, and to make the gentle girl his wife. He was cheerful, and new life seemed to live within the blacksmith's house, and noise and laughter again rung from the shedding, as it had been wont. And so some eight or ten days passed, and the lovers met, and were—as all true lovers ever are—heaven to each other. The simplicity and artless beauty of the girl, and her retiring and unobtrusive manner, so twined around his heart, that her love became the sole desire of his soul, and in the mutual exchange of their pure sentiments the two were supremely happy.

There are few summer days without a cloud, and it is the bitter experience of all, that when hope shines brightest on the passing hours, that the grim shadow of sorrow is seldom afar off; and so it was to them. The truth of fate and of events came like gall or wormwood in the midst of their rosy dreams of joy, and the piercing pang of their greatest sorrow gathered itself up into one fatal word—a word which fell upon their souls like a thunder-clap, and whose after-echoes rung a knell within the walls of their hearts—that they must part. I cannot find language to depict the cruelty of the father of that noble-hearted youth; nay, I cannot even understand the savage wickedness of his hollow soul, as evinced in the arrangements he had made, and the cruel desire by which they were prompted, in thus tearing asunder the two young hearts, so budding into warmest and ennobling love; he, firm in the upright consciousness of the sacred feelings which he cherished; she, steeped in the full current of her fond affection, her bosom swelling with ardent hopes, and filled with that tender joy, which made her more an angel than a woman, and clinging fondly to him, as the fragile ivy clings around the oak.

But it was true, and they must part. The old squire had extensive estates in

the West Indies, and, without intimating his intention to his son, had made arrangements for him to proceed thither to superintend the culture of the plantations. There were but two days, and he must then leave his native shore, and all upon it whom he loved. He struggled hard with his feelings. He felt that if, in the just course of events, it had been his lot to leave his home and all he held so dear, that he could do it cheerfully; but when he reflected that this sprung from a cruel father's turbulent and tyrannic will—that it was prompted by a cruelty so abhorrent as to make the human form his father bore a foul blot upon this lovely world—and that its sole object was to blight his dearest hopes, and to shiver his heart, like a frail wreck upon the soundless deeps of despair—his grief was more than he could bear, and, in the utterance of his woe, the man became a child.

But to disobey? No; duty and obedience to a parent had been the earnest teaching of his mother, and the sweet consciousness of her maternal care made him feel that to meet his father with a refusal of obedience would be an insult to her name and memory. He expostulated, entreated on his knees; but his parent was inexorable, and met his supplications with a withering scorn. I waited on the old man myself, but only to meet with insult. I then assembled a number of the most wealthy and influential of his neighbours, by all of whom the son was revered most deeply; but on this occasion we were denied an audience.

The lovers met for the last time in the lonely solitude of midnight, and exchanged their assurances of devotion, with the stars to witness their love, and He who made the stars to hear their parting words of anguish. She flung her arms about his neck in the wildness of expiring hope, and while she pressed his head to her throbbing bosom, the large round tears rolled down their cheeks like scalding currents from the burning fountains of their hearts, and their yearning souls mingled together in the holy communion of prayer; and in that deep silence, which is more eloquent and more sacred than words, they committed their plighted love in confidence to God!

* * * *

The ship sailed, and there were many sad hearts in the lovely village of S—, but none so sad as those beneath the blacksmith's roof. For some time afterwards Ellen's health had been in a state

of uncertainty, and the anxieties of her parents had had few intermissions. She grew better, however, and took her accustomed walks, and met, wherever she turned, with consoling words and sympathy. The whole village had been kept in a state of excitement during the occurrence of these rapid and melancholy events; and so much was the young squire beloved by the poor, that tears were shed for him elsewhere than at the smithy. Although the father's proceedings had been carried on in secret, and the communication of his brutal intention had been withheld from Charles until within a very brief time of his departure, yet, when that had arrived, the news spread rapidly through the village, and was the theme of universal regret. So hateful had the old man become to the villagers, and so deeply were they interested in the sacred compact of the two young hearts, and the broad generosity of Charles, making lowliness of birth no obstacle to the expression and growth of the noblest feeling of humanity, that no opportunity of increasing their sympathy was lost, and by all the means which they possessed, they made known to the old tyrant the disgust which his treatment of his son had elicited.

And that old man sat, in his isolated pride and loneliness, like a bald tree in a sandy desert, dreary, solitary, and alone. There were no fond hearts beating for him, there were no tears shed to water those sweet flowers of affection whose fragrance makes even the sandy desert sacred, and sheds beauty and perfume, and the sweet atmosphere of love, wherever they may grow. There were no ties of sympathy and filial duty around him; there were no hearts clinging to each other around his hearth, and none of those hallowed and poetical effusions of feeling which, wherever they come, make up that dear temple which we call a home; and whether upon the rocky mountain or the silent sea, infuse light, and life, and joy into the souls of all. No; he was like a hollow tree, rooted in a barren sand; his blossoms torn from him, his leaves perished, his branches riven and shattered, exposed shelterless to the hot simoom and to the scorching sun; and there cracking and splintering, without pity or regret, he stood in the burning desert of wasted hope which he himself had created.

The lovely girl had somewhat recovered from the shock which the late sad events had occasioned, and to those who knew

her not she appeared as cheerful as before. I was the mediator between her and her absent lover, and conveyed each arrival of intelligence and each missive which he sent her; and I knew that although she was calm and resigned, and had still the hope of again seeing and being wedded to him she loved so well, that she was yet a prey to silent grief, and the smile of tender feeling which played upon her cheek was indeed wedded to a deeper anguish of heart.

Letters, however, were hopeful; Charles had arrived safe at the port to which he was sent, and had entered on the duties entrusted to him with a firm determination to discharge them faithfully. He now looked forward to the attainment of his majority, when, without sacrificing the dictates of his conscience, he would be able to choose that course of life, and to claim that partner for his bosom, which his best feelings and sentiments suggested. And thus two years passed on; and although wide seas separated them from each other, they felt that their hearts beat in unison, and that their souls were, in the hands of God, united in the truthful pledge of fondest love; and that while their bosoms were altars of sincerity and affection, that His watchfulness would protect them, and His fatherly care ensure their happiness hereafter, if not in this world, then—in the better one above.

CHAPTER III.

AFTER CLOUDS—SUNSHINE.

It was a quiet spring morning when the season of freshness was blushing into the softened verge of summer, and the fields were lying placid in the sunshine, like unruffled seas of emerald and gold. The gardens were foaming with rich blooms, and the orchard-trees were like huge piles of snow. There was fragrance in the air, and a holier fragrance in the heart, induced by the joyous promises of a fruitful summer, as betokened in the growing beauties of the fields, which made it indeed a sacred thing to live; and a still more sacred thought to contemplate the grand workings of Nature for our common joy and sustenance, under the guiding hand of the great Father of humanity, and the ruler of the earth and sky. All things were in promise, and the very air, in its rich redolence of perfume—and the broad green earth, in its plenitude of loveliness

—seemed to pulse together in the exuberance of their beauty, and under the living garniture of buds and flowers, to draw new hopes of peace and love, and to bound with gladness in the growing lustre of their full fruition and the renewed beauty of their budding bloom.

I had been walking early, as was my wont, and stopped, as I had done many times before, to take breakfast with the blacksmith and his wife and daughter. We were sitting with the window open to enjoy the rich aroma of the fields, and the lovely prospect of the sunlighted woods and meadows. Ellen had taken her accustomed morning walk, and had brought home with her a basketful of the loveliest flowers. She always visited the green hollows on the common which had been the trysting place of her and Charles, and always culled a few flowers from the border of the pond, and kept them in a vase beside her all day long, and replenished them on the morning of each new morrow.

We had spent many merry mornings together, and the hopeful nature of each letter that had arrived from Charles inspired us all with confidence that the time was not far distant when the hands and hearts of that truthful pair would be united in a holier bond than the mutual assurances by which—although far separated—they still clung together.

"They'll make me turnspit, and wife, they'll make thee dairymaid," said old John, as he chuckled with laughter, and enjoyed a joke at his daughter's expense.

"But that's a noble thing of the boy, too, to send the money for the girl's teaching; why, Nelly, you'll shame the old maid who keeps the boardin' school, Miss Willis, over the common; they say she knows everything but how to get a husband, ha, ha!—you'll teach I how to make a horseshoe, and mother how to darn a stocking; the boy's got a big heart, and God bless him, though the old squire wouldn't like to know it."

The letter which had been received the day before contained an order upon a banker in London for a sum of money to be expended in providing Ellen with a course of instruction, to fit her for the sphere she was to occupy after their tried hearts had been united, and I was commissioned with the superintendence of her education. There was also a sum for the use of old John, accompanied with a promise that his grey hairs should not be associated with painful toil when the

resources of Charles were sufficiently enlarged to enable him to afford rest to the aged feet of the parents of his "gentle dove," as he termed her in the letter; "and although the sultry sun of a tropical clime has browned my features and somewhat changed my form, my heart is as truthful as ever, and in a few months I shall leave this island of fruitfulness and slavery to return to a shore where the sun shines less brightly, and where the fields are less luxuriant, to greet a brighter sunshine than any which is here, and a richer fruitfulness than any known in this land of natural exuberance and human tyranny—that fervid light which can make any spot a place of beauty, and which, when it sheds its hallowed ray upon the path of life, brings forth the tender flowers of affection, and make that fruitfulness of higher sympathies and feelings which cluster round the heart like gentle blossoms of love, and sanctify the spot—cloudy and cold though it be—wherever they have their birth."

The interest which had been excited for the prosperity of the youthful pair had never subsided, and in my walks through the village I was every day greeted with anxious inquiries respecting the health and good fortune of Charles; and the seat which Ellen occupied at church was considered a more sacred precinct than any beneath the ivied roof of the ancient temple where rich and poor knelt together in humiliation and prayer. My sermons were often tinged with the events which had transpired during the week, as, I believe, every earnest preacher's words must be; and I had often enlarged upon the sanctity of the higher sentiments of our nature, and the sway which they should be allowed to have over the passions and morbid pursuits which embitter the days and hours of our actual life. Some three months after the receipt of the letter containing the instructions for me to follow in regard to the education of Ellen, I had preached with unusual warmth and eloquence to my little flock, and as the golden sunlight streamed through the rich sheets of stained glass, and lighted up the ancient sanctuary with a calm and holy radiance, which stole insensibly upon the hearts of all, I hushed the souls of my hearers into a devout attention to my words. I sought to typify, by means of a contrast between the crumbling stones of the church and the fresh living beauty of the sunlight and the fields, the eternity of all

that is pure and good, and the transient vanity of sordid interests, and the petty hopes of those with whom the soul is dead; and as my little flock were absorbing word by word, and drinking into their very hearts the simple illustrations I had chosen, the devotional countenance of Ellen caught my eye, and her fate shaped itself into my discourse. "Thus," I said, "as all the earthly things to which man's energy and hopes give birth crumble and pass away, even as the moss-covered stones of this venerable pile, while all the nobler aspirations of his bosom grow onward into new strength and regenerative beauty; as the flowers of the field and the golden sunlight of God which now falls upon us with its sheen of love and benediction; so they whose brows are furrowed with the scars of evil conscience, and whose hearts are black and hollow with the canker of their own wicked deeds, have nothing but the bitterness of remorse for their doom. And when Time has heaped his snows upon their heads, they, having built only temples of wickedness and vanity, and not sanctuaries of peace and love, will see them crumble and fall asunder, as do all the things of time, and have nothing left them but the ghastly ruins of their blighted hopes, and the dread of meeting that Judge who sits beyond Death's leaden portals, and who has commanded us to choose the blessed principles of charity and love as the foundation for our temple of life, and to lay our hearts in purity as a sacrifice upon its sacred altar; while they, who in the bonds of a pure affection, and a trusting faith in one another and in God, will see their hopes living and budding around them into new joys, as the sunlight of each new dawn, and the flowers of each returning spring; and the blessed sunshine of God's love will keep a higher promise living in their hearts, and the growth of their pure affection will still continue despite worldly gloom and sorrow, and the wreck of those anticipations which they had held most dear."

I knew not then the painful intelligence which was on its way respecting Charles, for on the next morning letters arrived stating that a plague had broken out in the island, and that Charles was one of its victims. The pestilence was of a most rapid and fatal character, and strangely, though perhaps justly—for Providence watches over all events—its ravages among the white population were more terrible than among the slaves. These

sudden epidemic visitations are not at all unfrequent in the low damp soils of the tropics, as a consequence of the effluvia from wide districts of marshy land, and only upon such land can enormous profits be obtained by the system of slave tillage. The letters were official despatches from the authorities of the island to all the friends of the rich planters who were attacked, and from them we learnt that young Burnham was in so dangerous a condition of yellow fever as not to afford hopes of recovery. This melancholy intelligence was a new sorrow to the old blacksmith and his daughter. I feared that Ellen's grief would rend her heart or deprive her of reason; in truth, I felt it deeply myself, but I hid my sorrow in my bosom, and comforted those who had greater cause for tears, as well as my Christian faith suggested.

It was now high summer, and the full tide of beauty in the leafy woods, and the exuberance of fruits in the fields, contrasted strangely with the winter which had set upon our hopes, and the blight which seemed to hover over the affections of that lovely girl. I passed many anxious nights pondering on what might be the issue of all these events, and felt myself as much involved in doubt and perplexity as did old John, the blacksmith. My visits to the smithy were more regular and frequent, and day by day I saw the weak frame of the girl sinking under the weight of her emotions, until she was again laid on a bed of sickness, and her life despaired of.

On the Sunday following that in which I had almost unconsciously referred to her in my sermon, she was in a most dangerous condition, and tears were shed for her beneath every roof in the village. And how felt that old man whose wickedness of heart had brought all this about? He relented, but he felt that it was too late. Remorse filled his soul to the very brim, for the last prop of his proud family was now lopped off by himself. He felt that the death of his son was certain, for when these visitations come under burning suns, upon wet, marshy grounds, they spare none, but sweep away all who lie in their desolating march! Yes, he felt that his son would die in a foreign clime whither he had sent him to gratify a vain ambition, even at the expense of a feeling the most sacred that can animate the bosom of humanity; and he asked himself the value of all his schemes, the value of his cold cruelty; he contrasted the suffer-

ing which he had caused with the hollowness of its object, and even that was not to be realized. He thought of his son's parting words of sorrow, of his supplications on his knees, of the gentle face of his wife, which flashed upon his memory even when cursing her devoted son; and as these things rushed through his mind like a torrent of fire, searing and scorching his aged brow, he fell upon his knees, and begged for mercy from his God.

He went to rest, but there he lay like a rotten ship upon a boiling sea; his parched lips and fevered heart seemed to scorch him up like a withered reed amid the fervour of a July noon. The full tide of his own bitter scorn was now turned back upon himself, and the scorpion stings of guilt feasted on his soul. Again and again the image of the gentle girl came back upon him, and the true devotion of his boy came upon his memory too, but there was no hope within the sultry desert of his heart, and he wailed and moaned like a child. Lost were all his vanities and aims; lost were all his hollow pomp and pride; lost, shattered, were his deep-laid schemes; and the consciousness of this made his heart, shrivelled and hollow as it was, now shrink still more within him, as the knell of remorse rung within its walls. His body was as a tomb, for his soul had long gone out of it, and he knew in all its grim reality the inexpressible anguish of despair. And now a cold, spectre-like thought came upon him, like a cloud creeping out of darkness, and as it loomed upon him with its ghostly terror, he believed himself a murderer—he had murdered his own child; he had torn him from the object of his love, and in the mad infatuation of his vain ambition, had sent him to a deadly clime where every breath was poison, and there upon a shore where there were no kind voices to greet him in his last hour, his son must die. His brain reeled as the death-like picture came before his eyes, and in the depth of his despair his reason left him.

The next morning the bell tolled for Charles Burnham, Esq., of Burnham Lodge, who had died in the night, of apoplexy.

* * * *

Ellen grew better, and her elastic spirit once more conquered, and the hue of health came back upon her cheek. But she was pensive, and her young heart seemed crushed with the weight of its affliction. I would that I had power to describe the amiable beauty of her cha-

racter, and the loving gentleness with which she greeted all who met her. The elderly dames of the village were as much interested in her history as the timid girls whose affections were just budding into womanly love. I know indeed that Ellen suffered much more deeply than her looks or words betrayed, but her devotion to her parents made her struggle hard to conceal the feelings of anguish which dwelt within her bosom.

So it was; and after eight days had elapsed from the death of the elder Burnham, his body was consigned with pomp and splendour to the great vault beneath the grey old church. Such a grand spectacle as this funeral had not been seen in the village for many years, and the cavalcade of plumed horses and carriages attracted the villagers and created a great sensation. The sumptuous coffin was lowered into the vault with solemn rites, but not a sigh was heard, not a tear was shed. On the Sunday following, I preached upon the vanity of riches, and touched almost unconsciously on the splendour of the recent funeral, and sought to impress upon my hearers the importance of a life of duty and of love, and the hollowness of pride and ostentation. I told them that one deed of kindness was more acceptable in the sight of God than all the outward show and gilded vanity of wealth, and that they who went with grey hairs to the tomb must rely for mercy at the Judgment-seat; not upon the plumes and ceremonies of fashion, but upon the good offices with which they have sanctified their lives; while they whose lot might be lowly, and who were laid in humility beneath the grass and the flowers, would need no marble to endear them in the memories of those from whom they had parted here, and no costly ceremony to aid them when they went before their God, to whose bosom they would be dear, if their lives had been sweet currents of good deeds, and words of gentleness and love. I saw the eye of many a fair damsel, and here and there that of an aged man, glistening with a tear; but I cannot say that it was for him whose body had been just laid within the sacred shadow of the church—in truth, I should think not.

Time passed on, and uncertainty as to Charles's fate weighed heavily upon us. At last we were greeted with the joyful tidings that he had, although upon the very brink of death, and after his medical attendants had pronounced his case as hopeless, entirely recovered, and was on

his passage home. At last he came, and became acquainted with the news of his father's death before he reached the village. The morning which brought him was a morning which I shall never forget. We were all in a state of extreme anxiety and watchfulness. I betook myself to the blacksmith's, and sat with the little family in the best room, ready to receive him. At last the sound of rapid wheels and clattering hoofs was heard, and our hearts leaped and thumped within us. A post-carriage came wheeling round the clump of fir-trees at the further end of the village, and the inhabitants, being aware of his expected arrival, ran out in crowds to greet him. There were loud huzzas ringing in the air, and, as he sat with a heaving heart within the carriage, he was loaded with congratulations, and the poorest of the crowd lifted up their hard, labour-stained hands to implore a blessing for him.

The tears fill my eyes when I think of the greeting which he met when he came to the smithy; it would be hopeless to attempt to depict the wild passion with which the two young lovers greeted each other, how they mingled their tears upon each other's cheeks, and how old John and his faithful wife wept with them. Charles embraced me as a brother, and sobbed upon my neck like a child.

But there was an act of duty which he did not forget: his father had passed into another world, and when evening came, and the tumult of his arrival had subsided, I went with him to the church, and we stood above his father's grave in the mellow twilight, and prayed together. We then repaired to the Lodge, where the domestics welcomed him as all others had welcomed him; and he then assembled all together in the great dining-hall, and thanked them for the kind reception they had given him, made a few impressive remarks upon the melancholy event which had transpired recently within the walls of that house, which now welcomed him as a home, and with a thankful heart went to his rest.

Two months passed away, during which the villagers experienced the blessings which wealth may confer when it is united to sincerity and warmth of heart, and were taught that benevolence and love was one link whereon riches and poverty might meet each other.

It was a fair and golden morning in the sweet autumn-time, when flocks of wild birds were hovering about in the brown

corn-fields, and the elms and maples were dressed in rich liveries of russet and gold, and all the signs of plenty were to be seen around, that I was called to officiate as priest, to join in holy wedlock the noble-hearted Charles Burnham with his lovely bride, the blacksmith's daughter. There was a troop of village maidens dressed in purest white, walking in procession to the church; there were old and young, weak and strong, the rich and the poor, all thronging within the ancient walls to witness this much-looked-for event. And when the two approached the altar, he with his noble breadth of countenance, she with her gentle and fairy-like beauty, I was almost too weak to call a blessing on their heads. And the soft sunlight streamed in rich broad bands through the ancient windows; and the shrine wherein youth and beauty, and age and decrepitude were now assembled in breathless silence to witness the most sacred of ceremonies, seemed more consecrate and holy than before, and its very walls and pillars, crumbling into dust, seemed to invoke the benediction of the Most High. It was a trial for me, as it was for them, and my voice faltered many times ere I

had accomplished the reading of the service. Before it had concluded, she fainted in his arms, and the old church became a place of weeping.

I forbear to speak further in detail, for my story is at an end. I will not further allude to the acts of kindness by which the young squire endeared himself to the hearts of the poor and needy, all of whom called on God to bless and prosper him. Nor can I do more than suggest the happiness of my good old friend John, and his wife, when comfortably located in a snug cottage near Burnham Lodge, with the consoling conviction that their daughter had been united to a man who, though rich and powerful, yet possessed a heart; and whose real nobility of character taught him the immeasurable value of love and virtue, whether they took lodging in the breasts of the wealthy or the poor. Suffice it, that there was more happiness in our little village of S— for many years after the wedding than it had known for many years before; and that, although tears were shed within the time-honoured pile on that sweet autumn morning, they were tears, not of sorrow, but of gratitude and joy.—J. S. H.

WOMAN'S HEART.

SAY, what is woman's heart?—A thing
Where all the deepest feelings spring:
A harp, whose tender chords reply
Unto the touch in harmony;
A world whose fairy scenes are fraught
With all the colour'd dreams of thought;
A bark that still will blindly move
Upon the treacherous seas of love.

What is its love?—A ceaseless stream,
A changeless star, an endless dream;
A smiling flower that will not die—
A beauty and a mystery:
Its storms as light as April showers,
Its joys as bright as April flowers,
Its hopes as sweet as summer air,
And dark as winter its despair.

What are its hopes?—Rainbows that
throw

A radiant light where'er they go,
Smiling when heaven is overcast,
Yet melting into storms at last:
Bright cheats that come with syren words,
Reguiling it like summer birds,
That stay while Nature round them
blooms,
But flee away when winter comes.

What is its hate?—A passing frown,
A single weed 'mid blossoms sown,
That cannot flourish there for long;
A harsh note in an angel's song;
A summer cloud, that all the while
Is lighten'd by a sunbeam's smile;
A passion that scarce hath a part
Amidst the gems of woman's heart.

And what is its despair?—A deep
Fever, that leaves no tears to weep:
A woe that works with silent power,
As canker-worms destroy a flower;
A viper that shows not it wakes,
Until the heart it preys on breaks;
A mist that robs a star of light,
And wraps it up in darkest night.

Then what is woman's heart?—A thing
Where all the deepest feelings spring:
A harp whose tender chords reply
Unto the touch in harmony;
A world whose fairy scenes are fraught
With all the coloured dreams of thought
A bark that still will blindly move
Upon the treacherous seas of love.

ENGLISH VILLAGERS.

"My country's happy cottages abound
No longer! Where they stood and smiled,
appear
The 'Bastile' and the Gaol upon the ground.
The Peasant-Father, sprung from sires robust,
Beholds such *Homes*, and wishes he were
dust."

COOPER'S *Purgatory of Suicides*.

It is a very natural thought—and has occurred to thousands, as they have passed through some beautiful English village, and admired the thatched cottage, with its woodbine-covered porch, standing in the centre of its own little garden; or been struck with the long row of dilapidated huts, that seemed to lean upon each other for support—it is a very natural thought, to wonder how the inhabitants obtain a livelihood. You see an old man working in his bit of garden-ground; that cannot support him: you behold an old woman, seated with her spinning-wheel in the open doorway; she cannot live by that. And, to draw a true picture of village life, as it really is in the present day, cannot be done without depicting much poverty and many hardships.

Nature is ever lovely; and in no country has she been more bountiful in scattering her beauties than in our own; but the carol of the lark, the hum of the bee, and the fragrance of hawthorn hedges and flowery fields, mingled with the aroma of old woods in summer walks, along peaceful footpaths, are not found

"Within the huts where poor men lie."

The country has not the same charm for these as it has for those who with plenty come to retire there, and to the accumulated savings, gathered by years of successful commerce in the city, bring that keen appetite for change, which is pleased with everything that differs from what they have been accustomed to. To the peasant, the scene is just the same: he looks on the fields, and they recall years of ill-paid labour; he has toiled in them early and late, and is not a shilling the richer than when, twenty years ago, he first became a tiller of the soil. The woods but remind him of short days and reduced wages, when he bound faggots or made hurdles, and the cold pierced to his very bones. The retired citizen is freed from such painful associations: he has been used to streets, close air, and high brick-walls; and now he feels like a liberated prisoner: he can stay within doors

when the weather is unfavourable, and go ramble where he chooses when it is fine. If he works in his garden, it is for amusement; if he walks, it is either for pleasure or the benefit of his health; if he surveys his fields, and overlooks the poor labourers he employs, it is that he may hedge-in comfort more closely, and bring all his wants within the circumference of his newly-purchased domain. Bakers and butchers call at his door; the drayman delivers his barrels, the wine-merchant his cart-load of bottles; the cheesemonger and grocer are punctual in their calls: he has but to command, and all he requires is there. The labourer, in the opposite hut, shut out from his wealthy neighbour by the high iron palisade, and separated from him by the width of the road, finds it difficult to obtain "bread" for his family; and sometimes he wonders how it is. He has worked hard all his life; in the busy time of harvest he has laboured beyond his strength; his wife has done her utmost to assist him; and he has marvelled to find his home so clean, when she and the children have been out all day gleaning. Eight or nine shillings a-week in winter, and ten or twelve in summer, have been the very utmost of his earnings, saving in the few weeks of harvest, when he all but worked day and night; and he is one of those who has the very highest wages (as a labourer) in the village. His character is without a stain; his master would trust him with "unnamed treasure," if he had it; he never troubled the parish for a farthing; he could have credit anywhere—but he is an Englishman; he scorns to be beholden to any one, and he scorns to complain. He takes his piece of brown bread, and his bottle of milk-and-water, or small-beer, sold at fourpence the gallon, out with him in the morning in his basket; he hedges, ditches, and ploughs all day upon this, worse than felon fare; he comes home at night, and brings with him the little billet of wood, sufficient for the fire on the following day; he has his agrimony tea with his wife and children, and, if in winter, it may be the luxury of a round of toast, with dripping on it, or a basin of milk, which the farmer has given them for fetching, and this is thickened with a little flour, and perhaps followed with a dessert of boiled potatoes, of which he possesses a few bushels of

his own growing. His children lay their dear, innocent hands on the patched knees of his breeches; he closes his eyes, and hears them say their prayers, bids God bless them, kisses their innocent lips, and holds the youngest child while his good wife takes the others to bed. She returns, and they sit talking, whilst the wood fire lasts, of what they shall do. Little George wants a pinafore, and Emma a frock; Neil's feet have been on the ground for days. He does not know what they are to do; they must not touch the money laid aside for rent; they cannot live on less—agrimony-tea, milk (when his master can give it them), dripping, when they can afford it; bacon occasionally; bread they must have, and potatoes they will hardly make "last out." Can she get any weeding? no—he dare not ask, when so many are at work on the roads. She will go a bean-gleaning; though they are never ready until the frost comes, in the last bleak days of autumn. But George must have a pinafore, Emma a frock, and little Nell her old boots mended.

We pass on to another, employed by the parish to break stones on the road. He works by the piece, and in winter earns six or seven shillings a-week—in summer, eight or nine. Out of this he has to find rent, clothes, coal, candle, and soap, and support himself, a wife, and four little children. If the farmer's labourer, with constant employment, can but just make ends "meet and tie," how does he manage, whose income is so much smaller? Look at him in winter, seated by the roadside: a little cushion, stuffed with hay, placed on the stones, is his seat; numbed and cold, his legs are stretched out on the wet, snowy, or frozen ground, and remain in the same position for hours; his hands are blue, red, and purple, and covered with chilblains: still he works on; from morning to night you hear the click of his hammer; he has no time to feel ill, he must not "lay up" for a day, however severe his cold may be, until Sunday. Then he will endeavour to ease it by onion porridge and water gruel.

No wonder, poor fellow, that he is never well; that his poor, thin wife is pale as a ghost, and one or another of his children are constantly under the hands of the parish doctor, who supplies them with medicine, but nothing more. Would you feel astonished to find this man turned poacher? or to hear of his robbing

a potato field, or stealing turnips, and bringing them home to his starving family? Could you, as a man, were you on the jury, and heard how he lived, and looked over every item of his expenditure, find him guilty, with the same feeling as you would a common felon, who did these deeds to support himself in drunkenness and idleness? But what if he was tried only for poaching; for bringing home a hare or a rabbit to feed his hungry family!! But, alas! these crimes are not brought before juries; the magistrate, too often a friend of the game-preserver, is the only judge. Is it not a wonder, after looking at such facts as these, that we are not called upon to erect new jails, instead of new churches? And yet, what is this compared to Ireland and Scotland? We may alter the sentence, and say—"One half of the world do not know how the other STARVE."

That old woman who resides at the little cottage beside the pond, in winter gathers broken branches and decayed boughs, in the woods and lanes, and these she ties up in a bundle, of nearly a hundred-weight, which she carries on her head to the neighbouring market-town, a distance of nearly three miles, and sells for fourpence. Sometimes she makes two journeys a day, and gets a lift on the road in any waggon or cart that may chance to pass, for no one would refuse so small a favour to an old woman. You may meet her at the entrance of the wood on the bleakest day in winter, when the ground is ankle-deep in snow, and no footmark but her own has invaded that silent solitude: her heavy burden on the little roll which sits on the top of her close-fitting cap; her old-fashioned, faded, black, gipsy bonnet hanging by the strings from her arm; while her weather-stained red cloak adds to her picturesque appearance; and, with a heavy, broken branch for a walking-staff, she trudges along through all weathers—nor does she murmur at her hard lot. The ruddy tinge of health is on her rough, hard cheeks; and her face is marked with numbers of small wrinkles, invisible at a distance, and, when seen close, looking like the fine net-work of lace. Steadily does she bear her burden, swinging her body to and fro, to keep it in even balance; for, when once placed on the roll on her head, she has no need to hold it with her hands. Habit has given her a safe motion; and her resting-places are the tallest gate-posts, where she can place the weighty

billet, and mount it again on her head, without the pain of stooping. It would require the arms of a strong man to lift that bundle of wood from the ground, and place it on the round, stuffed roll, that, like a coronet, sits on the summit of her old mob-cap. Beautifully marked are some of the heavy branches she brings home, covered with various coloured mosses, and lichens of every hue; from the frosty-looking white to the deep orange and richly-hued red, which cling to the bark like icicles. Then the aroma she brings with her! that smell of wood and bark, the genuine old forest perfume, retained even while the faggots are burning; and throwing out that delicious fragrance which, on a cold morning, comes so refreshing from the chimneys of a clean English village: for next to a hay-field is the healthy smell of a real forest-wood fire.

And, oh! the brown bread, baked upon the hearth by the red embers of wood—sweetest and purest of all home-made things—to see the dead, white-looking ashes cleared from the round tin or earthen vessel which covers the loaf; and to behold the crisp, umbered crust; and, above all, to have a good appetite, and a basin of milk, just warm from the cow, and a “hunch” of that warm loaf, is a meal never to be forgotten. You feel as if you were devouring health at every mouthful; as if you were swallowing the substance from all sweet country smells and tastes—a mixture of dews from every sweet wild-flower—perfumes from neighbouring hay-fields—hawthorn blossoms, gathered, kneaded, and baked—honey with another flavour—cream before it had grown cold or thickened—and the smell of the cow’s breath floating over all; and, when you have breakfasted, you feel as if you should never again need a doctor, not if even you lived to reach your hundredth year.

Happy is that old woman, when, seated by her own hearth, she watches the blaze of the branches she has gathered; the red embers that fall below, the splutter and crackle of the burning boughs, as the sap comes frothing out; the fire seems to talk to her; it burns not in silence like coals; it becomes a companion; and the old woman half fancies that the faggots are glad that they have made her so warm and comfortable; they seem to expire cheerfully, as if they preferred such a glowing consumption to lying cold, and frozen, and damp, and covered with snow, and be left to rot in the cheerless wintry

woods. For years has that old woman been a “faggot gatherer.” In summer she stores up a little stack of billets, at the end of her small garden, and these are purchased by her friend the baker; and, from the produce, she is enabled to pay her rent. The parish allow her one-and-sixpence a-week; her pay was taken off for a time, but they could not force her into the hated union workhouse; her spirit was not to be broken: she told the guardians, to their faces, that she would rather live on bread and water, and have freedom, than become a prisoner within their jail-like looking walls. The storms of sixty winters have not broken her spirit; she seems, like her native oaks, to have gathered strength with age: she feels not solitude, for the quiet of the woods, and the silence of the fields, have become endeared to her; and she loves to meditate upon the many changes she has seen, since, thirty years ago, she followed the remains of her husband to the grave.

An old man, the very counterpart of the faggot-gatherer, lives at the north end of the village. He has numbered seventy years; yet never, during that long life, wandered farther than the neighbouring market-town, saving amongst the hills and woods, where he gathers herbs. For forty years, or more, out of the seventy, has he been a herb-gatherer. He is familiarly called the old herbalist; and for miles round the village wives come to purchase his decoctions. He believes that the sun never shone on a more beneficial herb than wormwood; that camomile flowers will cure the severest cold; and that agrimony-tea is far before any other. The roof of his cottage is thatched over with herbs, placed in the sun to dry; while from the ceiling of his low room hang a hundred varieties of plants, which he believes, “by the blessing of Heaven,” (a sentence he never omits,) have power to cure every disease. But half their virtues, it must be borne in mind, consist in their having been gathered at fitting seasons,—under the influence of certain favourable planets, at twilight, midnight, before the sun rose, and even in the dry, burning noon of a summer’s day. And at all such seasons is the old man out alone; for he knows their time of flowering, and is familiar with every nook in which they grow. His life has been passed in solitude, among silent moors and wild commons, steep windy hill-sides and pathless woods,

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where he but rarely sees the face of his fellow-man. On the wide heath you might sometimes see him standing motionless as a stone; or, when he stooped down to gather the plants at his feet, his old grey coat, seen from a distance, looked like some weather-beaten land-mark. Sometimes you might see him shivering in early spring helping the osier-peelers.

His whole life is one unvaried record of poverty; he was nursed in it; and, from the cradle to the grave, he will know no change; yet he beareth the badge of endurance patiently, and looks calmly forward to the end. He has never eaten the bread of idleness, though many a time the hard crust has been moistened with tears, as they fell down his cheek upon his hand. Nature has been his only comforter; the flowers of spring, the green leaves of the wood, and the sun and breeze of summer, have added more to his happiness than man. And what has man done for him during the course of that long life? When he lost his wife and child he was young, and he parted with all that was worth money to pay their funeral expenses with, rather than trouble his brother man. When he was old and ill, man offered to remove him from his ancient home to the workhouse; to sell what few articles he had still left, and bury him, if he died. But his old age required quietness; he could not have lived amid the noise and murmurings of those walls: so man left him to die, or live, as he best could; for there was a law made, that he who could not endure the complainings of the workhouse, must die, for his brother man dare not help him. So women came, old, and poor, and inoffensive as himself, and stood between him and the Law, which would have killed him in a week; they broke through the Act of Parliament, which would have carried him so quickly to the grave,—and Nature soon cured him; for, with the spring, he was out again in the fields, and on the hill-sides; and, when he was wearied of wandering in the woods, he had his home to return to, his bed, his table, and chair, which would long ago have been sold to pay for his funeral, had he been removed into the workhouse.

For what purpose was he born? what gap has he filled up in the world, during his long life? Reader, that old man is set up before us as an example of patience, endurance, and long-suffering,—one of those set up to show, that

“They also serve who wait.”

All his life long has he had to battle with poverty. What veteran ever endured such continued hardships without murmuring? His very rags are venerable medals, won in a long warfare with privation and want. They tell of the hard campaigns he has weathered, while his placid countenance bespeaks that all is calm within. Is he forgotten by the rich? No! there are moments when his silver hairs, and his calm, resigned features rise up before them, and they feel as if they ought to touch their hats, and pay respect to him, instead of receiving such an act of undeserved honour when he passes. Behold him at church! in the centre of the free sittings,—seems he not as if pointing out the path to Heaven? Moralize, and dwell upon his life, his privation, suffering, and piety, then go,—

“Dine with what appetite you may.”

Teach him that he was doomed to endure; that want has prepared him for a better world; that happiness dwells not here below; that he will take his place amid saints and angels in heaven: lend him a tract; and, if you are bold enough, carry out the solemn mockery, and bid him still to “look above for comfort,” and tell him that a few more brief years will end all his sufferings. Then walk home, ring the bell, and order dinner; and, while sipping your own choice old wine, and cutting through the well-fed capon, picture to yourself how happy that venerable man must be, enjoying his tract, brown bread, and mint-tea!—Then look into your own heart, and see if you are worthy to take a place in heaven beside him! Inquire what you have done and suffered; what real sacrifice you have ever made to add to his happiness; what animal pleasure you ever deprived yourself of for his sake: how many times you visited him when ill; how often you looked into his lonely home, to see that he lacked neither fire, food, nor covering! Alas! alas! your name was paraded in a long list; you had subscribed for the conversion of no end of “niggers;”—but the old herb-gatherer—the good old man—who stood on the very threshold of heaven—Him, oh! to think that you should have neglected—“GO TO THE LEFT AMONGST THE GOATS.”

Next comes the village postman, a character thoroughly English, and bearing no more resemblance to your London postman than the smoke-blackened tree

in Cheapside does to the moss-covered oak of Sherwood forest. A "postman's knock," that *ruse* of bailiffs and writ-deliverers, and bearers of beggars' petitions and puffing circulars, is unknown to him; for, saving at gentlemen's houses, he uplifts the "sneek," or latch, and walks in, with his civil "Good day to thee! I've brought a letter, and I hope it contains good news." Nay, so accustomed is he to the handwriting of the limited correspondence he carries, that he knows at a glance whether it is from John or Mary, or uncle William, or aunt Betsy; and feels almost as much interest in knowing how they are, as the party does to whom the letters are addressed. And what would the poor villagers do who cannot read, were it not for the postman? Oh! for the genius of Wilkie, to sketch one of those homely scenes!—to draw him seated with his spectacles on, first conning the letter to himself, whilst the cottager and his wife sit anxiously watching his countenance, as if they sought to learn the coveted tidings from the expressions it assumes. Add to the group a gossip or two in the doorway, the child snatched up from the midst of its playthings, and seated on the mother's knee, and there with difficulty kept still, and you have at once a pleasing picture of the interior of an English cottage. For thirty years has he been the bearer of sweet and sorrowful tidings; carrying to and fro records of marriage, birth, and burial, and all those changes which make up the shifting scenery of busy life. With what reluctance he delivers a letter with a black seal and mourning border. You may tell by his countenance when he has one of these in his "mail"—for so he calls his little leather letter-case. Nay, he has been known to bear such an ill-omened document to some near relation, rather than take it to the party to whom it was addressed. "They may break the tidings gently," the old man would say, "and bad news can never come too late." But let it be a love-letter to some farmer's handsome daughter, or buxom country lass, and see with what glee he carries it; inquires if the day is yet named, or the ring bought, and bids her remember the white riband he is to wear in his button-hole. Rumour does say that he has lost more than one lawyer's letter during his lifetime, and that "notices to quit," &c., have not always arrived in due time at their intended destination; but the postman contends that the "poor bodies"

have not always been at home when he has called: and somehow or another he never got into trouble through such neglect. Nor must we pass over his kindness, when, in former days, the postage of a letter, from any considerable distance, was a shilling; often has he lent the poor peasant the money to defray the postage, and sometimes taken twopence or threepence a week in repayment. "It might be of consequence, poor things," he would say; "and they have a very large family, and what is nine or ten shillings a week, when there are seven or eight mouths to fill?" Then the puzzling addresses—the number of villages named "Burton" and "Sutton," and the Smiths and Johnsons that are scattered over England! Sometimes a letter has travelled through half-a-dozen counties, because it bore not the county's name, and has, no doubt, at last been consigned to the waste-paper bags in the Dead Letter Office. Nor must we forget the old familiar country commencement, which, for a century, has been the same in thousands of letters:—"Deer John, i sitt down toe rite these few Lions, wich hop to finde yu well, ass they leeve us Hall middeling At prezent," and so on.

So the old postman has journeyed through life, traversing over twenty miles of ground every day, rain, blow, or snow; in the cold, bleak, biting, dark days of winter, and the brown, burning noons of summer. You marvel how those thin legs have ever borne him so long without once giving way; and yet he is one of the happiest of God's creatures, although his wages are very small. He knows everybody around him, and is respected alike by rich and poor; from the 'Squire at the Hall, to the poor pauper who breaks stones by the road side, does he receive a kind nod and a friendly salute.

Nor must we pass over the village scamp—the never-do-good—who seldom stayed in his situation for a month together; has no regular means of obtaining his livelihood, but lingers about the alehouse door, and the blacksmith's shop; is ready to help the ostler, or strike the big hammer, or help anybody when he is in the humour; he is everybody's man, yet owns a master in no one: he will fetch up a bullock for the butcher, or do a few hours' gardening, or lie down and sleep in the sunshine, just as the fit takes him. He sleeps in the stable—that is, when he is not prowling about the woods at midnight; and yet no gamekeeper ever caught

him poaching, nor was he ever known to steal. He has money but seldom. When he does anything, it is mostly for a pint of ale, or a piece of bacon, or a lump of bread and cheese; and yet, like a stray dog, whom no one owns, but is known to all, he manages to keep as fat and well as the heartiest cur in the village. Few sit down in the alehouse tap-room to eat or drink, without inviting him to a mouthful, and his large clasp-knife is out in a moment; and, with a "I don't mind if I do," he contrives to make himself quite at home. If the farmers roast him now and then about his idle habits, he contends that there is but sixpence a year between working and playing, and that there's a doubt in the end which gets it; yet when once enticed to it, few men can beat him at a day's work, for he has occasionally at harvest time shown what he can do. Few excel him at training a dog, or finding a hare; and when any of the gentlemen farmers go out for a day's sport, he follows as a matter of course, although rarely invited. He has generally got a young hare or a rabbit alive somewhere in the stable, a hedgehog or a weasel, and will get a nest of young birds for any urchin who asks him; for to him half the village boys apply to know where to find the most birds'-nests. In spring, he has got a dozen or two of young rooks to give to some old woman; and she, in return, finds a little dish that just makes a nice pie for himself. He wears the cast-off clothes of the ostler, and is content if he can get one boot and a shoe. Sometimes, in autumn, he will bestir himself to gather a few pecks of nuts in the woods, which he sells to the village carrier for half their value. If he meets the old faggot-gatherer, he helps her to make up her bundle, and thinks nothing about carrying it home for her, for he seems to take a pleasure in assisting any one but himself; and as for going a few miles for a doctor, he has done this often in the night, especially if the person taken ill was poor. Indeed, as many say, if he was in a regular situation, he "would be sadly missed." One man he never says "no" to, and that is the landlord of the village alehouse, and yet he never commands him: but says, "Jack, will you do so and so?" There is a quiet understanding between them, whether it regards a bone that is to be picked, a little malt to be ground, or weeding to be done in the garden; but Jack will take his own time over it, and that seems to be expected; although an

additional "as soon as you can, my good fellow," rarely fails in having the work accomplished in less time than another would do it. And what is it Jack cannot do when his will is good? He can use saw, hammer, plane, and trowel, as if he had handled nothing else. "Ah!" say the farmers sometimes, "there is a deal of good work lost in you." If a sheep is lost, or a horse or a cow has strayed, they may send men out everywhere: ten to one the lost cattle are driven home before night by Jack, although no one knew that he had set out in search of them. And there are many such good-natured ragamuffins in the world—no one's enemy but their own; who seem to have a dislike to calling any man master, but love to enjoy a quiet, idle independence, troubling nobody with their wants; who never forget those who do them a good turn; and glide through life in a kind of silent fellowship, receiving all that is given them thankfully, not once murmuring at what is withheld. Such as these are sometimes found at last dead in a hayloft. A coroner's inquest sits on them, and brings in a verdict of "natural death"—whether through cold, starvation, or otherwise, concerns them not; the parish provides a coffin—the only expense they ever put it to—and that is, alas! too often their end.

Then comes the brawny blacksmith, with his sinewy arms and forge-grimed and swarthy features. Early in the morning you hear his ringing hammer, sounding like the measured tones of a bell; and in the deepening twilight the glow of his furnace flashes crimson across the road, and lights up the opposite hedge, while all around him flies a shower of burning stars. You hear the deep breathing of his asthmatic bellows, groaning and panting as if they gave up their breath with reluctance, or were half-choked amid that fiery atmosphere. You see the light glancing on the dusky walls, on bunches of huge rusty keys and massy locks, while long rows of horseshoes are suspended from every corner. You see the mighty hammer, which only a giant arm can lift, and beneath which the stubborn iron yields like clay; while two or three huge empty ale-pots tell how much liquor it takes to allay the thirst in his hot and hissing throat. He approaches the horse, from whose kicks and plunges the timid spectators retire, uplifts his dangerous and dreaded hoof, and plants it on his leathern apron, with no more fear than if

it were the hand of a child; while his deep-throated "stand still!" to the restive steed, heaves up from his iron chest like the bass of an organ. He repairs the sword of the yeoman and the double-barrelled gun of the sportsman; does his exercise with the one, and fires off the other as if arms were to him but playthings: and he takes off and trundles before him the wheel of the heavy waggon with as much apparent ease as a boy bowls his hoop—and what wheelwright can excel him in workmanship? By nature he is a man of peace; but woe unto the oppressor and tyrant in his presence; for he whose strong arm bendeth the stubborn iron to his will, careth but little for mortal grasp in the contest; and few are the men who can stand before the stout-hearted blacksmith. Behold him at his recreation—who like him can pitch the heavy quoit? He would laugh in your face if you proposed a less distance than twenty-one yards. No mere ell-wand measure would satisfy him, for he counts by his own huge, earth-shaking strides. Wouldst thou shake hands with him, first practise in the merciless grasp of a bear; for the clutch of his horny fist is firm as a vice, and unless thy joints are set securely in the sockets, his manly grasp will shake thee like a galvanic battery. Didst ever see him help a wayfarer up with his load, a pedlar with his pack, or a butcher with his basket? At one swing of his powerful arm, there the burthen is deposited, and he walks along whistling, and marvelling why people are so weak. Nor wouldst thou wonder at his strength, hadst thou but beheld him once at dinner; an ailing man would leap with delight if he could but devour at a meal what the blacksmith swallows at a mouthful. Potatoes go down whole, and you are afraid that the next lump of beef will choke him. No marvel that he is strong. His hard hammering is scarcely louder than his voice when he sings; you can hear him half way up the village street. As for his workmanship, you behold it every way, for he is no sparer of iron; the very hinges to the gates look as if they were the handiwork of a giant! He smokes his pipe and takes his "quart" every night at the public-house; for what would a glass of ale be before a man like him? He owes no man a shilling, and would tell his best customer to take his work somewhere else, if he were not satisfied; for he is one of John Bull's true children.

We have read somewhere how an English village commences. How the church brings the parson, clerk, and sexton; too many visits to the alehouse the doctor and lawyer—until, in time, the whole rural population lack nothing. But it often happens that the doctor finds a rich farmer who has got a daughter to dispose of, and that he can live both cheaper and better in the large farm-house than he could in the little market-town; and though his patients are few, he can fill up his time by killing partridges and pheasants, and joining the hunt in winter. As for the lawyer, whenever was a lease granted that did not admit of a dispute? If their forefathers went on smoothly for years, more fools they; they must have lost hundreds through it. If they got drunk now and then, and blacked one another's eyes, and made it up again, and were all the better friends after such a break out, as water is all the sweeter after a good shaking by the wind, it was because they knew not that a good round sum might be obtained for assault and battery. And if the law will give no redress—although Farmer Jobson has for years carried his manure and brought home his harvest through Farmer Giles's fields, he had no right to such a thoroughfare; and what if his hay rots, and his corn is spoiled, whilst the case is pending, the judge will decide at last, and that is some comfort. Beside, if there is nothing else to be obtained, there is the pleasure of carrying the cause from court to court. Again, the parson has been demanding too much in tithes—for it will not do to remain idle; or he has overcharged in his fees; and what are a few pounds in law, if the shillings can be got back? The whole village is in arms; the dissenters triumph; the church is almost deserted; and all the blessings of litigation descend in showers upon the villagers. The clerk gets drunk at the wakes; the parson discharges him, but not without a trial; the clerk has friends, and they can prove that for years he has been allowed the same privilege. The parish is divided; and a few broken heads do the doctor no harm. Then come trespass—poaching—carrying a gun—keeping a dog—the rights of the common—privilege of a footpath; and out of these contentions spring the very health of our country; they are what exercise is to an over-fed man; nor would John Bull have that hale and hearty look and firm tread, which is his pride, without them. A downright Englishman cares

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not a straw for his right unless he has had to battle for it; but he loves a fair stand-up fight with his neighbour—a struggle for ascendancy without malice; and this feeling is carried into our great debating house, and, for aught we know, really is our great and glorious constitution, for our quarrels abroad are other matters.

The English peasantry are by nature a brave and happy race. Poverty, want of employment, low wages, and the high

prices of food, have rendered them miserable and discontented; nor will they alter until the system is altered which has thus changed them. Reduce your workhouse fare to a lower scale of starvation than it now is, and you will find it much dearer keeping a labourer and his family in the Union than if you found the English villager employment at fair living wages, and left him to the comforts of his little cottage.

WE SHALL SEE!

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHATEAUBRIAND.

THE Past is a blank to our eyes,
And the Present men solely employ,
To count up the bubbles that rise
O'er the Future for pleasure and joy.
Weak mortals their destinies give
To the future where all wish to be;
In fond hopes they happily live,
Crying out, "We shall see, we shall see!"

But say, when that morrow appears,
What is it, and where its delight?
'Tis but a to-day which our tears
Fall over at morning and night.
As nearer approaches the day
That we long'd for with ardour and glee,
We stare at it simply, and say,
As it passes along, "We shall see!"

The old man who bends to the ground,
His resting-place drawing so near,
Thinks not of his end, but looks round,
And hopes to live many a year.

The doctor in vain would advise,
And whispers how near Death may be;
But he heeds not the warning, and dies,
With these words on his lips, "We shall see!"

Charles went to his cousin one day,
Who had ever vowed friendship sincere,
His kindly assistance to pray,
And this was the answer of Pierre:—
"To my purse you have conquer'd a right,
You may always depend upon me,
But to-night—I can't spare it to-night,—
Come to-morrow, and then we shall see!"

"We shall see," is a magical word,
In dilemmas of every kind;
On the minister's lips it is heard,
And it helps him a moral to find.
The learned who write in Gazettes,
Politicians of every degree,
Our debtors, false friends, and coquettes,
All answer alike, "We shall see!"

THE STORY OF A REVOLUTION.

CHAPTER I.

THE COURT OF PIRMASENTZ.

IN analysing our pleasures, it is worthy of remark, that the most sought after, the most frequent, the most lively (for many among us), are those borrowed from the tomb. Let us take, for example, the two most popular sources of entertainment for persons of opposite tastes and dispositions—the drama and the novel—and we will find that these two creations of the intellect (we speak generally, without permitting ourselves to be stopped by numerous examples which might, and probably would, give the lie to our definition)—these two works of the mind are almost always formed by raising from the dead certain defunct personages, who had, when in this life, obtained names more or less illustrious in the world; by forcing them to quit their white funereal shrouds, and reclothe their decayed and mouldering forms in the habits they had worn during life, and producing them on the stage or on the page of history or romance, to strut and fret again their little hour, to jump, to sing, to recite once more before us various set speeches, and loose or bombastic verses, more or less grammatical, and more or less English. The more illustrious these people have been, or the fuller have been their lives of “moving incidents,” of glory, of success, of torments, or of crimes, the greater right one would suppose they possessed to the peace and quiet of the grave; and yet it is not so—for them there is no peace even in the tomb. For our own parts, in recalling to mind the studies which have in general most deeply interested us, we have remained convinced that the most exciting dramas are not those borrowed from great actions and great men, but rather those which pass under the eyes of all, in our own everyday life, unperceived by all, so overlaid are they with trivial and commonplace incidents. But when the observer is once enabled to seize this thread, so delicate yet of such powerful interest, and has carefully followed it through all the sinuosities of the simplest circumstances and most trivial situations, under the mazes of which it has vanished from almost every eye, like those rivers which disappear beneath the sands without losing one drop of their waters,—he is agreeably

surprised by discovering more interest in the impress of a little foot upon the green velvet of the mossy turf, than in the fabulous history of the Atrides—that family so rich in crimes and misdoings, but richer still in tragedies.

This, then, kind reader, is the preface to the narration which we are now about to inflict upon you. Perhaps you will think that, like many others, we make rules upon our works rather than work upon rules. Well, all things considered, we must admit that this is partly our own opinion also.

What we are about to relate is a true history, which began and ended in the smallest city in the world, without so much as a whisper of it even passing beyond its contracted limits.

At an epoch by no means remote from our own era of lights and civilization, Pirmasentz was the capital of a state appertaining to the house of Nassau-Usingen. We know scarce a Dogberry of the present day who would content himself with such a paltry principality; but then a prince has this in common with beggars, that he cannot be a chooser—he must take what his ancestors think fit to leave him, nor can he either give in his resignation like a simple magistrate.

To judge, however, by the appearance of the prime minister, commander of the forces, privy councillor, and minister of foreign affairs, the Baron von Rrobrecht, nothing could possibly be imagined grander or more magnificent than the court of Pirmasentz. To have seen him leaving home in the morning attired in his court costume, because the prince received upon that day in the throne-room—or in a gorgeous uniform, with a perfect rainbow of girdles, sashes, and lace girt around his person, and an entire menagerie of horrific animals reposing upon his breast, because on that morning a grand review was to take place—one would have imagined that the Baron von Rrobrecht was the very greatest personage in the very greatest and most magnificent empire in the world.

Upon the day on which we commence our true history, the Baron von Rrobrecht, on paying his matutinal visit to the palace, found Prince Richard ensconced in a large easy chair composed of faded and threadbare crimson velvet. The prince was a man apparently about two-and-

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twenty years of age, of a gentle and prepossessing appearance; a profusion of glossy black hair curled around his open and lofty brow; his blue eyes beamed forth glances of kindness and serenity; he was occasionally witty; he had shown goodness of heart under divers circumstances; but all these good qualities disappeared more frequently, or rather lay hidden, beneath an air of *nonchalance*, which was, in fact, his ruling passion—the principal and predominant trait in his character. To this *nonchalance* must be added *ennui* caused sometimes by his situation. His tastes were simple; he hunted, botanized, fished, and, like all Germans, composed music. With an income of 3000 florins a year he would have been the happiest of men; but his little revenue was absorbed, and more than absorbed, by the expenses of representation which the Baron von Rrobrecht compelled him to incur, though much against his own inclination, and by the maintenance of the most pacific standing army that ever did duty in any state in the world.

In spite of the difficulty which Prince Richard sometimes experienced in paying this army, it formed, however, one of the charges which he the least regretted. He had followed the dictates of his own musical taste in introducing into its ranks as many musicians as possible. Every soldier that quitted the service on any pretence whatever was replaced by an instrumentalist, so that Prince Richard's army of two hundred soldiers was composed of eighty musicians and one hundred and twenty fighting men. Himself a skilful musician, the prince invariably led his own band. The days accordingly on which reviews were held were invariably *fête* days for the city, and the eager populace—in number about three or four hundred souls—would on these occasions flock in crowds to the palace-gardens.

"I was expecting you, Rrobrecht," began the prince. "I have this moment received a letter from my cousin, who therein invites himself, *sans façon*, to pass a month *at my court*. We must first of all answer this letter, and afterwards consult together upon the best means of worthily receiving my cousin. What makes me uneasy, Rrobrecht, are the sad facts that our treasury must be by this time almost empty, that my farms do not pay me, and that, if I permit you to give full scope to your taste for show, you will

in a very short time complete my utter ruin. Now, do you not think we might receive my cousin just as he invites himself, *in a family way*? Our table is not bad; he will share my pursuits and amusements; there are some noble trout in the little river, quail-shooting is just commencing, my band is as good a one as there is to be found in Germany, and we will make the *mädchens waltz*."

"Your highness will permit me to observe to you," replied Rrobrecht, with an air of dignity, "that in this affair your honour and consideration in the eyes of foreign courts is concerned. I was attached to the person of the prince your father, and under similar circumstances we were accustomed to spare no expense, were we even for the remainder of the year compelled to reduce our ordinary to soup, bouilli, and a dish of potatoes. More than once we have pledged with the Jews the diamonds of the princess your mother, but then we enjoyed amongst the neighbouring principalities the reputation of being the most polished and elegant court in Europe."

"My dear Rrobrecht, my father was a prince in very easy circumstances; you forget that my mother brought him a revenue of 10,000 florins."

"And," interrupted Rrobrecht, "to what did he owe this marriage? Why, to the pleasures and enjoyments of his court, to be sure; to the brilliant reception we offered your uncle, who bestowed on us his sister in marriage. Let us act as your father did, and a brilliant alliance will soon re-establish our affairs."

At the word marriage the prince sighed, and said:—

"Well, well, Rrobrecht, have it your own way; I would always rather leave you to your own devices than argue with you on these wearisome topics. Receive my cousin as you think best."

The baron bowed; the prince took up a gazette, not in order to dissipate his *ennui*, for that was impossible, but rather to divert it into another channel. While the prince yawned over his paper the baron was engaged in making notes and memoranda of all that was to be procured for this grand reception, accompanied with running commentaries upon the various items, to which it is needless to say the prince did not listen. But when his minister had given utterance to this sentence, "And I must go to the tailor's, and order new liveries for nine of the palace servants," the prince roused him-

self all at once from his apathy, and exclaimed, "I will go myself."

"Shall I accompany your highness?"

"As you please, Rrobrecht."

In the petty German principalities popularity is an almost necessary adjunct of the throne; the prince knew by name almost every inhabitant of the capital. Hence Richard, as he walked along, had a kind word for everybody.

"Good morning, William. Are your crops looking pretty well this year?"

"Good morning, Ludwig. How is your wife to-day?"

"Ah! is that you, my pretty Martha? Not married yet? Remember, I am to dance at your wedding."

At each of these familiar interpellations the Baron von Rrobrecht, who followed his master at a respectful distance, could not repress a slight grimace of dissatisfaction; but this familiarity was a habit he had never been able to correct in the otherwise docile and easily-led Richard.

The tailor's house was, beyond contradiction, the prettiest dwelling in Pirmasentz; it was approached by a quadruple line of acacias, which were then in full bloom.

"Good morning, Master Hubert," said the prince, as he entered; "the baron will explain to you the object of our meeting; in the meantime, I will, with your permission, take a turn under the acacias, and afterwards you shall give me a glass of your beer."

"The business I have come upon is simply this," said Rrobrecht. "We require a new outfit for the domestics of the palace; we must have fifteen new liveries complete between this time and the end of the week."

"Between this time and the end of the week! My good sir, it is absolutely impossible," replied Master Hubert.

"It must be done for all that. His Royal Highness the Duke of Saxe-Nichsenstein is about to pay us a visit, and our liveries are quite shabby."

"I am also expecting a visitor, my nephew; and the two or three first days after his arrival are destined to merry-making—no work will be done."

"Come, come, Master Hubert—a very pleasant reason, truly; you can amuse yourselves later. Here are the fruits of his highness's excessive good-nature; the familiarity he permits his subjects to take with him renders them impertinent."

"Baron von Rrobrecht, you have the option of giving the prince's custom to

any other tailor you please; I do not want it; I do not even require payment of the few hundred florins you owe me on your own private account. Thank Heaven, I am not in need of them at present."

"Oh!" murmured Rrobrecht, between his teeth; "behold the insolence of the *aristocracy of wealth*! Hubert is the richest man in Pirmasentz, and consequently the old rascal arrogates to himself the right of speaking in this tone, not only to the representative of his prince, but yet to a descendant of one of the oldest families in Austria. I must lower my pedigree before the money-bags of this tailor, rich in the scraps of cloth he has cabbaged from my family."

"But," added the tailor, "why do you require fifteen suits from me, since there are only eight domestics at the palace, one of whom is to my certain knowledge bedridden?"

"Because," replied Rrobrecht, "we are going provisionally to double the number of our domestics for the purpose of reception. Come, good Master Hubert, do this for the prince, and we will not haggle about the price."

"I am, as I told you before, expecting my nephew, who has been spending some time in Paris after having completed his studies at Göttingen—a youth who, to judge by the money he has cost me, must be a rare subject. I cannot entertain for a moment the idea of your fifteen suits; all that I can do for the prince is, to lend him my people's clothes. My nephew, I dare say, will not care about being received in grand liveries."

"Come, come, Master Hubert. The prince take your livery! That is quite out of the question."

"Well," replied the tailor, "I cannot offer anything better. If that does not suit you, I have done."

"Stop a bit!" exclaimed Rrobrecht, catching at an idea; "you will at least change the cuffs and collars to our colours?"

"Willingly;" and Master Hubert extended his hand to the baron for the purpose of clinching the bargain. The latter, though deeply shocked at the familiarity, thought it better, however, under present circumstances, to swallow his resentment; and exerting a gentle violence over his pride, he shook the outstretched digits of the independent tailor.

"Do not forget, Master Hubert, that we shall require the liveries in three days' time."

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"I will endeavour to get them ready within that period."

"But we must absolutely have them."

"I have already said, baron, that I would endeavour to get them for you. An honest man promises only what he can perform."

"Ah!" thought Rrobrecht, as he proceeded to rejoin the prince, "if I could only persuade him to impose some sort of income or property-tax upon the people, we would soon pull down a little of the importance these moneyed gentlemen give themselves."

As he advanced beneath the acacias, Rrobrecht discovered that the prince was not alone; he heard the silvery accents of a female voice replying to that of his master. Like a discreet courtier, he retired without interrupting the *tête-à-tête*, and bent his steps homeward, where numerous and pressing affairs required his presence.

Meanwhile the prince, by a chance which he had anxiously hoped for and looked forward to, and which had been, after all, the real and sole object of his visit to the tailor's, had met under the acacias Master Hubert's daughter, the pretty Wilhelmina.

"I know not, dear Wilhelmina," he said, "what the Fates may ordain to spring from my love for you, but it fills all my life; it is the cause and object of all my actions, all my thoughts. If I adorn with flowers the parterres of my garden, it is because you sometimes walk there on a Sunday, and your eyes will rest on them with pleasure; I seek to divine the music that may cause you the sweetest emotions. During the moments when you are farthest from me, you are ever nearest to my heart; I live, I dream as if your gentle influence was ever exercising its control over my actions and my thoughts; you are for me the conscience whose approbation recompenses me for all. In this ridiculous position in which fortune has cast me, forced to purchase with the means which in private life would suffice me to live happy and respected, a miserable mockery of dignity and grandeur, I cannot make you my wife; but I shall never marry any other woman. A few moments passed by your side cause me to forget all my cares. Of the grotesque diadem which birth has placed upon my brow, each gem is a thorn; but, sanctified by your love, this crown of thorns becomes for me as though decked and perfumed with the rosy blossoms of the eglantine."

"And I also," replied Wilhelmina, "will make a sacrifice for you. I will for your sake remain single; all the joys of marriage and maternity which nature had promised me, shall be added to your share of happiness."

CHAPTER II.

THE ARRIVAL.

UPON the day fixed for their visitor's arrival, Rrobrecht, magnificently attired, and glittering in the effulgence of all his orders, presented for the prince's signature a closely-written parchment: it was the royal consent to the sale of a farm.

"The means are violent, I own," said Rrobrecht, "but the circumstance renders them necessary. We shall thus be enabled to receive your cousin magnificently."

Richard signed without reading.

At eleven o'clock in the forenoon, Rrobrecht came to announce that some peasants had seen a chaise changing horses at a post-house about two leagues off, and that this vehicle was preceded by a man on horseback.

The prince mounted his charger, and set off, accompanied by Rrobrecht. To tell the truth, he was enchanted at getting away from home under whatsoever pretext it might be; for, for the last few days, all had been at sixes and sevens in the palace. His own valet had been metamorphosed by the baron into a sort of grand chamberlain, and that morning even he had been compelled to dress himself. A horrible noise rendered the palace perfectly unbearable: they had been obliged, by dint of management and industry, to furnish forth all the old and long-abandoned state-rooms with the furniture which but scantily garnished the private apartments of the prince.

As they approached the frontier—that is to say, at about a quarter of a league from the palace—they beheld a dense cloud of dust rising upon the road at a short distance from them. Rrobrecht drew up his army in battle-array, and the musicians began to tune their instruments.

In a few minutes the cloud approached; Rrobrecht gave the signal, and a strain of delicious music filled the air.

Then there issued forth from the cloud a foam-covered steed, on the back of which was seated a young man, clad partly in

the costume of the German students and partly in that of the young Parisian exquisites of the day. The cavalier drew up his horse, astonished at such a reception.

Rrobrecht advanced towards him, and said, in a magnificent voice—

"Who and what are you? Do you precede by any distance your master?"

"I am Heinrich, nephew to Master Hubert, the tailor. I have no master. And if you desire to know who is following me, you had better wait and see."

So saying the youth rode on his way, without even deigning to notice the prince in any way whatever.

"Heinrich has become a very handsome fellow," said Richard, who had not been attending to the conversation between the baron and the student.

"Heinrich has become very impertinent," murmured Rrobrecht, *sotto voce*.

The cavalcade then proceeded farther along the road. In about an hour's time they met a postchaise which drew up at the roadside, and out of which stepped, not their expected and illustrious visitor, but a Frenchman, who saluted the prince and Rrobrecht with the utmost politeness.

Rrobrecht, it appears, had been so deeply occupied with the preparations for the reception that he had entirely forgotten to reply to the letter. The duke had altered his route, as they now learned from the traveller they had fallen in with.

Rrobrecht was in despair, Richard enchanted.

"Monsieur," said he to the stranger, "you must come home and dine with us. Rrobrecht, your *fête* shall take place, nevertheless—invite to it all the inhabitants of Pirmasentz."

Richard indited an autograph letter to Master Hubert, the tailor, inviting him to dinner, along with Wilhelmina and his nephew Heinrich.

Heinrich, who during his brief sojourn in Paris had become deeply imbued with the politics of the *estaminets*, fiercely exclaimed that he would never sit at the table of a tyrant.

"Nephew," said Master Hubert, quietly, "you are a blockhead."

"Uncle," retorted Heinrich, "you are a worshipper of power."

The dinner was a very good one, as indeed it ought to be, seeing that at it they devoured the farm which the prince had sold that morning. Master Hubert was of a familiarity most trying to Rrobrecht's

nerves; the Frenchman—like all Frenchmen—talked "an infinite deal of nothing," but was amusing, nevertheless; the fireworks would not go off; a violent thunderstorm put a sudden stop to the music and dancing; the entire *fête*, in short, was a complete failure; but then Wilhelmina was there, dressed in white with blue ribbons, because the prince liked blue ribbons: Richard had never been so happy before in his life.

"Rrobrecht," said he that night, after his guests had taken their departure, "your *fête* was a charming one, and amused me vastly. You may sell another farm to-morrow."

We must suppose that the Frenchman found himself very comfortably housed at the court of Prince Richard, for he evinced not the slightest intention of proceeding any farther on his journey at present. Richard found his society a wonderful resource: he was a first-rate domino-player, knew an infinity of anecdotes, and invented pleasant little historiettes of remarkable people with admirable facility. Even the Baron von Rrobrecht himself beheld without jealousy his increasing favour. M. Rhoseville—for so our Frenchman was called—knew so well how to testify his respect for the high birth and capacity of the noble baron! he ranged himself so modestly, and yet so nobly, under the banners of the magnificent Rrobrecht's opinion, even when this opinion differed from his own! and then he occupied himself so little with state affairs!

One day M. Rhoseville found the prince and his minister deep in an important discussion; he was about to retire, but Richard detained him.

"Come in, come in, Monsieur Rhoseville," he said; "for this last hour and a half I have been praying Heaven in vain to send some one to disturb us. Rrobrecht has surprised me with an audience, and he abuses my patience most horribly; for two mortal hours he has been explaining to me, in the clearest possible manner, that I am most decidedly the poorest sire in Europe."

Here Rrobrecht telegraphed a suppliant gesture to the prince, to deter him from making similar confidences to a stranger, but Richard heeded them not.

"Nay, nay, do not be alarmed, Rrobrecht," continued he. "Can you for a moment suppose that M. Rhoseville has not long ere this discovered our poverty? Just laugh with me, Monsieur Rhoseville

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at my ridiculous position. I have spent my income for two years in advance; the Jew who lends me money pretends that his coffers are exhausted; I have no other resource left but that of putting in pawn my crown, which is, after all, only a symbol, a figure, an imaginary article. Listen to me, Rrobrecht: until further orders you must exercise the strictest economy in the expenses of my establishment; you must send back to their ploughs those new domestics you have engaged; we must live for the future like students. Monsieur Rhoseville, you have hitherto been received as a stranger; if you are willing to remain our guest—and I need not say we will be enchanted by your doing so—you must pass into the condition of a friend; it is as a friend only that we can invite you to partake of our poverty."

"Your highness," replied Rrobrecht, "takes the thing like a simple burgher. Have you not a host of rich and noble cousins out of which you might choose a wife? And however embarrassed our affairs might be, would they not be perfectly re-established by a brilliant alliance?"

"It is most certainly in adverse fortune," remarked M. Rhoseville, "that great princes may be recognised, and your highness supports the annoyances of your situation with a rare degree of philosophy. But how many other resources are there not within your reach, even without naming that which the Baron von Rrobrecht has propounded with such wisdom and sagacity! Before considering yourself ruined, have you never thought of tempting the chances of industrial and commercial enterprise?"

"Hold there, Monsieur Rhoseville! Regard upon the contracted lips of the Baron von Rrobrecht the effect which the bare idea of a German prince becoming a merchant would have upon the German nobility!"

"Nay," returned Rhoseville, "I did not for a moment think of making your highness figure in a position unworthy of your rank. I alone would incur the risk of the enterprise, though I must confess I anticipate none. In France the nobility no longer consider it beneath their dignity to mingle in the affairs of commerce. Some of the oldest families in France have workshops; one of our most illustrious names sells pine-apples."

Here the Baron Von Rrobrecht was affected with a sudden paralytic move-

ment of the head and shoulders, which meant to say in German many things of an anything but complimentary character for the *noblesse of la belle France*.

"The enterprise that I have to propose to you," continued Rhoseville, after a moment's pause, "is a colossal one. The first year—for in everything the beginning is the most difficult part—we shall only be able to double our capital; I fear I cannot promise more than this; but afterwards the returns will be positively incalculable. I demand only," added he, drawing a paper from his pocket, "your highness's permission to establish myself in your States for the purpose of setting on foot a paper-mill on a gigantic scale."

"My dear Rhoseville," said the prince, "for what purpose would your paper-mill serve, unless to make bags for our pepper or flour? Pirmasentz scarcely furnishes any writers; they are besides no great readers, and there is not a printing-press within ten leagues of the frontier."

"In that case," said the undismayed Rhoseville, drawing from his pocket another paper, "we will start a magnificent enterprise for the breeding of silkworms. I require but a couple of acres of land upon which to plant mulberries, and about twenty thousand francs to set the thing properly going. It will certainly be a glorious reputation for you, prince, that of having been the first of your distinguished line who caused to flow through your States the Pactolus of industry. Industry is the queen of the world; she is a magnificent sovereign, which walks abroad scattering gold upon her footsteps."

For the space of at least a quarter of an hour M. Rhoseville held forth in eloquent language upon the pleasures, objects, and advantages of industry; which, however, we shall spare our readers the infliction of, seeing that his speech was of a very dull and prosaic description.

"There is in all this," remarked the prince, "but one little difficulty. You speak of doubling my capital, but I have no capital to double. I do not refuse to associate myself with you in your undertaking, but then I have no money. I can make you a baron, if you like; I can decorate you with the order of the Black Rhinoceros, or the White Squirrel, but these are all that I can offer you. Miserable potentate that I am, I can only confer upon you empty titles."

"It is gold alone that breeds gold—*aurum aura gignitur*. Meanwhile, how-

ever, we might commence the undertaking on a smaller scale; a few thousand francs must suffice for the present; but when you have seen the admirable results we shall, even with that small capital, obtain, you will not, I am sure, hesitate for a moment in seeking fresh resources."

"Just see, Rrobrecht, if your Jew can manage to lend us a few thousand francs: he has already got to receive our revenues for two years to come; he might as well assume the title of prince for the same period, and that would give me a little repose from the burden of State affairs."

The man who advanced money to Prince Richard, and purchased from him his land, acre by acre, was a poor Jew, a workman in the establishment of Wilhelmina's father. Master Hubert, who entertained some doubts lest his little monetary transactions with the prince might fall under the provisions of the Usury Act, was by no means anxious to appear personally in these affairs. For a few florins the Jew took upon his own shoulders the odium of the business, leaving to his patron the hard ducats. Master Hubert was already proprietor of a good third of Richard's property: he had purchased at prices villanously low, farms, woods, and lakes, and even upon the remainder he would occasionally cast a wistful and envious glance.

M. Rhoseville was not slow in making a call for funds. The first growth of mulberries produced only caterpillars; he was obliged to plant some more. It was necessary also for the success of the undertaking that our Frenchman should be in a condition to receive in a suitable manner the various commercial men with whom he found himself all at once in communication. An appearance of wealth and luxury would in all probability inspire confidence. In regular succession he demonstrated in the clearest possible manner, that it was absolutely necessary he should have a furnished house, a corps of liveried domestics, and a French cook.

The tailor's Jew representative, who had consented to lend the sum of money required, was again applied to, and this time demanded a pledge; and this pledge was nothing less than the prince's palace. If, it was stipulated, at the expiration of a given period, the sums last advanced were not repaid, he would become *proprietor of the palace*.

The prince, meanwhile, did as most people do under similar circumstances—in proportion as his affairs grew more

complicated and embarrassing, it became more disagreeable for him to occupy himself with them; accordingly, he left the care of his money matters wholly in the hands of Rrobrecht and Rhoseville.

On the other hand, the student Heinrich in some measure annoyed and discontented every one. His uncle had formerly entertained the idea of getting up a match between him and Wilhelmina; but, in addition to the young student's coarse and excessively turbulent manners, which were in the highest degree displeasing to the girl, he himself made no effort to overcome this visible antipathy. He passed his time in the public-houses, giving utterance to a shoal of common-places to a pack of youths as idle as himself. He explained to them the rights of the people; he made them comprehend that kings were necessarily tyrants; in short, he applied to politics what dramatic writers have on the stage erected into a law—viz., that

Every baron is at least a coiner.

That a count would steal a watch.

A marquis poison.

And that a duke would cut up a woman into pieces.

But kings and priests! Oh! they were incendiaries, thieves, coiners, assassins, poisoners, &c. &c. &c.

Poor nobles—poor kings—poor priests!

The nobles have been in turn protectors, oppressors, and oppressed.

At the present day who will deliver us from the tyranny of the weak and the oppression of the little?

Heinrich spoke a great deal of Brutus, and in his discourses attributed to the government, whatever it might be, every unfortunate circumstance that, in the common course of events, might occur to the governed. When a man is surrounded by an uncontradicting and admiring crowd of persons, all of the same opinion as himself, he is not slow in pushing ideas far beyond the bounds of absurdity. The club formed by Heinrich held regular and daily sittings, which absorbed the greater portion of that time which the members composing it would otherwise have bestowed on their private affairs, or on the trades and professions they had severally embraced. These affairs and these trades and professions did not go on any the better for all this; yet the clubbists felt much more inclined to attribute the *désagréments* resulting therefrom to the prince than to themselves. When they had developed sundry anar-

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chical theories upon governments in general, they applied them unhesitatingly and without examination to the particular government under which they lived. From this axiom—kings are tyrants—they arrived at this: Prince Richard is a tyrant. From the resolution which naturally follows: the people ought to overthrow tyranny; the descent was easy to this: The people of Pirmasentz ought to overthrow Prince Richard. Then, under a form of love for the people, as well as for the purpose of showing the disinterested nature of their sentiments, they attributed to the people as a body the evils of which each member of the club was an individual sufferer. For instance, this man who, through idleness or inability, could not attain the ends to which he aspired, would cry out—The people can get nothing; while that man, whose boots might possibly be worn out, would go about exclaiming—The people have no boots; and then they would end by anathematizing the tyrants.

The inhabitants of Pirmasentz, like those of most of the German principalities, formed, generally speaking, a very happy and contented little community; all of them, either proprietors or small farmers, and all working and living well; doing, in fact, just as they pleased, without Prince Richard ever dreaming of troubling himself about them. Each lived in the bosom of his family; and in the evening, under the acacias or lime-trees which overshadowed the porches of their humble dwellings, might be heard the cheerful song, accompanied by flute or harpsichord.

It happened by chance that a violent hail-storm had about this time done some damage to the crops. Heinrich and his acolytes spread themselves far and wide over the principality, bewailing the losses of the husbandmen, and giving them the example of a people who have reconquered their rights; letting it be plainly understood, without, however, daring openly to avow it, that one of the rights of the people was that of not having their fields cut up by the hail.

Decidedly, the most disagreeable of all human misfortunes are those which we are unable to lay at our neighbour's door. Hence we neglect no possible means of avoiding this embarrassment. For this reason it is that we have invented the term *fate*, a species of inimical and vexatious power ever occupied in tormenting our lives, and which we console ourselves

with overwhelming with vituperations, for want of a better object upon which to vent our spleen. We say for want of a better object, because it is only in default of any other more palpable pretext that we make up our minds to lay upon the shoulders of *fate* a grief or misfortune which we have often been at the greatest pains and difficulty to draw upon ourselves. Those misfortunes which have no cause, or at least no palpable cause, may last for ever; those whose origin we know, will exist only until that origin has been removed or destroyed.

We would, all of us, rather be stoned by a man upon whom we could be revenged, than receive a couple of *acrolites* for the fall of which no one is responsible.

Impelled by the club, the farmers profited by the hailstorm to neglect paying their rents, uttering, into the bargain, loud complaints and woful lamentations.

Monsieur Rhoseville's silk-worms were attacked with dysentery; he then demanded a further advance of money from Prince Richard, who found himself compelled to refuse his demand, simply because he had none to give him. Our speculative Frenchman then formed a joint-stock company, in shares, for the purpose of constructing a railroad, leading from a spot where no one dwelt to a spot where no one ever dreamed of going.

Prince Richard discharged three more servants, and sold two of the three horses of which he was the possessor. Under these disagreeable circumstances he consoled himself by practising new symphonies with his musicians, in angling, in going on botanizing expeditions into the woods which lay near the dwelling of Master Hubert, and where, by some extraordinary concatenation of circumstances—the reasons of which we might seek in vain to discover—he had frequently the pleasure of meeting with the pretty Wilhelmina.

CHAPTER III.

THE REVOLUTION.

ONE day the student Heinrich mounted upon a table covered with pots of beer and drinking-horns, and spoke as follows:—

"It is time, my friends, that the great should cease from fattening themselves upon the substance of the people, and of quenching their thirst with the sweat of our brows. It is the cowardice of the

people that causes the insolence of kings. Let us rend asunder the chains which have too long held captive our beloved and beautiful fatherland! Let us break the yoke of tyranny. Let us proceed forthwith to this palace, where our tyrant gives himself up to impure delights, surrounded by his ferocious satellites; let us reclaim our liberties, or perish in the attempt—*Pulchrum est pro patria mori.*"

While these affairs, big with the fate of Pirmasentz, were passing at the *bierhaus*, Prince Richard was sauntering in his garden, amusing himself with plucking off the dead leaves from his favourite carnations, and thinking the while of the fair Wilhelmina.

There are certain individuals who, in politics, entertain but one opinion, one line of action, one conviction. These individuals form a very numerous body, and would willingly perish in support of the cause they have embraced. This opinion, this line of action, this conviction, this cause, is clamour; there is no faith which numbers so many martyrs.

Accordingly, the conspirators, in number about eighty, arrived at the palace gates. The ferocious satellites were at that moment represented by one old soldier, who was then busily engaged in practising on the flute his part in a symphony of Beethoven's they were to perform on the following day, and who at once permitted them to pass, when they stated that they desired to speak to the prince, enjoining them only to keep on the gravel walks, and to refrain from plucking the flowers.

The prince, it must be said, was rather surprised at the tumultuous crew which suddenly appeared before him; his calm and indifferent countenance, however, was turned carelessly on the troop, and when he had demanded what they wanted with him, no one had sufficient nerve to speak; they replied only by confused and almost unintelligible cries, amongst which, however, might be detected the popular war-whoops of "Liberty and equality!" "Down with the tyrants!"

Prince Richard smiled, and, in a voice clear and audible above the clamours of the disaffected, said—

"Let some one among you speak for the whole; for if you all speak one after the other, it will take up too much time, and, if altogether, the noise will be deafening."

At these words all were silent, and recoiling a few paces, left by common accord

to the student Heinrich the right of taking the word, and of explaining those griefs, of the precise nature of which none were exactly cognizant.

"We come," began Heinrich, magnificently, "in the name of the people."

"Are you quite sure of that?" returned Prince Richard; "and, above all, are the people quite sure of it?"

"We come," began the orator, "to protest against abuses too long endured."

"My good friend," said the prince, "I know of no other abuse at Pirmasentz greater than that which you now make of my patience. May I ask what it is you are come here to prate to me about? My people—since you are kind enough to recal to my recollection that I have a people—are not so numerous as to have need of delegates; they may very well speak for themselves. Let them assemble to-morrow morning in the great court of the palace, and we will talk together."

"The people do not parley; the people command!" exclaimed Heinrich, irritated at seeing the all but ridiculous light in which the prince appeared to view the popular movement—"I say the people command."

"I heartily wish, then," returned Richard, "that I was a people, in order that I might command you to leave me alone in peace to attend to my carnations; but I am only a poor prince, so I beseech you."

"It is ever thus," groaned Heinrich, "that the vital interests of the people are sacrificed to the trifling ones of private individuals. The people have no time to wait."

"My worthy Heinrich, my calling of prince is not such a delightful one that I should desire to play it every day. I shall be a prince to-morrow; to-day I am only a private individual, very anxious respecting the fate of a beautiful carnation, of which I have just set a cutting. As a private individual I desire to be master in my own house. So, my friends, take my advice, and go home, and above all things do not tread upon my carnations."

Heinrich turned towards his friends.

"Are you content with these evasive replies, and with the ferocious irony which dictates the tyrant's words?"

"My very good friend, Heinrich, you treat me as a theatrical tyrant—that being amongst mortals whom people load with the greatest amount of abuse: allow me to remind you that it is as a private in-

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dividual that I correct impertinent young gentlemen with my cane."

"I see," said Heinrich, "that the defenders of the people undertake a perilous task; I foresee that the end of the career which I have embraced will bring me a martyr's crown, but I am ready to shed my blood for the people. Take my head."

"What should I do with your head? unless indeed it were either to pull the ears that are attached to it, or else hang it up in my cherry-tree to frighten the birds," responded the prince. "I shall, however, expect my people to-morrow at the palace; we will drink beer and talk over our affairs. In case of rain, there will be an awning spread."

When the delegates had taken their departure, Richard made up a bouquet of his choicest carnations for Wilhelmina, and wrote to remind her at the same time that she had promised to waltz with him on the ensuing evening.

At daybreak next morning the army assembled at the palace for the final rehearsal of the Beethoven symphony, which was to be performed for the first time in public that evening.

"What on earth can my people want with me?" thought Richard; "and what unfortunate accident can have recalled to their minds that I am a prince? However, rinse out some goblets for my people. Happy the sovereign who can hob-nob with his subjects."

At the appointed hour a rather tumultuous gathering of about a hundred persons made their appearance at the palace; these were the agitators. They were followed by a second hundred to see what was going forward; finally, the remainder of the inhabitants of Pirmasentz—a motley crew of men, women, and children—brought up the rear.

"My friends," said *the tyrant*, "drink your beer while it is fresh."

This despotic command, it is needless to say, was quickly obeyed.

"Now, what do you want?" inquired Richard, when the agitators had slaked their thirst. "Have I ever interfered in your pleasures or private affairs? Do I even know how you spend your time?"

"Down with the tyrants!" shouted Heinrich, hoarsely.

"Down with the tyrants!" shouted in chorus Heinrich's friends.

"Why is the prince surrounded with guards?" demanded Heinrich.

"I am surrounded by my musicians;

the rest of the soldiers are, I believe, gone out walking. Pray be silent for one moment, and listen to me. Have you anything to complain of? Are you unhappy? I am not rich, but he among you, whoever he be, who has wished to partake of my soup or beer has ever been welcome."

"Through my voice," said Heinrich, "the people reclaim their rights and liberties."

"You will doubtless think me very ignorant, Herr Heinrich; but I declare to you, I know not what rights the people can reclaim in a country where the prince himself reclaims none."

"We desire the liberty of the press," shouted Heinrich.

"Yes, yes—we desire the liberty of the press," repeated the people.

The prince waited until the tumult had somewhat subsided, and then replied—

"Might I ask what you would do with the liberty of the press? There is no press at Pirmasentz, and to the best of my belief very few among you know how to read."

"The people know how to die for their rights," exclaimed Heinrich, waxing very wroth as he perceived a general smile upon the faces of the "party of order."

"Yes, we know how to die," repeated the hundred agitators.

"I should be very sorry," said Richard, "to see you die for that."

During this conference, Krobrecht had collected the scattered army and disposed it round the court-yard.

"I beg to acquaint your Highness that our troops hem-in the rebels on all sides, and that they are now in our power."

"Lord bless you!" said Richard, "what should I do with your rebels? There is but one prison in Pirmasentz, and that I have converted into an orangery. Dismiss the soldiers."

"But, if I might suggest to your Highness—your personal safety."

"Pray don't alarm yourself about trifles, Krobrecht, and do as I bid you."

"Treachery, treachery!" shouted Heinrich, as the soldiers dispersed; "the palace of the tyrant is about to be reddened with the blood of the people."

The prince made a sign that he wished to speak, and once more the tumultuous assembly became calm.

"You desire the liberty of the press; but have I ever said that I would oppose your writing whatever came into your heads? What is it to me? I would

advise you, however, not to spend too much of your time in writing; for during the present dry season, the fields and gardens stand in need of as many hands as can be spared."

Thus ended the conference, and the people, having had their say and drank their beer, retired to their several homes. In the evening the band executed Beethoven's symphony in admirable style. Then they waltzed, and Prince Richard waltzed with Wilhelmina.

All now went on well for some time. Heinrich started a newspaper in MS., but Prince Richard led such a simple life that he was seldom exposed to the attacks of the republicans; even for these few occurrences, however, there were themes ready made. Rrobrecht, above all, was never spared. He came, one day, to the Prince to request his permission to start a newspaper also.

"They have desired the liberty of the press," said Richard; "you have it, and may use it as you please."

Then began the great paper war between Rrobrecht and Heinrich. The journals appeared every morning; but as the inhabitants of Pirmasentz retired to rest at an early hour, and as the two copyists who worked off the papers (two copies each), did not like sitting up, they were necessarily obliged to prepare a certain portion of each journal beforehand.

Heinrich's inmost conviction was that tyrants did nothing but what was criminal; Rrobrecht's, that a sovereign's most trivial action was sublime. Hence they had merely to write during the day their judgments upon the events of the day, leaving blanks for the insertion of these events. But events were of such rare occurrence at Pirmasentz, that it was invariably upon the same they had to write. In the evening they had merely to fill up the blanks, and the journal was ready for the next day. As, for instance—

"*Heinrich's Journal*.—How long will an enslaved people suffer tyranny . . . ? How long shall our heads be bent down under the odious yoke?"

"*Rrobrecht's Journal*.—Every day gives us fresh reasons to bless the prince whom Heaven has bestowed upon us. To-day What will the promoters of anarchy and confusion reply to that?"

But if, when evening came, it so happened that nothing had happened; if the best informed man in Pirmasentz had said: "All I have been able to learn is that the

prince has eaten French beans," on the following morning the public read—

"*Heinrich's Journal*.—How long will an enslaved people suffer tyranny to devour French beans? How long shall our heads be bent down under the odious yoke?"

"*Rrobrecht's Journal*.—Every day gives us fresh reasons to bless the prince whom Heaven has bestowed upon us. To-day he has eaten French beans. What will the promoters of anarchy and confusion reply to that?"

"It is," added Rrobrecht, "an encouragement to agriculture."

"It is," added Heinrich, "a bitter mockery of the people, who cannot afford such expensive luxuries."

Wilhelmina showed the rival journals to the prince; he laughed heartily at Heinrich's, and commanded Rrobrecht to discontinue his altogether.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FLIGHT.

IN the meanwhile Prince Richard's affairs went on from bad to worse, until it ended in his becoming a very embarrassed gentleman. Our adventurous speculator, Monsieur Rhoseville, took himself off one evening in a very quiet and somewhat mysterious way, leaving behind him only his diseased silkworms, and a variety of unpaid bills.

The prince, shortly after this, assembled his army, and addressed his brave soldiery in the following terms—

"My friends, I have no longer the means of paying you your wages. I have disposed of your services to a great power, who will lead you into Africa. You will have double pay."

Our history is the truest of all histories. The departing army made its first halt at Zweibrücken (Two Bridges), and the air which it sang on the march is still remembered in the neighbourhood: it ran as follows—

Auf auf ihr Bruder und seit stark
Der abschists tag ist da—

We have forgotten the third line.

Wir müssen uber land und meher
Insheissen Africa.

René of Anjou has said that "a king without music is a crowned ass."

Prince Richard, after the departure of his brave army, became, in his own esti-

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mation, the most unhappy of little potentates. The presence of Wilhelmina alone consoled him; but in a very short time she also took her departure, accompanied by a female attendant, on a visit to a maiden aunt.

During this time the city of Pirmasentz continued to follow the way of progress. The republicans came one morning in a crowd to demand from Richard permission to plant a tree of liberty.

"Plant as many trees as you like," answered Richard. "He who plants a tree does a good action. If it be the same to you that your tree of liberty produce apples or cherries, it will be all the better."

A monster meeting was, in consequence, held that day in the market-place.

"My friends," said Heinrich, "you see how we tear away one by one all the privileges from pale tyranny. What tree shall we choose?"

Thereupon commenced an awful uproar; each had his favourite tree.

"The oak is the emblem of strength," said one.

"The poplar towers upward to the sky," shouted another.

"The larch is always green," chimed in a third.

The discussion became animated; many hard words and some blows were exchanged. At length they decided upon the oak, and forthwith proceeded to root up a young tree which had hitherto peaceably vegetated in a burgher's garden. The honest burgher sought to defend his tree: the republicans threatened to hang the burgher to his tree.

When evening had come, the republicans proceeded in solemn procession to plant their tree of liberty; Heinrich had issued orders that all the houses in the town should be illuminated in token of joy, and they smashed the windows of those individuals who refused to obey the mandate. Then they sang around their tree until a late hour of the night.

The following day the Jew made known to Prince Richard that the term having expired, he was about to proceed to the palace in order to recover the various sums of money he had already advanced. At the same moment the palace gardens were filled with people, on the one part the peaceably-disposed citizens of Pirmasentz, on the other, Heinrich and his republicans. All spoke at once.

"We desire the liberty of illuminating!"

"We desire the liberty of saving our candles!"

"We desire the liberty of pulling up trees!"

"I desire the liberty of preserving mine!"

"We desire the liberty of making a noise at night!"

"We desire the liberty of sleeping!"

"We desire the liberty of breaking windows!"

"We desire the liberty of not having our windows broken!"

(Chorus)—"Liberty for ever."

I will reply to your demands to-morrow morning," said Prince Richard. When the crowd had dispersed, he placed in Rrobrecht's hand a letter addressed to his uncle, without however making him acquainted with its contents. The letter was as follows—

"MY DEAR UNCLE,—I neither can, nor do I any longer desire to remain a prince. When you receive this letter I shall have taken my departure from Pirmasentz. I abandon to you all my rights, requiring only from you as compensation a yearly pension of 1500 florins. I will let you know where you are to forward me my pension. Keep Rrobrecht near your person; he is a good and faithful servant.

"I embrace you affectionately.

"RICHARD."

And the following morning, as soon as the rising sun had tinged with its first rosy beams the muslin curtains of his bedroom windows—silk curtains were used only in the throne-room—Richard sprang from his couch, dressed himself hastily, and packed into a small valise his four most precious objects. To wit—

A small canvas bag containing thirty crowns.

A blue sash which had formerly encircled the taper waist of the pretty Wilhelmina.

Wilhelmina's letters.

A favourite flute.

This done, he proceeded stealthily to the stables, saddled his horse, strapped the valise securely behind the saddle, mounted, and took his departure from Pirmasentz never to return.

When he had reached the outskirts of the town, he paused and looked around, and his eyes rested upon the acacias which overshadowed the tailor's dwelling; after a long and melancholy gaze he heaved a deep sigh, and his thoughts found vent in words: "What has become of her?"

he murmured to himself. "Has she also abandoned me? What stupid prejudice was it that deterred me from marrying her in the time of my greatness? Now her father would refuse me for a son-in-law, and justly too, for she it would be who would now be contracting an inferior alliance. I will write to her when I am far away from Pirmasentz."

Thus communing with himself, he threw the reins loosely on his horse's neck, and the animal, left to its own guidance, took a bridle-road which led into the forest. About noon he dined at a wood-cutter's hut, and afterwards continued his route towards A—.

But he wandered from the track, and as the evening was now sensibly drawing in, and the sun cast but oblique and orange-coloured rays through the foliage, he had begun to make up his mind to pass the night in the wood, when a glimmering light caught his eye at a short distance; directing his horse to the spot from whence the light proceeded, he found himself in front of a charming little forest retreat: it was surrounded with acacias, and this sight recalled to his mind the dwelling of Master Hubert and Pirmasentz, and he sighed deeply. In front of the cottage a nicely-kept grass plot-presented itself, dotted with several beds, each containing a variety of plants in full bloom. Richard thought of his dear carnations, and sighed again.

He entered, determined to ask a night's hospitality, and was politely received by an old domestic: "My mistress and her niece are taking a turn round the garden," said she; "they will be here directly." The servant had scarcely ceased speaking, when Richard perceived, at a turning of the gravel-walk, two ladies approaching the house; one of them was an elderly woman of a gentle and benevolent countenance, the other a charming young girl,

and this charming young girl was—Wilhelmina.

The first greetings over, Richard put the ladies in possession of what had occurred. "Ah, Wilhelmina," continued he, "what a charming retreat is this, and how sweet would be a life spent here with you! I cannot now seek your hand after having been so base as to forego the possession of it when I was a prince. Behold to-day my entire fortune; I have thirty ducats in my valise, and I am assured a pension of fifteen hundred florins a year."

"My prince," said the maiden aunt, "you have no cause for despair; Wilhelmina loves you—remain here. Wilhelmina shall come to see me frequently; and when I shall have seen that your resolution of marrying her is not the result of a momentary fit of enthusiasm; when I am convinced that you do not regret your palace of Pirmasentz, so cleverly stolen from you by one whom I shall not name, for he is my brother, then we will arrange all for the best."

Richard could only reply by kissing the wrinkled hand of the kind old lady. And when she presented to him the little hand of Wilhelmina, he exclaimed, as he pressed it to his lips, "Farewell, Pirmasentz, farewell my title; I resign all willingly, for here is a treasure worth far more than all the allurements of rank or fortune."

A few lines will suffice to narrate the concluding events which marked the history of Pirmasentz.

By ten o'clock on the morning of Prince Richard's flight there were two presidents of the "republic" of Pirmasentz; in the evening there were six. On the following day Prince Richard's uncle sent on a party, consisting of a corporal and three men, which in the space of half an hour had succeeded in crushing effectually and for ever the budding germs of revolution.

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THE FORTUNE OF LAW.

I WAS chatting one day with an old schoolfellow of mine, who, though young, was a barrister of some eminence, when the conversation turned upon his own career.

"People," he said, "give me credit for much more than I deserve. They compliment me on having attained my position by talent, and sagacity, and all that; but the fact is, I have been an extremely lucky man—I mean as regards opportunities. The only thing for which I really can consider myself entitled to any credit is, that I have always been prompt to take advantage of them."

"But," I observed, "you have a high reputation for legal knowledge and acumen. I have heard several persons speak in terms of great praise of the manner in which you conducted some of your late cases."

"Ah! yes," he returned; "when a man is fortunate, the world soon find fine things in him. There is nothing like gilding to hide imperfections and bring out excellences. But I will just give you one instance of what I call my luck. It happened a year or two ago, and before I was quite as well known as I am now: it was a trivial thing in itself, but very important in its consequences to me, and has ever since been very fresh in my memory. I had been retained on behalf of a gentleman who was defendant in an action for debt, brought against him by a bricklayer, to recover the amount of a bill, stated to be due for building work done on the gentleman's premises. The owner refused payment on the ground that a verbal contract had been made for the execution of the work, at a price less by one-third than the amount claimed. Unfortunately he had no witnesses to the fact. The man denied the contract, alleged that no specification had been made, and pleaded, finally, that if such contract had been entered into, it was vitiated by alterations, to all of which he was prepared to swear, and had his assistant also ready to certify the amount of labour and material expended. I gave my opinion that it was a hopeless case, and that the defendant had better agree to a compromise than incur any further expense. However, he would not, and I was fain to trust to the chapter of accidents for any chance of success.

"Near the town where the trial was to take place, lived an old friend of mine, who, after the first day's assize, carried me off in his carriage to dine and sleep at his house, engaging to drive me over early next morning in time for this case, which stood next on the list. Mr. Tritten, the gentleman in question, was there also, and we had another discussion as to the prospects of his defence. 'I know the fellow,' said he, 'to be a thorough rascal, and it is because I feel so confident that something will come out to prove it, that I am determined to persist.' I said I hoped it might be so, and we retired to rest.

"After breakfast the next morning, my host drove me over in his dog-cart to the assize town. We were just entering the outskirts, when, from a turning down by the old inn and posting-house, where the horse was usually put up, there came running towards us a lad pursued by a man, who was threatening him in a savage manner. Finding himself overtaken, the lad, after the custom of small boys in such circumstances, lay down, curling himself up, and holding his hands clasped over his head. The man approached, and after beating him roughly with his fist, and trying to pull him up without success, took hold of the collar of the boy's coat and knocked his head several times on the ground. We were just opposite at the moment, and my friend bade him let the lad alone, and not be such a brute. The fellow scowled, and telling us, with an oath, to mind our own business, for the boy was his own, and he had a right to beat him if he pleased, walked off, and his victim scampered away in the opposite direction.

"The dog-cart was put up, and we presently went on to the court. The case was opened in an off-hand style by the opposite counsel, who characterized the plea of a contract as a shallow evasion, and called the plaintiff as his principal witness. What was my surprise to see get into the box the very man whom we had beheld hammering the boy's head on the kerb-stone an hour before. An idea occurred to me at the moment, and I half averted my face from him; though, indeed, it was hardly likely he would recognise me under my forensic wig. He gave his evidence in a positive, defiant sort of

way, but very clearly and decisively. He had evidently got his story well by heart, and was determined to stick to it. I rose and made a show of cross-examining him till I saw that he was getting irritated and denying things in a wholesale style. He had been drinking too, I thought, just enough to make him insolent and reckless. So, after a few more unimportant questions, I asked, in a casual tone—
 “‘You are married, Mr. Myers?’

“‘Yes, I am.’

“‘And you are a kind husband, I suppose?’

“‘I suppose so: what then?’

“‘Have any children blessed your union, Mr. Myers?’

“The plaintiff’s counsel here called on the judge to interfere. The questions were irrelevant and impertinent to the matter in question.

“I pledged my word to the Court that they were neither, but had a very important bearing on the case, and was allowed to proceed. I repeated my question.

“‘I’ve a boy and a girl.’

“Pray, how old are they?’

“‘The boy’s twelve, and the girl nine, I b’lieve.’

“‘Ah! Well, I suppose you are an affectionate father, as well as a kind husband. You are not in the habit of beating your wife and children, are you?’

“‘I don’t see what business it is of yours. No! I ain’t.’

“‘You don’t knock your son about, for example?’

“‘No! I don’t. (He was growing downright savage, especially as the people in the court began to laugh.)

“‘You don’t pummel him with your fist, eh?’

“‘No! I don’t.’

“‘Or knock his head upon the ground, in this manner?’ (and I rapped the table with my knuckles.)

“‘No!’ (indignantly.)

“‘You never did such a thing?’

“‘No!’

“‘You swear to that?’

“‘Yes!’

“All this time I had never given him an opportunity of seeing my face; I now turned towards him and said—

“‘Look at me, sir. Did you ever see me before?’

“He was about to say No again; but all at once he stopped, turned very white, and made no answer.

“‘That will do,’ I said; ‘stand down, sir. My lord, I shall prove to you that this witness is not to be believed on his oath.’

“I then related what we had seen that morning, and putting my friend, who had been sitting behind me all the while, into the witness-box, he of course confirmed the statement.

“The Court immediately decided that the man was unworthy of belief, and the result was a verdict for the defendant, with costs, and a severe reprimand from the judge to Myers, who was very near being committed for perjury. But for the occurrence of the morning, the decision would inevitably have been against us. As I said before, it was in a double sense fortunate for me, for it was the means of my introduction, through Mr. Tritten, to an influential and lucrative connexion.”

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